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G. Campbell Morgan, the man
and his ministry

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Section

PROMINENT WORKS

By G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

THE ANALYZED BIBLE
THE CRISES OF THE CHRIST
THE TEACHING OF CHRIST
SEARCHLIGHTS FROM THE WORD
THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES
THE MINISTRY OF THE WORD
THE PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM
THE TRUE ESTIMATE OF LIFE

✓ *For Complete List see Pages 180–181.*

G. Campbell Morgan

The Man and His Ministry

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By
JOHN HARRIES

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TO MY WIFE,
AND OUR DAUGHTERS,
MONA, MEGAN AND JOAN

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How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! ISAIAH 52: 7.

I

FIRST FRUITS

And Samuel grew and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground. And all Israel from Dan even to Beersheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord. I SAM. 3: 19, 20.

The first fruits of thy labours which thou hast sown in the field . . . and hast gathered in thy labours out of the field. EXODUS 23: 16.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend
We have, as treasures without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

PROLOGUE

AN utter stranger to the 'bus routes of the twin-cities of London and Westminster, the young Pilgrim made his way afoot—up Fleet Street, along the Strand, past Charing Cross, through Whitehall, and came, at last, to Parliament Street. The month was November, the morning drear. Over street and park and river a blanketing fog hung like a vapoury pall, and half-hidden in its mephitic folds, St. Stephen's and the Abbey loomed in the half-light, like a pair of grotesque, gigantic shadows.

Aided by the guidance given him by a friendly policeman, the Pilgrim made his way in the general direction of Buckingham Gate. Despite the prevailing gloom, the face of the traveller was illumined as by the radiance of an inner light. And this was because his whole being was aglow with a tense, eager expectancy. With each successive stride, he knew himself to be drawing nearer his desired goal—to the one place which, in all the vast wilderness men called London, he had fared forth to seek. Soon he would gaze with physical eyes upon that which for years he had been fashioning in the chambers of his imagery and giving form and substance to in the province of his dreams.

Away amid the silences of his native Western hills, he had long and ardently awaited the coming of this day, and prayed for its speedier dawning. He had draped the shrine towards which his steps were now bent in the habiliments of beauty, and had conceived of it as being altogether lovely. Should he discover the pillars of the place he sought to be of glistening alabaster, the discovery would occasion him no surprise. Were its casements found to be of crystal and its gateways of pure gold, nothing more deeply-seated than a satisfying sense of fitness would be appealed to by the revelation, and no enhancement or enrichment made in the magic of his dreams.

For this young stranger in the English metropolis, the years of youth and early manhood were years of circumscribed opportunity. Often discouraged, sometimes despairing, he had lived through slack, laggard days, which came and went with a maddening tardiness, such as left the goal of his longing still far away. Yet within his soul some undying aspirations burned as cleanly and fiercely as a forest flame. Impelled by them, stung into action by them, he would reach forward, only to grasp at shadows, and upward, only to clutch at empty air. Yet, despite the futility of his outward seeming, the flame within him still continued to burn.

In the silent watches of the night, too, there were visions that came to him which gladdened for him the darkened hours—visions of persons, and places, and possibilities, which made his soul glad and his heart to rejoice. When morning came he would awaken to find himself strangely refreshed and greatly strengthened. With renewed hope and vigour he would square his shoulders and set out on yet another stretch of the hard and lonely road.

Often, these dreams of his were of London Town, and, always, they were dreams that thrilled his soul. There, he conceived of deeds of valour and of daring being done, each and every day; of men, who rode fearlessly into the fiercest of the fray, never faltering, never yielding. Above all things else, these dreams of London brought with them glimpses of a certain great and famous sanctuary which he regarded as being the centre and citadel of moral and spiritual emprise.

Occasionally, when, during the long hours of the dragging day, he desired some measure of mental respite, he would climb the slopes of his favourite hill. Reaching the summit, he would gaze away to the southward, and permit his thoughts to overleap the intervening distances which lay between that hilltop and London Town—between himself and the great house of worship that had become to him a hallowed shrine. And that which his imagination conjured up, brought a glow to his cheek and a light to his eye. In some strange, unexplained way, all weariness of body and staleness of mind would drop away from him, as he contemplated the visions that came to him, amid the clarified atmosphere of the uplands. After this fashion, had the thought of London and of one especial sanctuary within her gates, inspired the young man of the hills.

To the little cottage wherein he dwelt, the village postman often brought an eagerly awaited and a gladly welcomed message. Upon its cover it bore the legend—*The Westminster Pulpit,* and in its pages were words which became as wings to his soul. Sermons, which had blessed and enheartened a great London congregation but a few days before, blessed and enheartened him. In them he found satisfying spiritual sustenance. They became to him as " wine, and milk, and gospel grace."

And now at " the lang last," amid the murk of a London fog the Pilgrim drew near to the Mecca of his dreams. The great sanctuary was just around the bend. Would he be disappointed with its contour? Would its outward appearance match the dinginess of the streets through which he hurried? Or would it be all he had imagined it, in the profuse magnificence of its visioned splendour?

At last he came upon it looming darkly through the fog. To be sure, there were no alabaster columns to be seen, no jasper façade; the windows were not of crystal, nor innocent of city grime; the doors certainly were not of gold, and not open. Yet the Pilgrim's heart leaped within him, the vision in his soul remained unimpaired. He was instantly enamoured of the dull red brick of the exterior—

the grim, doughty character of the place—and straightway dismissed the claims of crystal and alabaster, once and for ever.

He tried the vestry door, and it yielded to his touch. No one appeared to be in attendance, so unchallenged he made his way along a passage and so on into the body of the church. The great pulpit faced him. Slowly, fearfully, he ascended its stairs and stood facing the vast auditorium, now empty and silent. After a few moments spent in reverent meditation, he knelt in prayer. Recollections of past blessing crowded into the foreground of his memory, chief among them being the thought of all that that sanctuary and its gifted minister—through whom God had spoken so clearly—had meant to his soul, and for these inestimable blessings his prayer of thanksgiving rose reverently to God. Never was prayer offered in greater sincerity; never any hour more definitely sacred in the life of *any* man, than this, in the life of the young Pilgrim. Never had he looked upon the face of the man who ministered in that holy place; and yet, in that hour, he knew him to be what he had been for years—what he still is—the very father of his soul.

Long years were to pass ere the Preacher and the Pilgrim stood face to face. When they did, the story of the pilgrimage was duly told. As the latter related it, the eyes of the former filled with tears. " May God bless you, my young friend," he said, as he turned aside. Walking a short distance away, he stood for a moment or two with face uplifted. Then he returned and placed his hand on the other's shoulder.

" You have done my soul much good," he said quietly. " I sorely needed a word, such as you have brought me in this hour. Of a very truth, God *does* move in a mysterious way."

I

EARLY DAYS AND EARLY WAYS

IN an earlier day, gone, as it would seem, for ever, anything approaching an analytical dispassionate biography was a thing unattempted and unheard of. A writer undertaking a volume of personal memoirs frankly placed himself in a friendly or antagonistic attitude to his subject and proceeded accordingly. But in that comprehensive revision of the art which followed the epoch-marking day that gave us Lytton Strachey's delineation of Queen Victoria, the new-style biographer appears to regard it as being his rightful duty to approach his task largely, if not altogether minus any affinity to his subject at all! Writer and written stand in glaring or piquant contrast, and no matter what other illusion or error the former may fall into, he is enabled to escape that of unbalanced sympathy with the latter; just as Mr. Strachey—if his pages be regarded as any criterion—shows little or no sign of having succumbed to the wiles of the artless prose and underscored sentences of the English Queen.

Apart from stylist cunning, psychological analysis is the common tool and hall-mark of the new biographer, and its application is apt to accentuate still further his detachment from his subject; he is the surgeon tabulating symptoms, and human interest has to contend with the scientific methods of the operating-room.

Yet, although this method of writing biography is barely ten years old, most of us have come to see that, already, the whole business has been badly overdone, until it actually has become the fashion to completely over-psychologize the protagonist, in the crises of action. Time and again we find ourselves being told with considerable detail what the subject of a biography was thinking in the hour of his most notable actions and we pause to wonder whether he was thinking anything of the sort; we even reflect that, at the time, he was probably too tired, too driven, too dedicated to the task in hand, to be thinking anything at all! This, perhaps, is to overstate the case, but it comes much nearer the mark than do the elaborate processes through which the ultra-modern biographer usually conducts his hero.

No attempt will be made in these pages to apply such a highly hypothetical method as that just outlined, to the subject of which they treat. The vigorous and colourful personality which they attempt to portray certainly will not be obscured by any of the embroideries of an author's hazards, as to matters implying motive and design. Wherever and whenever possible, Dr. Morgan will appear as his own interpreter; the key to whatever of impulse and incentive that have been his, will be found in the record and merit of achievement. Nor will anything approaching an atmosphere of superior detachment be permitted to pervade the pages of this record. The compiler's attitude is, frankly, one of sympathetic admiration for a splendid preacher and a remarkable personality.

Than George Campbell Morgan, no man living possesses a superior claim to the credit and kudos which are considered to be the just reward of something attempted, something done; and it is virtually certain that, were he questioned as to what had been uppermost in mind, and which led him to enter upon this or the other of the notable enterprises in which he has engaged, he would reply, simply: " Its accomplishment, of course." And with such an answer, all those possessing any knowledge of him would be prepared to rest content.

As a general rule—a rule to which conformity is made with a frequency amounting almost to unanimity—the life-story of a minister of the Gospel is of the kind that is characterized as " uneventful." The narrative contains nothing exciting, nothing gripping; usually, it can be described, briefly yet truthfully, as being just one pastorate (or charge, or station, or circuit, or church) after another. Even in the instances of men whose gifts and achievements lift them clean above the rank and file of their brethren, the dramatic, episodic element is, almost always, at a minimum. Without any difficulty at all, one's recollection can be made to revert to half-a-score of preachers of the past thirty years, who while living, not only exerted an immense influence in religious circles, but occupied a large and notable place in other areas, yet whose personal history was of such a pitiably meagre order, as to render the compilation of anything approaching a sizable or epoch-marking " Life," a thing impossible. With the man's living, pulsing personality withdrawn, nothing remained but peaceful pastures and still waters, the placidity of which gave his biographer no earthly opportunity to add to the common stock of generally-held or easily-accessible knowledge, concerning the subject of his pages.

Happily for this biographer, as for those who may deign to read what he has succeeded in compiling, Campbell Morgan is a shining exception to everything just above written. He is colourful " copy "—a man who has accomplished things, which had about the manner of their accomplishment a touch of pageantry, *more* than a mere touch of drama, an unquestioned atmosphere of consecration, and the authentic stamp and sign-manual of a workman, needing not to be ashamed.

George Morgan, father of the subject of these pages, was a native of Monmouthshire—that great border county sometimes claiming to be British, at others, Saxon—the land of Arthurian legend and Celtic tale. The elder Morgan was a Baptist minister, highly esteemed both as preacher and pastor. He was, moreover, of Welsh descent and inherited the fervour and mysticism of the Celt, in generous measure. Becoming attracted by the benign influence that radiated from the lives of those two saints of Western England, Robert Chapman and George Müller, and although thoroughly successful in the Baptist ministry, he determined to resign his pastorate the better to follow the dictates of his conscience. These led him in the direction of the Plymouth Brethren and although never formally uniting himself with them in church membership such were his leanings towards their doctrines that he hired a small hall in Tetbury, Gloucestershire, where with a company of fellow-believers, he broke bread each Sabbath morning and worshipped God " according to the pattern shewed him in the mount."

Of Elizabeth Fawn Brittan, Campbell Morgan's mother, one who knew her well wrote: " She is a true saint, and gives the impression of a greatness which is always gentle, and a godliness which is always radiant and full of peace." A daughter of Thomas Brittan, " a very saint of God," her descent is traced back through generations of staunch Christians to that early Protestant family, of which, Anne Askew, who suffered for her faith at Smithfield in 1546, was a member.

To these godly folk, then living at Cutwell Villa, Tetbury, in the county of Gloucester, was born, December 9, 1863, their second child—a boy, to whom the names George Campbell were given. About four months after the child's birth, the family removed from the little town among the Cotswolds to South Wales, settling, finally, at Cardiff.

Dr. Morgan's earliest memories cluster around the home of his father at Wordsworth Street, Roath, the nursery of that home, where pleasant hours were spent, and the

Wesleyan Church at Roath Road, where the family attended public worship. An event (of which a lively recollection survives) was the opening of a new church building at Roath. A large number of people attended the services, but none among them evinced more interest in the preachers than young Campbell Morgan. Very attentively he watched and listened to the " venerable and eloquent men " who preached, whose names were: George T. Perks (father of Sir Robert Perks), Gervase Smith, and Richard Roberts.

To young Morgan's juvenile mind, Perks was an almost patriarchal figure—spare, dignified, " wearing a long swallow-tailed coat and a high white cravat wound many times around his throat—one of the last of the grand old school of Methodist preachers." So occupied was the boy in watching this father in Israel that he failed to pay much attention to what was said. But he remembers, distinctly, much of the sermon of Gervase Smith, who preached from the words, " For the preaching of the cross—" But of the three men, the boy was interested, most, in Richard Roberts, through whose ministry his father had been brought to God, years before.

For many days following, those services in the Wesleyan Church at Roath Road, were echoed in the little church in the Morgan nursery, where each gesture was reproduced, and each sermon improved upon, according to the conceptions of the preacher in embryo, destined, in later days, to attain a pulpit fame fully commensurate with these noted Wesleyans, who had warmed his childish heart. The early life of Campbell Morgan was not more eventful than that of other preachers' sons of that age and time. Possibly it was less so, for he had no companions outside his own home; he was not permitted to play on the streets of the town or in the park with other lads, and often his heart yearned for those whose company and friendship he was not permitted to cultivate. As a consequence of his being too much alone, the unnatural quietness with which he was surrounded became natural, and the seclusion a characteristic, not only of the boy, but, later, of the man.

> I have always been slow to form friendships [Dr. Morgan declared in a recent address]. Perhaps it is partly owing to the circumstances of my childhood that, even to-day, I have to fight against a natural indisposition to talk to strangers. I do not think that my friends would describe me as unsociable. The companionship of those I am privileged to know well, is very pleasant; but anybody that creates in me a feeling of restraint, I cannot bear near me. Always, I would rather address a thousand people than one. For me, an ideal existence would be a house buried in the woods, a quick transit to a crowded church, and—back again to the woods!

But although denied the companionship of playfellows outside his own home, the boy found ample compensation in the companionship of his only sister, a girl four years his senior. There were just these two, but they were all the world to each other. With the door of the nursery closed against intrusion, the children would talk together of the happenings of the day, and unburden themselves of their secrets, one to the other. Together they would laugh, together weep. Lizzie was all that a sister could be to George, George was all that a brother could be to Lizzie. The love that other boys divide between brothers, sisters, friends and games, George centred upon his sister, and all the warmth and affection of his sister's heart was wholly his. Together, they filled each other's lives.

> My sister and I were real inseparable pals [Dr. Morgan says]. We were as one in our play, one in work, one in thought. There was never anything happening that could come between us. We were happy in each other's love, and when we were together we desired no other companions.

Just these two, in a nursery, with the door shut, and all the rest of the world outside the door! But to this boy and girl, that nursery was far more interesting than the world outside. For was it not peopled by the wonderful creations of their own imaginings? In that nursery, dolls and other toys were their playmates, and each of the playmates had a life-story to tell; and the two *knew* their stories. Some could tell of long journeyings made to the nursery, and of the warm hearts that had sent them. Others knew of lands beyond the seas, and of people that worshipped strange gods. Curious, romantic tales they were, made all the more so by the colourful threads of imagination the two would weave into them. It was largely a make-believe world, yet one none the less real to the girl and boy, whose days of happiness were long and full.

There were occasions, however, when the company gathered in that nursery was a very solemn one. Lizzie would muster all her dolls, change their dresses, brush their curls, and inform them that Sunday had come. There were a number of such Sundays in each week, when the dolls had to sit very quietly, for the Reverend George was coming to preach! The little mother busied herself in making the nursery look as church-like as possible. There was an improvised pulpit to be draped, books to be distributed among the congregation, special care to be taken that each member of the congregation who *could* sit was comfortably seated, and that those made only to stand erect or lie down, were propped securely against something solid, so that no unseemly disturbance might result from their falling down. When all was in readiness the little mother took her place with her family, and awaited the coming of the preacher. Punctual to the minute the Reverend George would enter, carrying his Bible and notes. Public worship would then begin.

The preacher was but seven years of age. Had he been seventy, there could have been no increased dignity in his bearing, no greater solemnity in his deportment. To him the service was a *real* service in a *real* church, and a very *real* sermon indeed was the discourse he delivered. When the service had ended, Lizzie would not fail to impress upon the worshippers the great privilege that was theirs in having a church in their home, and such a wonderful preacher at their call.

When Dr. Morgan speaks of these early days, he does so with great tenderness. And small wonder, for not only were they fragrant, but formative years:

> When I think of those bright days [he says], so cloudless and dear, some of the gladness of them comes back to me. I felt, even then, that I belonged to God; and that it was my duty to preach the Gospel. Of my " calling " to preach I had not the slightest doubt, and I do not think that I have ever preached with greater devotion than I did when eight years of age. What meetings they were! And how I loved my little draped pulpit and my congregation! It was all very real, and inspiring, until one sad day, early in 1872, when all my dreams were shattered, and I suffered my first great sorrow. Well do I remember the day when, into all our brightness, came the dark shadow of death. God took my sister to Himself and I was left, a lad of eight, without a companion in the world.
>
> A perplexed and puzzled child was I, awakened one morning at break of day to make that long walk to the little graveyard, where, with the mist all about me, I stood bereft of my only sister and dear companion. With her going went all my happiness, and I returned to my home—and desolation. There, at that house in Cardiff I lay long in my little bed before sleep found me, closing my eyes and dreaming myself away to where Lizzie was, and talking with her. I believe, with all my heart, that at such times God gave her back to me, to be a ministering spirit, and I think she has watched with me, since, through many a day of darkness. After that fateful day, my " church in the nursery " ceased to be. A great sorrow had come upon me; my land of make-believe had become a very real, and tragic world.

For young George Morgan the days that followed were days of bitterness—long, dreary, companionless. Often when quite overcome by his sorrow he would steal away to some quiet corner where, undisturbed, he could weep silently and long; later, he would be found, tired with weeping, lying quite still, and " asleep for sorrow." Nights, too, were painful, and often sleepless, while the coming of another day brought no comfort to a grief-stricken young heart.

It was after one such sleepless night that his parents found his bed empty, and the boy absent from the house. After a fruitless search had been made for him in every room, his mother said, " George has gone to Lizzie's grave "; and there his parents found him lying across the little mound in a state of unconsciousness.

It appeared, later, that when the lad, impelled by grief, set out that morning to be near to his sister, it was still dark. He ran nearly all the way to the graveyard, only to find the gate shut, and climbing the railings set around the place used up all his remaining strength. Laboriously he drew near to the grave, and panting for breath fell across it and lapsed into unconsciousness. His father carried him home, only to learn that the lad had contracted pneumonia. For many days his life was despaired of, and there came a day when every one thought the boy dead.

As the father lifted his boy's body to lay it on the same board that had borne that of his other child but a short while before, the soul awakened out of its sleep, and the lad stirred. To this day Dr. Morgan remembers the moment of that awakening—a faint moving of life within. When, finally, he emerged from the dark shadows, the danger point had been passed, and recovery was simply a question of time.

Let no man imagine that the merry life of the child can never be clouded over by a sorrow [Dr. Morgan has said], or

> that the very young are incapable of great grief. Do not make that mistake. Your child, blithe of spirit, happy as the dawn, can suffer sorrow, even to the breaking of the heart. I have known *that* since I was eight years of age.

During convalescence, George was allowed a visitor, a boy named Frank Fifoot, who became his friend and daily companion. The friendship formed then has remained to this day, and holds the two men in a tender and intimate comradeship.

Some time after the death of his sister, and when the little Morgan family lived at Chepstow in the beautiful Wye Valley, George attended a private school. After study-hours he would often wander for miles along the banks of the river, lonely and sad, thinking of the sister he had loved, and lost. The beauty of the winding valley; the smooth, silent flow of the waters dazzlingly reflecting the golden glow of the setting sun; the peacefulness of the summer evening, and the vesper song of the birds in the topmost branches of the trees—all these would interweave with the lad's sorrow, until sorrow and beauty became strangely intermingled in his young mind. He came to love that solitary walk, for while taking it he learned the wonderful lesson that all one day must learn—that among things beautiful and beautifying; among things pure and purifying, sorrow ever has a place,—the eternal lesson of the presence of the cross in the very heart of love, of the grave in the beauty of a garden.

A distinctly formative factor in the life of Campbell Morgan at this time was his attendance as a pupil at a private school in Cheltenham. The principal was Mr. J. L. Butler of whom Dr. Morgan has often spoken in terms of praise.

> He was a man of fine character, a magnificent disciplinarian, and one of the best teachers I have known [he says of him].

I think that he had a great influence on my life. He wisely insisted on my playing cricket. Gradually I came to like the game, and played it a good deal. I never learned quite how to bat well, but I could bowl. Taking part in the school games brought me into contact with other boys more frequently than formerly. So much did I value the instruction gained at Cheltenham, and such was the beneficent influence of this good man upon my life, that, many years later, when I had to decide upon a school for my sons, I sent them to Mr. Butler.

Another of the cherished recollections of Dr. Morgan's boyhood is his meeting with John Nelson Darby, who had called on a visit to his father. He vividly recalls the almost reverential awe that lay upon him in the presence of that truly great man, and how the awe gave place and the reverence remained, when the visitor spoke kindly to him about his studies.

Campbell Morgan's first sermon to "real men and women" was preached in the schoolroom of the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Monmouth, in the year 1876—that is, when the boy was thirteen years of age. The service was one of a series of special meetings arranged for by the members of the church. His theme was "Salvation." The sermon had four divisions, each made by Biblical reference, a method Dr. Morgan has resolutely followed to this day. These divisions were as follows: (1) A great salvation. Hebrews 2: 3; (2) A common salvation. Jude 3; (3) The eternal salvation. Hebrews 5: 9; (4) A present salvation. II Corinthians 6: 2. Then, as now, he did not read his sermon, but preached from a "brief," and thus, at the age of thirteen, the passionate desire of his soul found expression. It was his first sermon to "real" people, and the occasion was epoch-marking and momentous, in the life of Campbell Morgan.

This first sermon met with large approval. Although the preacher was a mere lad, the simple-hearted Christians who listened to the delivery of his discourse heard more than the spoken word, saw more than the figure of the juvenile preacher before them. They believed him to be called of God to preach the Gospel and gave him their benediction.

(As for young George's parents, the day on which he preached his first sermon saw the fulfillment of a vow —a vow made by two souls before God, ere yet their child was born. Nearly fourteen years before, in that little home at Tetbury, the Baptist minister and his wife had knelt before God in solemn prayer, dedicating the child that was to be born to the service of God. Great was the joy, and heartfelt the thanksgiving of those God-fearing parents, as they heard their boy preach his first sermon. God had accepted their dedication, and honoured their gift in an hour of sweet fulfillment.)

As for the young preacher—did any vision of a golden future gladden his soul? Not yet. For the present his heart was content with the realization that he had preached his first sermon; that men and women of experience had listened to him, and approved. He had preached his first sermon, and was going to preach again, and yet again; and so for the present this sufficed; no dreams were needed to make his soul exceeding glad, and his heart greatly to rejoice.

Although he was preparing for matriculation and the university, young Morgan was not discouraged by his headmaster from preaching at cottage-meetings, speaking in the open air, or even doing personal work among the boys in school—a work which he loved to do and did often. With each service conducted and each sermon preached, keener became the boy's desire to devote his life to the work of the ministry.

(But circumstances arose which made it necessary for him to earn his own living and to help those dear to him. The road that had been so pleasant and easy to follow, and which appeared to lead straight to the desired goal, now began to wind, to become a little steep. While still in his teens, he accepted an appointment as teacher at the Wesleyan Day School at Islington, Birmingham, and later, secured a mastership in the Jewish Collegiate School. To many, placed as Campbell Morgan was at this time, the most natural thing in the world would have been to accept life at its face-value, and to advance steadily towards the high places in his chosen profession. The young teacher loved to teach; he had ability; he had opportunity; to advance and that rapidly, was almost easy; the pupils respected him, and Lawrence Levy, the Principal, became his friend.

Young Morgan might have been altogether happy in his work, had there not been within him a mightier urge. The voice of the preacher could not be silenced, although a great educational process was in operation, of which he was then unaware, namely, that through the teaching profession, he was being trained to do a special work for God. Conscientiously he gave himself to the work of training the young, and regarded that work as a great responsibility. These young lives were given into his hands to lead, their minds to train, their characters to help to mould. This was his task, and he did it as unto God.

But within him was the preacher that *would* preach. He filled his vacation periods with mission-work in country places, and his Sundays were occupied with preaching in mission-halls, and, when the weather permitted, in tents. His companion in this work was his friend Albert Swift, destined to be associated with him in after years, in one of the great ventures of his career. In this way he was able, in some degree, to meet the challenge that for nearly two years had been ringing in his soul. The crisis came in August 1886, the story of which is best related in his own words:

> For two years the conviction was growing upon me that I would have to be set free from all other occupation, [he says], so as to devote myself wholly to the work of preaching the Gospel. I could not bring myself to the point of decision, for there was always the possibility of mistaking the voice of my own desires for the voice of God. Could I have been sure of God's will in the matter, I would not have hesitated, for then I would not have feared for the future. After two years I decided that I dared not take the step, because of others that might suffer. My father and mother were dependent upon me. Before I slept on that unforgettable night, I said in my prayer to God, " If I am to go out as Thy messenger, Thou wilt have to force me." By that, I meant that, if for any reason apart from my own choice, my appointment at the school should be ended, I would give myself entirely to the work of an evangelist, but until then, I would continue my work as schoolmaster.
>
> Next morning, after school-hours, the Principal called me to him, and said: " I am awfully sorry, Mr. Morgan, but I am compelled to dispense with your services. Our school will have to be closed. The development of King Edward's Grammar Schools has made it impossible for us to continue, and it would be well if you sought another appointment. You may take your time about it, for the school will not be closed just yet." In that moment I knew that God had taken me at my word—" If I am to go out as Thy messenger, Thou wilt have to force me."
>
> " Thank you, Mr. Levy," I answered. " And now will you hear my story? " I then related my experiences that led to the crisis of the night, and of decision taken before I slept. " And now," I said, " I can do no other but take this as the will of God. I bow before it, and submit."
>
> Taking my trembling hand in his, my Principal said, with a voice full of passion: " The God of Abraham is not dead. Go, and be blessed."

With the coming of the summer vacation, Campbell Morgan ended his work as schoolmaster and gave himself wholly to evangelism. The churches of the neighbourhood, learning that he was free, availed themselves of his services as special missioner. Campaigns were organized for short and long periods, and the young evangelist was gladdened by the realization that, by many remarkable signs, God was honouring his work. Souls were saved, hard-working pastors encouraged, churches quickened into newness of life, and, everywhere, large congregations gathered to hear the preaching of the Word.

In the course of the following year, Campbell Morgan was appointed as the Wesleyan lay evangelist for the Macclesfield (Cheshire) District. The following brief word written in 1888, by one who knew of the strenuous work being undertaken at that time by the young missioner, presents the facts in revealing, unadorned fashion:

> My friend G. Campbell Morgan is a very busy man [says the writer]. Last week he finished a seventeen days' mission at Longton, and he commenced a similar series of meetings at Fenton on Sunday last. There must be a great deal of wear and tear in such a life, but Campbell Morgan is a man who has put his hand to the plough, and will not willingly relinquish his hold of the shafts, because the soil is stubborn and the heat is great.

His labours during this period were indeed abundant. The ardour of youth was in his work, and the unbounded enthusiasm which only the young can command, motivated all his activities. His work was prosecuted in Staffordshire, Salop and Cheshire, and great results were recorded. At Stafford, the last Sunday of Campbell Morgan's Mission in January, 1889 was reported by " one who attended " as follows:

> At 10:30, Mr. Morgan preached. In the afternoon, a meeting " for men only " was held. This produced sixteen volunteers for King Jesus. At night the chapel was crowded, and there was a great " breakdown." Thirty-four persons passed through the enquiry room. At Stafford, as at Horncastle and Calverley, the church has been thoroughly roused. A mission used as a faggot or " kindling " is an unspeakable blessing. Pile on the wood and coals, good friends! Let the fire roar up the

chimney! A man once said in our hearing: " Some on ye say yow're bran's pluck't fra' t' burnin'. Why, friends, the Lord riddled me fra' *'tween t' bars*—a red 'ot cinder! " That is the sort of fire we want, and that the kind of work we want, all over Methodism.

And this is how *The Market Drayton Advertiser* announced one of Mr. Morgan's missions:

> His Satanic majesty is having rather a harassing time of it here just now. The Primitive Methodists concluded a fortnight's revival mission on Friday evening, and now, according to announcement, the Wesleyan body are taking up the cudgels against the Prince of Evil, with Mr. Campbell Morgan to champion their cause. This evening (Saturday) a preliminary meeting is to be held to discuss the plan of campaign with Mr. Morgan who is to commence the attack in earnest to-morrow. May he meet with the success his reputation deserves.

There were many incidents that occurred during these years of preparation, each of them being an essential part of God's training, and all of them exercising a lasting influence on the sensitive soul of the young man. To those whom God has seen fit to train in another way, these events would be regarded as matters of little worth; to this youth, still in his teens, yet mature far beyond his actual years, trained only by the things that have entered deeply into his heart and mind, they were significant, potential, part of God's plan for the trend and governance of his life and service.

One such incident which he himself recalls, occurred as he accompanied another on a walk from Cheltenham to Birdlip to speak at a cottage meeting. He was not more than sixteen years of age at the time, although he had been preaching for more than two whole years.

> David Smith conducted the meeting and I preached [he says]. I do not think that I dare now quote my text, but I will tell you

where it may be found. Let those interested refer to Isaiah 51: 6. I have not preached from it recently. The walk home was by moonlight, and six miles long. It seemed longer, for David Smith made full use of it to point out to me the uselessness of speaking before people, merely that they might be given an opportunity to discover my ability. I rebelled at first but, finally, I was convinced.

A few weeks later, I went again with the selfsame man, and spoke in the selfsame cottage—this time from the words of Jesus, "*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" There had been much searching of soul in the intervening time, and much prayer. In the middle of that address, I broke down utterly; but ere we left two or three had obeyed the call of Christ. It was to me an experience, the effect of which has never left me. One day, in the Land of Light, I expect to thank David Smith.

But ere his feet were firmly and finally planted on the upward way, Campbell Morgan was to pass through a period of wandering, of isolation, of darkness, in which he all but lost his way.

I was a lad of sixteen summers when I left my boyhood home [he says, reverting to this crisis in later years] to face an intellectual world of which I had little or no knowledge. I knew little of literature; even Shakespeare was a stranger to me. My father was a man of one book, the Bible, and as yet I was a lad of that one book. At the age of nineteen my early faith passed under eclipse, and I ceased to preach, which I had begun to do at the age of thirteen. For two years my Bible was shut; two years of sadness and sorrow. Strange, alluring materialistic theories were in the air, and to these I turned. The books that I read during those two years were books that either defended the Bible or criticized it. I became well versed in the philosophies that were the vogue in England at that time, but from them I got no relief.

In my despair I took all the books that I had, placed them in a cupboard, turned the key, and there they remained for seven years. I bought a new Bible, and began to read it with an open mind and a determined will. That Bible *found* me. The Book gave forth a glow which warmed my heart, and the Word of

God which I read therein gave to my troubled soul the relief and satisfaction that I had sought for elsewhere. Since that time I have lived for one end—to preach the teachings of the Book that *found* me.

Signs are not wanting that, during this period of testing, young Morgan steadily acquired a sense of proportion in spiritual things, discovering what things were relatively negligible, and what of most importance to mankind. He sought to know the will of God, he strove to realize his own soul. Even in those far-off days, he caught a glimpse of the truth that devotion necessitates, even demands, detachment: he found himself becoming more and more willing to pay what it costs to plan and regulate a human life for God.

II

PREPARATORY YEARS

AFTER two years, during which period he devoted his entire time to evangelistic work, Campbell Morgan decided to offer himself for the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, of which he was already a lay evangelist. It was Rev. William Middleton, Superintendent of Bristol Road Circuit, Birmingham, who first advised the young missioner to offer himself, but young Morgan was deterred by the necessity, if accepted, of taking the theological college course. It was not that he objected to a college training. None would have welcomed it more gladly, and no man ever worked harder to enter the ministry than he. But to enter college was, for him, impossible, by reason of the domestic responsibilities that were his. Thus his candidacy was conditional upon his being sent immediately into active work, without the preparatory training offered by a theological institution.

This was in 1888. In that year, one hundred and fifty candidates offered themselves as candidates for the Wesleyan ministry. Out of this number one hundred and five were rejected, and Campbell Morgan was one of them. Many conflicting stories have been told of his rejection. Only one of them is true of course, and it runs as follows: One of the preliminaries of the candidates' examination was a "trial" sermon, and this Campbell Morgan was invited to preach in Lichfield Road Church, Birmingham, which could seat one thousand people. Seventy-five men and women were present and the young preacher's heart sank as he gazed at the empty pews. His courage had already ebbed considerably, while in the vestry, when Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, one of the three ministers deputized to report on the sermon, sharpening a long lead pencil, said, " Now I am ready for you! " The ordeal proceeded, and Campbell Morgan who had preached since he was thirteen years of age, and had conducted missions in large centres with signal success, failed to pass the test. Referring to that " sparse congregation, and those alarming critics," in after years, he has doubted whether, under similar circumstances, he could ever have been able to do better than he did. At this distant date, probably it will suffice to recall that since the day of his rejection many good men and women have deeply regretted the rigid regulations which prevented Campbell Morgan from entering the Wesleyan Methodist ministry.

But to the young aspirant, it was part of God's training. The day of his rejection, in May 1888, was, he tells us, one of the epochal days of his life—one of the darkest and one of the brightest.

> When that door of hope was closed against me [he says]—a door through which, for two years, I had been seeking an entrance and beyond which I thought lay the largest opportunity man could have—God said to me, in the weeks of loneliness and darkness that followed: " I want you to cease making plans for yourself, and let Me plan your life." So far as I know, from that day to this, I have made no plans for myself, nor attempted to arrange my future. I have always attempted to leave myself free, so that when the wind, that bloweth where it listeth, should catch the outspread sails, I might be carried in a Divinely controlled direction. It was a tremendous crisis in my life—the moment when the one string upon which I tried to play the music of my ministry lay stretched under the bow of my life; the will of God first and last. And I thank God, to-day, for the closing of that door of hope, because, when He turned my feet in another direction, I found the breadth of His commandments, and the glory of His service.

Following this episode of rejection Campbell Morgan and Gregory Mantle became warm friends, and it was the latter who, some years later, recommended the former to the church and congregation at Westminster Road, Birmingham, among whom he laboured for nearly four years. In more recent times Campbell Morgan was afforded opportunities for rendering Gregory Mantle some very helpful service, in a dark and needy hour. Needless to add, these opportunities were readily embraced, and turned to gratifying account.

But whatever the wiser, more sapient judgments of later years, there can be little doubt but that, to the young preacher, his rejection for the full ministry was a bitter blow. But he met it with a chastened yet undaunted spirit. His soul passed through a period of severe trial, yet bowing simply to the inevitable, he steeled himself for a greater effort. Called of God to preach the Gospel, as he knew himself to be, he accepted life's discipline, and continued to walk his lonely way. For two years he trod it, and it led him into a wilderness where there was none to guide, and, for a time, he failed to find a way through. When, at last, he *did* find it, he understood, as Francis Thompson understood, when he heard the voice of Love saying:

" All which I took from thee, I did but take
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou mightst seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand and come! "

But if this year of our Lord, 1888, brought to Campbell Morgan one of the blackest, bitterest episodes of his whole career, it brought, also, one of the choicest blessings this mortal life and a mundane world had to bestow. On

August 20, 1888, at Market Drayton, in the county of Salop, he was joined in holy wedlock to Annie Morgan of Staunton, near Coleford, Gloucestershire. Since that day, forty-two years ago, the love and devotion of a faithful, loving wife has (next to the grace given him from on high) been the greatest inspiration and source of power, in the life of Campbell Morgan.

Followed a thirteen-months' mission at Hull, the great Yorkshire seaport. Wilberforce Hall, in that city, became a great centre of religious and social activity. Here the evangelist came face to face with sin in its most rampant forms—saw how its poisons polluted the life of a great city. His ardent soul accepted the challenge such conditions appeared to fling at him, and, night and day, he spent himself freely in the cause of his fellow-men. Twenty street meetings were held each Sunday, and at each of the twenty Campbell Morgan spoke—sometimes a word of encouragement to his helpers, sometimes in an appeal to the unconverted. Twice, sometimes thrice, on each Sunday, he addressed two thousand people who attended the services in the Hall. During the week, he was in and out among the people, often called upon to deal with men and women of criminal tendencies—broken earthenware of the world, flotsam and jetsam of society—and a notable work of redemption was effected among them. Mr. Morgan learned here, the mighty power of the enemy, much as a soldier learns, doing his bit in the front line. Looking back over a period of nearly half a century, he said in a recent sermon:

> I thank God for Hull and for the lessons there taught to me. Ever since the days of that Mission I have known from actual experience that there is no sin that cannot be conquered, no moral poison that cannot be eradicated by the power of Jesus Christ.

The two weeks' mission ended and the hall where Campbell Morgan preached was crowded to the doors. During those two weeks, he had won the hearts of the people, and they prevailed upon him to stay. He stayed, and that truly wonderful mission went on week after week, until fourteen months were accomplished. When Dr. Morgan visited Hull forty years afterwards, a number of the converts of that mission were among the first to welcome him to the Yorkshire city.

During the summer of 1889, Campbell Morgan accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Stone, a small town in North Staffordshire, and began his ministry there on August 18. The passage of Scripture, on which he based his opening sermon was part of Matt. 28:20, *"Lo, I am with you alway."*

At a welcome meeting, held the following evening, he made known to the members how he hoped to fulfill his vocation. Having himself drunk deeply of the sacrament of sorrow, he told his flock, he knew the value of sympathy; having known the bitterness of loneliness, he knew the worth of companionship; and his prayer was, that while among them, he might prove a friend, ready to help in time of need. Because the aged were often lonely he would seek their companionship; because the middle-aged had known conflict, he would seek their coöperation; because the young had ambitions and aspirations, he would seek their fellowship so that, together, they might strive towards attainment. By the tone and character of this address, the young minister won the heart and loyalty of his people, and so entered upon his first pastorate, under fair and promising auspices.

Early in his ministry at Stone he formed a debating and literary society for the benefit of the young people of the town, and a Sunday afternoon meeting for adults. These two meetings helped to bring him into contact with many who were not reached by the regular services of the church.

In January 1890, the first number of a magazine for the people, was published by the Congregational Church of Stone, and edited by its minister. The suggestive title of the publication was *Go*, and in its first editorial the adoption of the word was succinctly explained.

> Our title is *Go*, and of course we *want* it to go, and we also hope that it will make some of our readers go [said the editorial]. We are convinced that the religion that is going to move this land and the world must be one that is full of "go." . . . We shall endeavour to lead sin-sick souls to Him Who will say to them, "Go in peace"; to those who are in difficulty we shall reiterate the message given to Israel of old, "Go forward"; to many who are standing idle, we shall say in the Master's name, "Go into the vineyard"; to those who have trodden the beaten tracks of service we shall say, "Do something out of the ordinary—go out into the highways and hedges." We shall try to inculcate the spirit of the Good Samaritan towards those who are left half-dead on the highway of life, "Go thou and do likewise." It may be that, at times, and in the interests of the oppressed we may have to say to the oppressor, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl." But it is certain that to every Christian man or woman we shall say, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

This note of explanation, be it remembered, appeared in the year 1890—more than a full generation ago. Would it not be strictly within the province of sane and sober enquiry to ask, if *anywhere in Christendom, and at the present hour* there exists a better working plan than that laid down by Campbell Morgan, in this little North Staffordshire town, forty years ago?

Campbell Morgan's ordination took place Monday, September 22, 1890. Rev. S. B. Handley, secretary of the

County Union presided. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. W. F. Clarkson, B. A., the charge to the church by Rev. J. Nicholas Knight. The Rev. W. Landsell, B. A., read the Scripture, and Rev. J. Hankinson offered the ordination prayer. In answer to the question as to the general principles by which he intended to regulate his ministry, the young preacher replied as follows:

> Believing that all the misery and suffering which I find around me are, directly or indirectly, the result of the lack of God, the great purpose of my ministry will be to bring about that reconciliation between man and God which alone can bring happiness and well-being to the sons of men. Believing that the enmity that appears to be in the heart of man against God is the result of a misconception of Him, and His purposes towards the sons of men; and believing furthermore that in Jesus Christ, the only revelation of God that is true can be found, I shall endeavour to present Him to those to whom I have to speak, or amongst whom I have to move, in all the beauty and life of His love. Believing, too, that the well-being of man on earth is the will of God, and that the Gospel of Jesus Christ contains all that is necessary to bring about that well-being, politically, socially, and religiously, I shall endeavour as far as possible to find out, and declare the will of Christ on these topics, and so labour for the application of Christianity to the day in which we live.
>
> Humbly do I pray that my life may ever be such as to give force to the words that I utter, and to this end,—an end of supreme importance, it seems to me, in the Christian ministry—I shall daily seek the power that cometh from on high, to walk before my Lord and Master in all lowliness of conduct.

This first ministry covered two busy, happy years. The young preacher threw himself into the welfare, not only of his own church, but also that of the churches in the surrounding villages. Admiration for men who strive, under great difficulties, to maintain the Kingdom of God in the earth, led him to spend much of his time in a labour of love among them. To one church in particular he gave much attention. This was the Congregational Church at Eccleshall. The cause was rapidly failing, and but for the timely aid of Mr. Morgan would probably have had to close its doors. Undertaking to do all in his power to prevent this untoward event, he threw himself into the work, and, in a very short while, had the church renovated. At the reopening services, he announced the conduct of a series of mission meetings, and found that the members, though few in number, had a mind to work.

The services were a great success, a result due, in part, to Mr. Morgan's able preaching, and partly to the alacrity with which the villagers responded to his call. The church at Eccleshall was strengthened by the addition of many members, and the Church of God by the ingathering of many souls. At the close of the mission, Mr. Morgan promised that, for some time to come, the church would be cared for by the members of the church at Stone, some of whom would preach each Sunday, while he himself would attend on the afternoon of one Sunday each month, to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Furthermore: he lectured on behalf of the church in many places, the proceeds being handed over to the treasurer. Some time before concluding his ministry at Stone, Mr. Morgan had the satisfaction of seeing the church at Eccleshall prospering, and free of debt.

At the conclusion of two very active and earnest years at Stone, Campbell Morgan accepted a unanimous invitation to become minister of Heron Court Congregational Church, Rugeley. Like Stone, Rugeley is a small town in the county of Stafford, and here Mr. Morgan entered upon his second pastorate, August 5, 1891.

In the course of his address at the welcome meeting, he expressed great satisfaction with the arrangement which permitted his conducting mission services among the churches of the surrounding locality. Then, as ever, he was a firm believer in evangelism, and also a friend to village churches. This willingness evinced on the part of the church members at Rugeley was the deciding factor in leading him to accept the pastorate. It appeared that neither his enthusiasm for evangelism, nor his great desire to help weaker churches had been too well received by a certain section of the church at Stone, and there were those who had not been over-willing for him to undertake the work he did at Eccleshall.

Encouraged by the coöperation of his congregation, Campbell Morgan entered zealously into mission work, by conducting evangelistic services in the churches of the district. His work was owned of God and the means of inspiring many a much-tried and discouraged minister. Nor was the church then under his charge called upon to suffer in any way as a result of its pastor's outside labours. The record of a typical Sunday at Heron Court appeared in *The Mercury* (a local publication), in its issue for November, 1891, as follows:

> The Sunday services commenced at half-past nine o'clock in the morning, with a Men's Bible Class, when the pastor took as his subject, *The Gospel Psalms.* At the eleven o'clock service, Mr. Morgan preached on *The Aim of the Teaching of Grace;* while at three o'clock a very large congregation assembled to hear an address on *Parsons and People.* The evening service was also well attended when the pastor's theme was *A Man Better than a Sheep.* At eight o'clock a conference was held in the church to which working men were specially invited. The subject discussed was, *Why Do Not Working-men Attend Our Places of Worship?* Several of these were present, and expressed their views upon the question, and contributing to an unusually interesting debate. All the services were marked by that glow and heartiness which are characteristic of Heron Court Chapel.

A Saturday evening meeting which Mr. Morgan organized and called a " free-and-easy " provided the people of the town with an opportunity for spending a social hour very pleasantly. The gathering was established by Mr. Morgan in order to bring together men of varying creeds and political opinions for friendly intercourse and games. The venture was an instantaneous success, and found signal favour with all the better thinking citizens of Rugeley. As one speaker remarked:

> It is good to see this hall so crowded. I see a good many here this evening that, otherwise, would have been spending their hours idly on the streets, or in other and much worse places.

The kind of work done at this Saturday evening gathering had always appealed to Mr. Morgan. He had learned from his own experience that there are subtle forms of temptation always presenting themselves to the youth that is lonely; that all men are better and happier when mingling with their fellows on common ground. He did not expect an affair of this sort to add many names to the church roll, but he *did* expect it to keep men from evil, and in this his expectations were definitely realized, and his faith amply justified.

Were it related, the inner history of the " free-and easy " would prove to the satisfaction of doubters that such gatherings while not exclusively religious, have done much to save men from sinning, and are powerful allies in the fight against demoralizing influences in towns and cities. The one formed at Rugeley, and which sprang out of the Congregational Bible Class, accomplished its object in that it gathered into one society young people who, otherwise, would have been companionless. Moreover, it gave the pastor-president opportunities to make many new contacts and to form some loyal friendships, especially among the youth of the town. In an article dated February 24, 1892, a writer in *The Mercury* said:

> Inducing young men to spend the evening in the enjoyment of various games and in listening to the rendering of some of the best songs of the day, instead of roaming the streets or spending their money in public houses, is a work which cannot be too highly encouraged and commended. If Mr. Morgan had done nothing more than this, he would have earned the public gratitude, but it is only one branch of his work. There can be no doubt that since he entered upon his work at Rugeley he has made " troops of friends " even among those who do not exactly agree with his doctrines. Numbers of Episcopalians are to be found at his " free-and-easy," and the weekly gathering is one of the pleasantest functions imaginable. There is no stiffness about any one; everybody feels at home.

His zeal for evangelism led the Rugeley pastor to conduct a series of mission services in his own church at Rugeley—admittedly the most difficult work a minister can undertake. But the meetings quickened the religious life of the town, and many converts were made. Restless, energetic, eager and determined in his zeal for the Kingdom, Mr. Morgan speedily became the most popular minister of the town and district.

These were great and strenuous days. But they were days, Dr. Morgan tells us, when he felt the hand of God to be definitely fashioning and moulding him for his future life of service. The Hand thus laid upon him was the hand of love; nevertheless, there was discipline in the gesture, and a beckoning to the place and altar of sacrifice. There was great grace to be bestowed; there was much hampering impedimenta to be cast away.

> All this was not the matter of a moment [says Dr. Morgan], but of years. It began in the days when, as yet, I was but an evangelist; it continued after I had been ordained to the Con-

gregational ministry, and was rapidly becoming one of the popular young preachers of the denomination. God was speaking to me, that I knew, and the crisis in which His voice rang out clearly, almost peremptorily, making known to me His will, came at Rugeley, one Sunday night, after service. I had preached, and we had held an after-meeting, in which men and women had decided for Christ.

At the end of the day I went home to my own study, and sat there alone. As clearly as though it had sounded in the room, a voice put this question, " What are you going to be, a preacher, or My messenger? " For a moment I knew not what it meant, except to realize that the Spirit of God had created a crisis. I stood at the parting of the ways. Presently I began to ponder that night's sermon—to review my ministry. To my dismay I discovered that the desire to become, and be known as a great preacher, was beginning to get the upper hand.

" What are you going to be, a preacher, or My messenger? " For hours I sat, vainly endeavouring to answer the question, but not until the night had died down, and the light of morning glinted through my study-window, did I arrive at a decision. It was a night of conflict between a man and his God. It was my brook Jabbok—the place where God met me, face to face. Just as the light of morning scattered the darkness of the night passed, so did the light Divine stream into my soul, and joyously I cried out, " Thy messenger, my Master—Thine! "

But the victory was won, only when the ashes of a bundle of sermons lay in the study fireplace. The work of many years was destroyed on that golden morning, when I stepped out to follow God at all costs, determining to do so without those sermons. During the night hours I came to see that they had been moulded and made so as to include a large element of self. For that reason they were destroyed. As they burned, I said to my Master: " If Thou wilt give me Thy words to speak, I will utter them, from this day forward, adding nothing to them, taking naught away. Thine whole counsel I will declare, so help me God." So did the Lord prevail.

With this new conception of his work as a Christian minister become the paramount factor in his life, Mr. Morgan applied himself to the manifold activities of that office with increased energy and consuming zeal.

> Since Mr. Morgan has been at Rugeley, he has performed the work of half a dozen men [said the writer of "*Rugeley Jottings,*" at this time], and he does not evince any present inclination in the direction of idleness. In fact we do not believe that Mr. Morgan could be happy, or exist even, without plenty of hard work. He is not one of those who could be content to adopt a "rest and be thankful" policy. The town ought to make the most of the advantages it derives from his presence.

Before very long, however, both Rugeley and its energetic preacher were to learn that the work of three or four men was too much for any one man to undertake and that there were limits beyond which a man could not go, without incurring a commensurate physical penalty. (The complete breakdown that followed forced Mr. Morgan to take a prolonged rest and to cancel all engagements.) He had attempted a task too great for his resources, and just when he needed it most, his strength failed him. The compulsory rest did him but little good. Only the body was inoperative. The mind was forever planning, working, constantly rebelling against the forced inactivity. To sit at ease either in or out of Zion was not at all to his liking and, disregarding the wiser counsel of friends, he came back to his task before he regained his normal strength. The work he had planned and begun, claimed his every energy: he lived for Rugeley and the Gospel.

(But relief came in the shape of a summons to another field, and it was an altogether beneficial thing for Campbell Morgan, when Westminster Road Church, Birmingham, called him from Rugeley.) In the new and more important charge, his many activities would, of necessity, have to be confined to a single area. The church was situate in Birchfield, a growing suburb of the great metropolis of the Midlands, and here Campbell Morgan began his ministry June 11, 1893, fully aware of the difficulties that confronted him and the church to which he had been called. Its one hundred and fifty-five members heartily welcomed him to the pastorate, although fears were expressed that the burden of work would impose too great a tax upon one in his precarious state of health. Some months previously, moreover, he had arranged to visit the United States of America. But he saw that to undertake this tour would be to sadly interfere with the work needing to be done with urgency and despatch at Westminster Road, so he cancelled his engagements on the other side of the Atlantic and concentrated his energies on his new field of service in Birmingham. He began by turning to the task of shepherding a scattered flock. Doctrinal differences had given rise to considerable dissension among the church members, a large number of whom had severed their connection with the church altogether. To reunite this divided membership it was imperative that a man be found who not only could hold people by his preaching, but who could give it a wise administration and who knew how to deal with human nature in its varying moods. After seeking for some time without success, the church wrote to Gregory Mantle, one of the " trial judges " who had " failed " young Morgan for the Methodist ministry, and he unhesitatingly recommended this same preacher for the work. " Mr. Morgan is the man for you," he wrote. " He will soon give you a church, and more than double your membership." This time Gregory Mantle made no mistake, and subsequent events proved his words to have been in the nature of a prophecy.

It was not long before Mr. Morgan's preaching began to arrest the attention of Birchfield and Handsworth. Many of those who had wandered from church membership came to hear him and continued to repeat the visit until, finally, they returned to the fold. During Mr. Morgan's ministry Westminster Road became one of the churches of Birmingham, and the crowds that attended its services were enthusiastic in their praise of its young minister. Within the ranks of Congregationalism, too, his place was becoming recognized, the denomination realizing its obligation to be grateful for the capable leadership Mr. Morgan had displayed.

His meeting with Dr. R. W. Dale, and the friendship which that great preacher showed him, was to Campbell Morgan one of the earliest signs that he was slowly but surely gaining the confidence of the Congregational denomination,—and also that his peculiar training for the Gospel ministry was deemed efficient.

Soon after Morgan's settlement at Birmingham, Dr. Dale wrote him saying that he had been ill, and thus prevented from calling on the new minister. He would be gratified, therefore, if Mr. Morgan could come to see him.

The men spent a long morning together, and the conference entirely dispelled the nervous awe with which the younger man had regarded the world-famed preacher, who had been represented to him as being stern and hard with his more youthful brethren.

Tenderly as would a father, Dr. Dale questioned Campbell Morgan about his call to the ministry, the character of his training, and as to whether he had read any systematic theology? " Yes," replied the young minister, " I have read Wardlaw, but he doesn't seem to grip me." Dr. Dale smiled, and enquired of his visitor if he had studied any of the Methodist theologians? Morgan said that he had " ground up " on Pope's three volume *Compendium,* and Dale commented favourably on the value of Dr. Pope's theology, observing that Methodist teaching on sanctification had made no advance since the days of John Wesley. Dr. Dale went on to say that prior to his preaching, before the Centenary Sermon at City Road Chapel, London, he had read the *Complete Works of John Wesley,* which had been presented to him by the Wesleyan Bookroom.

“ Every page? ” asked Mr. Morgan, looking with amazement at the row of beautiful volumes on the shelves.

“ Every page, and every word,” answered Dr. Dale.

Knowing the strong views held by the great Congregationalist on the question of ministerial training, Morgan told him with considerable hesitancy why and how he had become a preacher, and how deeply he regretted that he was an “ untrained man.”

The great man held up his hand. “ You must never say that you are untrained,” he said with some sternness. “ God, who has many ways of training men, has trained *you,* and I pray that you may have great joy in His service.”

Anxiety on account of Campbell Morgan’s health was keenly felt by his friends. It was known that he had not completely recovered from his recent illness, and that his strength was again failing. It came as no surprise, therefore, when Sir Walter Foster, the eminent Edgbaston physician, ordered the minister of Westminster Road Church to leave Birmingham for at least three months. He obeyed, and went to the island of Sark, and, later, to the Isle of Man.

At the end of this period he returned, much strengthened, to his work. He was accorded a hearty and loving welcome by the members of his flock. During the three months he had been absent, not only had his own life almost been despaired of, but one of the saddest of human experiences had befallen his home. His little daughter Gwennie, always in delicate health, had been gathered into the bosom of the Good Shepherd. The death of their little daughter was the first sorrow that clouded the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan. As was the fair maiden, whose name, “ Olwen,” may be freely translated by “ After her, all is white,” and of whom the legend says, “ so pure was she, so gentle in her words, that a trail of white flowers sprang up wherever she placed her feet," so was Gwennie Morgan, for " Gwennie " also means " White." Shedding fragrance all about her, reminding every one who met her of the loveliness found in the gentle things of God, she tarried for a while bringing to her father and mother the benediction of heaven. Then the bitter wind of death swept over her, and she passed on to her place in the garden of God. As with Olwen of the old Welsh legend, the trail behind Gwennie is white and stretches away after her across the purple shadows of the valley, to the shining uplands where it is always day.

The man who returned to the pulpit of Westminster Road Church was one towards whom the hearts of his people went out in affection and helpful understanding. He had won his way to their hearts, and the expression of his congregation's affection and good-will took the form of a presentation address, of which the following is part:

From the Members and Friends of Westminster Road Church, to Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.

Beloved Pastor,

We, the members of the church and congregation desire to take the opportunity of joining in an expression of our love and sympathy with you in your present circumstances; and of presenting you with a united and hearty welcome on the occasion of your return to our midst.

First of all, we would express our great thankfulness for your year of service among us. As a rule, a ministry during its opening year cannot strike its roots very deeply; but we rejoice to believe that in no small measure you have rooted yourself in our affection and lives. In a single year we have come to know you better, and we wish to look into your face and tell you, that we love you better because of that knowledge.

The work of a ministry such as this can never be light, and the pastor that forgets himself in earnestly seeking the temporal and spiritual welfare of his people runs grave risks to his own physical well-being. While we honour you for your unselfish and unremitting devotion, we earnestly urge you to husband your strength in the future as far as regard for duty will permit. We do not shrink from saying that we have been blessed by having our sympathies drawn out towards you in your day of trouble, and so real is the blessing that comes to those that bear one another's burdens, that we feel it a privilege to share this burden with one who has so often and so unreservedly sought to lighten ours without fear of being misunderstood. We thank God for the great goodness, in restoring you to health and strength.

The Sunday congregations now filled the church, and the mid-week services were also well attended. It was at Westminster Road, too that Mr. Morgan commenced a work that since has made him famous all over the English-speaking world. At the mid-week service he began a series of lectures, taking the Bible chapter by chapter, and book by book. The Sunday school teachers of his own church and surrounding churches and Bible students attended in large numbers. At first there was some doubt as to the success of these gatherings but long ere Dr. Morgan removed from Birmingham, any doubt as to their usefulness and the keen desire of the people to attend them, had been banished for ever. To mark the beginnings of any genuinely constructive work, even when, after a term of years, that work has ceased to exert the influence which marked the early stages of its development, is an experience that yields profit and satisfaction. In this instance, however, we are faced with a concrete fact throbbing with a most amazing vitality. After an unbroken continuity of more than a generation, we find Campbell Morgan still giving Bible lectures, and, allowing for the mellowed wisdom which the passing of the years has enabled him to bring to his task, following virtually the same course as that he mapped out for himself and his hearers, thirty-four years ago.

The whole story of Campbell Morgan's Birmingham ministry is that of a man whose conception of leadership as well as discipleship, is that of helping the men who battle. Better than most of the members of his congregation he knew the fierceness of the conflict then waged by the industrial workers of Handsworth. It was not without pain that he entered homes where women and children were without food, while the men tramped wearily from place to place looking for work and finding none. There was much unemployment and much poverty. Men, willing to work, wore themselves out searching for it, and, as a consequence, became weak and ill. It was a tragic, heart-searching time.

At such a time it is easy enough for a speaker to win applause by denouncing systems that cause unemployment, and theorizing as to ways and means of reducing poverty. But Campbell Morgan knew the problem to be too urgent, too immediate, for mere theories. Men were in want; homes were without food; little children were crying for bread, and mothers were giving them their last crust. There would be time enough to theorize after want had been removed, after hunger had been appeased. Morgan knew that he ought to do something more than give his money to help. He must find work for men, even if he had to make it, and make it he did, by causing a woodshed to be built near the church, and within a few days many men, who were unemployed, came to chop wood, and the minister supervised the industry. This was done, not to solve the problem of unemployment, but merely to aid men in the battle for existence, and to save women and children from want. What did it matter if the woodshed did *not* pay its way? What did it matter though the church had to subsidize the work? The men who battled were helped and inspired, and during the winter were able to get some food, at least, and warmth. The fathers went gladly to the woodshed, and the mothers and children blessed the name of the shepherd who stood between their flock and dire disaster.

During the whole of this period Westminster Road Church exerted a widespread influence, some of the worshippers coming from far distant places, happy if, at the end of the journey, seats might be found for them. To the officers and members it soon became evident that as long as Mr. Morgan remained their minister, it would be necessary to provide some means whereby those who were unable to be accommodated in the church building should have the benefit of his sermons and teaching. To this end, *The Westminster Road Congregational Magazine* was founded, and the editorial notes in its first number stated the reason for its publication.

> The idea of the Magazine [they ran], was suggested by the freely-expressed desire of friends in many parts of the country to possess for reading and reference the sermons and addresses of our pastor. It was recognized that these were of a value which justified their being issued in permanent form, thereby affording those who had heard them delivered an opportunity of recurring to them and also providing for our pastor's work a larger sphere of influence through the medium of the press.

Yet few, if any, of Mr. Morgan's flock regarded the possibility of his remaining at Birmingham for any great length of time as being other than a rather remote contingency. With increased force and repeated insistence the fact was borne in upon them that their able young minister was destined to occupy some prominent place in English Congregationalism, and that to retain him at Westminster Road was beyond the measure of their resources. Although reasonably prepared for the worst and, as it seemed to them, the inevitable, the thought of losing their minister, even though it were to a larger, more influential field, was accompanied by a sense of corporate and personal loss.

The expected blow came in the form of an invitation to the pastorate of New Court Congregational Church, Tollington Park, London. Mr. Morgan, who had declined several invitations to several important pulpits, felt constrained to accept this one. Much to the disappointment of his people, therefore, he placed his resignation in the hands of the church officers.

Three and a half years had passed since the day, on which he had been welcomed by one hundred and fifty-five members of a church that was badly run down and considerably disorganized. The time had passed swiftly, yet during its passing the church had been lifted out of its financial difficulties; the building subjected to alteration and renovation—paid for, largely, out of the proceeds of lectures given by the minister; a number of additional institutions organized, providing new forms of service for the young people whose numbers grew from week to week; the congregations increased, until there was no longer room for the people who desired to worship at Westminster Road, and the membership augmented until, at the time of Mr. Morgan's resignation, it numbered four hundred and thirty adults.

Truly a great church had been developed during these three years and a half! It should be borne in mind too, that, during this period of particularly strenuous activity, Mr. Morgan suffered considerable ill health and much sorrow. The former he had stoutly resisted; the latter he had hidden in his heart, where it brought forth its peaceable fruit—mellowing his nature, colouring his labour and endearing him to all who are helped and sustained by hearing in a strenuous public ministry, the authentic note of one, who with a knowledge born of experience, can impart solace and enheartenment to the pilgrims of the shadowed way.

III

THE WIDENING FIELD

NEW COURT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Tollington Park, N., possesses a stirring history, dating back to the year 1662. It is, moreover, a memorial of the stimulating days of the Great Ejectment, its first minister being Dr. Thomas Manton, who had been removed from the Rectorship of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, as a result of the famous Act of Uniformity. In the course of the following year (1663), Dr. Manton began to labour as a Nonconformist minister to a people then gathering for worship in Bridge Street, which during the troublous reigns of the Stuarts, migrated first to Carey Street and, later, to Tollington Park. Historically, New Court is one of the famous Nonconformist churches of London; more important still, it has been the scene of some truly remarkable ministries. It has had, in its succession of preachers, such notable divines as Richard Baxter, author of *The Saints' Everlasting Rest,* Daniel Burgess, Thomas Bradbury and Richard Winter. It was here, too, that John Ossian Davies—silver-tongued Welshman, painter of vivid word-pictures, master of impressive phrases—quickened North London by his eloquent preaching of the Gospel. To him succeeded William Pierce, whose ministry was marked by scholarship and real culture, to whose literary gifts the whole religious world is debtor. His exceptional knowledge of church history, supplemented by his sturdy Nonconformity and positive passion for everything pertaining to Congregationalism, not only brought an added lustre to New Court Church, but marked him as a true spiritual successor of its first minister, the intrepid Thomas Manton.

To this church, rich in historic memories and cultured spiritual life, came Campbell Morgan from Birmingham, in the month of February, 1897. The congregation that assembled to greet him, on the Sunday morning which marked the commencement of his ministry, filled the church-building; in the evening, it was found necessary to place camp-stools along the aisles, in order to provide seating accommodation for the throng that gathered to hear the newly-appointed preacher. Thus, at the comparatively early age of thirty-four, we see Campbell Morgan installed minister of one of the best organized churches in the English capital. Moreover: within a few weeks of his having entered on his work in North London, he had come to be regarded as one of the ablest of the younger preachers, and one of the most popular in the entire Metropolitan area.

From the Tollington Park pulpit a voice now began to sound, towards which Nonconformist London turned, to hearken and to heed. From all quarters of the city people made their way to New Court Church on Sunday mornings and evenings, and well before the hour at which services were announced to begin, the church pews were filled, and a card bearing the world FULL placed upon its doors. Press representatives began to ask for seat-reservations, and reports of the preacher's messages to appear in the Monday morning dailies. Applications for his services for special efforts and occasions of every sort, poured in upon Mr. Morgan from all parts of London and the provinces. Many of these he filled, and twice as many, refused. Quite frequently, he would travel by night to a point one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles distant from London, preach and lecture the next day, make the return journey during the following night, and resume his pastoral duties at New Court, as ardently as though he had not been out of town. Before a year had passed, it could be declared, without exaggeration or hyperbole, that Campbell Morgan had become a preacher, not only to an individual church or a single city, but to the churches of an entire nation.

A contemporary account of Mr. Morgan's activities which appeared in a London journal, about this time, ran as follows:

> Quite apart from the claims made upon him by his preaching services, meetings, lectures, visitations and Young People's societies at New Court, and the study and endless " oddments," which a pastorate entail, Campbell Morgan undertakes special missions of three, four, six, eight, and even ten days' duration at different centres in England, Wales and Scotland; preaches here and there, with frequent lectures and special addresses; attends conferences, and local celebrations of spiritual character calling for definite treatment of some specific subject; and in numerous ways, and in divers places, by sermon, address, lecture, and special spiritual teaching, gives himself up to the urgent calls which, in endless succession, find their way to him from all quarters. As an example of his activities in addition to his work at New Court we may note the following as constituting the list for January of the present year [1898], the list being compiled from the *New Court Pulpit* for that month:
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> Five addresses at as many places, on as many divergent subjects, on five separate days; a lecture at a neighbouring place of worship, in place of aiding in a " bazaar " there; a special sermon in North Wales; an eight days' mission in a Midland town; and a convention at Manchester.

These facts notwithstanding, and so long as the matter lay within the province of his own determining, he would never forego the mid-week service in his own church. The Bread of Life was never broken at Bedford, nor Bristol, nor Leeds, nor Lichfield, at the expense of Tollington Park. When he became seriously ill and an operation rendered imperative, it was for the mid-week service that he felt the most concern, and not until his friend Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor, of Trinity Church, Notting Hill, had consented to conduct this service until he was sufficiently recovered to assume charge of it, himself, was his anxiety relieved. The two men were very firm friends. In 1897–8 they were together at East Northfield, Mass., during the annual Summer Conferences, and the assistance rendered the former by the latter, was by way of being his last public service. The first official appearance of Campbell Morgan, after his recovery from illness, was at the funeral of his friend, whose sudden taking-off came as a severe shock to West London, in which district he was deeply loved and profoundly mourned.

Shortly after Campbell Morgan came to New Court, Holloway Congregational Church, through lack of public support, had to close its doors. This house of worship was one often attended by John Ruskin, who described it as being " one of the most perfect examples of Gothic architecture to be found in the whole of London." But evil days befell the place—days which it failed to survive. The membership scattered, the attendances at the Sunday services fell away, and Holloway Congregational Church became the name of that which was nothing *but* a name, and a pathetic memory. The minister of New Court determined, by God's help, to remedy what appeared to him to be a deplorable state of affairs. Gathering about him a few earnest men and women, he reopened the church, and then went out " to compel " the people of the surrounding neighbourhood to " come in." It had been gloomily declared that no church-going folk remained in the district; but to the great astonishment of the pessimists there was found to be quite a goodly number. Sunday congregations regathered, and immediately commenced to increase. Before very long signs of a new and vigorous church-life became apparent, and steps were taken towards calling a minister. But until the church became able to make the invitation, Campbell Morgan and those of his New Court flock who strengthened his hands, continued the work at Holloway Church. Eventually, Rev. E. M. Edmunds was called to the pulpit, and under his spirited leadership, the church continued to grow in grace and expand in numbers. To-day, it stands as a memorial of great faith and courageous venture, embarked upon in North London by Campbell Morgan, in the name of the Lord.

Just about this time, certain prominent London daily newspapers contemplated the issuance of a Sunday edition, and against this invasion of the peace of the British Sabbath, Christian men and women voiced a vigorous protest. The minister of New Court instantly associated himself with those who boldly led the English citizenry in its declaration of dissent, and in its resolve to support no daily paper the publishers of which issued a Sunday edition. This agitation ended in victory for those who took up arms in behalf of the preservation of the usages of the Christian day of rest, and for many years, at least, no Sunday editions were issued by those newspapers which, save for the storm of protest that greeted their contemplated action, would have done so, in 1899.

Reports now began to circulate in Nonconformist London, that the popular minister of New Court Church would shortly be persuaded to leave England and take up his residence in the United States of America. Already he had paid three visits to the other side of the Atlantic, and, on each occasion, attended and addressed the Summer Conferences, held annually at East Northfield, Mass., under the inspiration and direct oversight of Dwight L. Moody.* Northfield had taken him instantly to its heart, and the impression he created there, won for him troops of friends.

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* See also p. 150.

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, too,—one of the most famous of New York's churches—had made certain overtures, which were the cause of considerable anxiety to all who desired him to remain at Tollington Park. The danger passed, however, and New Court learned with unfeigned satisfaction that their pastor would remain with them. Within a few weeks, however, another invitation came from the States, this time from a Congregational church, in Brooklyn, New York. This Mr. Morgan, after due consideration, also declined and his congregation at New Court breathed again.

Then came the call to East Northfield. Dwight L. Moody died Friday, December 22, 1899, and the great activities he had set afoot were sorely bereft. The minds of many closely associated with Northfield turned in the direction of Campbell Morgan, and when Mr. William R. Moody, son of the great evangelist, came to London, it was to tell the minister of New Court Church that those who loved Northfield and desired to see it continued in the spirit of its founder, desired him to come to America and labour to this end. This invitation, backed as he knew it to be, by the sincere desires of large numbers of American ministers, made a tremendous appeal to Mr. Morgan, and he felt constrained to accept it. With profound regret, the Tollington Park congregation learned that it was destined shortly to lose its minister to North America and East Northfield. In his letter of resignation, Mr. Morgan said, in part:

> No other church in the world could have tempted me from a pastorate which is a peculiarly joyful one. This, I trust, was proved by my refusal last year to entertain the advances made to me by the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. In this Northfield invitation the case is different. I have long felt that God was preparing me for a ministry to the churches rather than to one particular church. Now the door stands open

for such work. It has not opened in my own country, where I hoped and thought it would. Influential friends have tried to persuade me that it was opening, but I cannot see it. I do see loving hearts trying to open the door, but it is not open. To wait would be to choose for myself, when I wish that God should choose for me.

The farewell service held in New Court Church was a most memorable occasion. The auditorium, aisles and vestibule of the building were thronged with a packed congregation, while large numbers, unable to gain admittance, stood on the church-steps throughout the service. The speakers were Revs. William Pierce (Mr. Morgan's predecessor at New Court), E. M. Edmunds (Holloway Congregational Church), Alfred Rowland, B. A., Albert Swift (East Dulwich), Hugh C. Wallace, Bristol; J. R. Wood, J. Gregory Mantle, Brighton; Messrs. A. Schofield (Church Secretary) and W. C. Wilkins.

But Mr. Morgan was not to be allowed to leave London without some significant gesture being made which would indicate to all whose interest stood involved, what London thought of Campbell Morgan.

It was felt, too, that this was an occasion when the Christian Church in America should learn how great the loss Great Britain was sustaining by Campbell Morgan's decision to take up work in the United States.

The late Dr. F. B. Meyer, a warm friend of Mr. Morgan, organized the meeting, and among the speakers were Dr. Joseph Parker, Rev. Alex Ramsay, B. D., Rev. J. D. Jones, M. A., Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, and Gipsy Smith. The sequel was the holding of one of the most remarkable public gatherings that the English capital had witnessed in many a long year. Some there were who declared that the equal of this farewell service had not been seen in London for half a century. Of the purpose and unqualified success of the gathering Dr. Meyer wrote in happy retrospect:

When it became certain [he said] that Campbell Morgan was treading the path of duty in leaving the homeland for our sister country across the Atlantic, I felt, as one who had been close to him and to the work to which he had been called, that meetings should be arranged in the centre of the Metropolis, to bid him farewell.

My desire was for something worthy of him, and the service he had rendered the churches of our land. I recognized, too, what a help it would be to him in the prosecution of his work if the people of the United States realized that, on the most prominent Nonconformist platform in London he had received expressions of appreciation, of regret at his going, of interest in his work, such as would go to show how much he was honoured in his own country.

With these things in mind, I sought the help of Dr. Parker. He readily fell in with the plan, the City Temple was secured, and final arrangements were made for a reception in the lower hall, and a public meeting in the great auditorium. It was a matter of continual prayer and faith that God would prosper the undertaking, but never, in my most sanguine moments, did I so much as surmise what the day would bring forth, of blessing and multiplied good-will.

As every one knows, the reception was so crowded that we had to call in the aid of policemen to hold the doors against numbers which, had they been allowed to proceed unchecked, would have rendered the occasion a failure by reason of its very success. Dr. Parker said, afterwards, that he had never seen the City Temple more crowded than at the evening meeting; even the aisles were filled, and in every part of the great place of worship the people sat densely packed. Then, as to the tone of the meeting, nothing remained to be desired; the hymns sung, the addresses delivered, the spirit pervading the whole, were all of the very best. Such a meeting is allotted to few men, and the memory of it must, of necessity, become a reminiscence of treasured value to Mr. Morgan, to his close personal friends and to all who in any way contributed to the undertaking, and shared in its unqualified success.

At the great evening gathering Dr. Joseph Parker, Minister of the City Temple in which the meeting was held, delivered a characteristic speech. In his opening Dr. Parker referred playfully to Dr. Morgan, declaring that he had half expected to see upon his face the black traces of tears, channels worn by the waters of grief; instead of which he had found him smiling, and heartily shaking hands with a friend who, in all probability, he would not see again during the next five years.

> I am going to speak across the sea [Dr. Parker continued], and to talk for a moment to the people of America. I am afraid, however, that I am approaching this transatlantic audience with a feeling of reproach and rebuke. Just at the moment, I cannot entertain a very friendly feeling for the people on the other side of the sea. I cannot feel to them as I shall feel in about five or seven years time; that is, when Mr. Morgan comes back again. I want to say to these good friends far away, that there is assembled in the City of London, on this hot June night, one of the largest assemblies I ever saw, and every one present is here for the purpose of bidding Campbell Morgan " God-speed." I cannot imagine what other occasion could have brought such an assembly together. I have known meetings to be largely advertised, and to have everything that human exhortation could do, done in order to bring the people together, and then this great church building has not been more than a third full. There has been no need for any such exhortation to effect the gathering together of this immense company. It has not come to hear a political orator or to hear a noted speaker declaim upon some burning civic question, but to surround a Christian minister, who has been faithful to the Word of God and to the Cross of His only begotten Son. For me, its presence in such numbers is one of the happiest of assurances that the influence of an evangelical ministry is by no means exhausted. . . .

Continuing, Dr. Parker said that when he visited D. L. Moody at his home in Northfield, he got a new impression of the man's capacity and sensitiveness to truths that other men had seen in the great Kingdom of God known amongst men. He was thoroughly assured, too, that only a Biblical ministry could really be accepted and approved by the renowned evangelist. Moody was a Bible preacher, so too was Campbell Morgan.

> You may depend upon one thing [Dr. Parker went on], the only ministry that will last, and be as fresh at the end as it was at the beginning, is a Biblical and an expository one. Mere anecdotes, whether possible or impossible—most of them are impossible—fail and, in the long run exhaust themselves, but the Word of the Lord abideth for ever. I care nothing for any ministry that is simply a surfeit of anecdote-telling, and of commenting upon current events. As a matter of plain fact, there *are* no "current events." All the bubbles of the present spring up out of the deep river of the past; all time's little incidents emerge from the depths of an Eternal Unseen.
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> I approve with great cordiality the selection of Campbell Morgan, therefore, to help forward the work of D. L. Moody. Our friend is a Bible expositor, he loves the Bible, he would have nothing to preach about but for the Bible. It is to him (as it is to others of us) a new Book every day, just written, just published, almost bearing the visible signature of God!
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> In reviewing the whole thing so far, I have one satisfaction and that comes to me from believing that Mr. Morgan will get tired of it. That is the only ray of comfort I have about the whole business. I think there will come a time when he will be glad to be seated in the City Temple once again—and we shall be glad to see him. He will return, I feel sure, bearing his sheaves with him, and we shall thank God in a great and resounding anthem.
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> Mr. Morgan, you take with you our love, our confidence, our reasoned expectancy of great things growing out of your work; and you know, and need no telling, that the only source of real, profound, and lasting influence that can possibly be yours, issues from the soul's companionship with the Holy Spirit.
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> This magnificent assembly is a full and varied one. We have

> men of high intellect here; we have men endowed with special gifts and graces for evangelistic work; we have secretaries of great societies; we have leaders of thought in various and contrastive relations. And why are they here? Not because of one or another of these little incidental facts, but because, at the heart of us all there is gratitude and love to God for the great gift of His servant to the English-speaking churches, in these latter days.

Rev. (afterwards Dr.) J. D. Jones, M. A., of Richmond Hill Congregational Church, Bournemouth, gave voice to the feelings of people all over Great Britain, and his words echoed in the hearts of all who heard them on that memorable evening in the City Temple. He began by making the very open confession that he felt a trifle jealous of America, a feeling which he supposed many of those present shared. They had heard a great deal of late about the enterprise of America, and of the determination her citizens were showing to give her a chief place among the nations. But he was not half so alarmed at the way America was purchasing ships and businesses, as he was of the demands her religious public were making upon British ministers; for after all, England's strength did not consist in the number of her ships, but in the hold which the Gospel her preachers proclaimed had upon English hearts.

> At the same time [Mr. Jones went on] there is no reason why we should have any jealousy; it is not America that is calling Mr. Morgan; it is God Who has called him. "Let a man so account of us as ministers of Christ," says Paul. That is what a Christian minister is—the servant of Christ, a man pledged to do His bidding. To Campbell Morgan He has said "Go," and Mr. Morgan is going in obedience to that command; and because we recognize our Master's right to do with His servants just as He wills, we do not presume to utter one word of dissuasion.
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> The great country across the sea has been the recipient of many noble gifts in the past. Some fifteen years ago [1886]

the Republic of France made a present to her sister Republic of the West of the great Statue of Liberty, which stands at the entrance to New York harbour. Three or four years ago the ecclesiastical authorities in this country made a present to the State of Massachusetts of the log of the *Mayflower,* which lies, to-day, in Boston Public Library. We are now making a much nobler present than these things to America. Better than statue, however beautiful, better than manuscript, however precious, is the gift of a man who has a Gospel to preach, and a passion for preaching it!

The only man who can preach the Gospel effectually, is the man who believes the Gospel he preaches. A man may so preach the Gospel of redeeming love that it becomes as " sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal " in the ears of his hearers. To make preaching powerful and subduing there must be the heart-passion and conviction of the preacher; and I want to say from some little personal experience that Campbell Morgan not only preaches the Gospel, but *believes* it to be the power of God; he has looked for conversions, and conversions have been forthcoming.

On parting with Mr. Morgan, two things console me. One has already been referred to,—that of the giving of Mr. Morgan to America will be another strand which binds the two countries together. There are very many English people who hope and pray for the union of the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race; but suffer me to say that I do not think that union is ever going to be brought about by diplomatic treaties. The only alliance that is likely to be permanent is an alliance based on a common hope, a common purpose, a common work. These are the only things that will ever bring and bind us together.

Then I rejoice that though Mr. Morgan is leaving us there is a great door and effectual opened for him across the sea. We are tempted sometimes to look with very partial eyes on our own spheres of influence. Tollington Park and the wider ministry up and down England would seem to be a sphere big enough for any man; but after all there can be no doubt, if we think of it quietly and impartially, that a still larger sphere awaits Mr. Morgan in the United States. So we cannot attempt to dissuade him, we simply bid him " God-speed."

We remember that nearly three centuries ago the Pilgrim Fathers crossed the sea to America, partly to find a quiet home where they could worship God after their own consciences, and partly that they might establish the Kingdom of God in a distant land. Another Englishman is leaving us, crossing the same sea, going to the same country, and going to do the same work,—going by the help of God, to extend the Kingdom in that part of the earth. Speaking as one of the younger Congregational brethren, I should like to convey to him our greetings, and say "God-speed." May God go with you, Mr. Morgan. May He give you great joy in your work, and many years to carry it on; and as for results, may He grant to you "exceeding abundantly above all that you ask or think."

Gipsy Smith, great admirer of Mr. Morgan and next to him, the most widely-accepted English preacher who has yet visited America, said, in part:

Nothing that another gains is really lost. If that be true philosophy then we are not going to lose Mr. Morgan. America gains him and her churches will be made the richer by his coming. So shall we, for the church life of America is as much ours as the church life of England—it is our Lord's! And we do *not* lose what the Master gains. . . . To those of us who are to remain here, I would say: we must close our ranks and strive to do a little bit extra in order to make up for the absence of Mr. Morgan, who will be busy in another part of the Lord's great vineyard.

In his reply, Dr. Morgan said his heart was deeply grateful in that moment. He felt grateful to his honoured brethren in the ministry who had spoken, and to many who, at personal inconvenience, had come to gather round him and show their love and sympathy, and their appreciation of any service he may have been able to render to the common cause that they all served in the name of the Master.

Let me venture to say one or two things in all simplicity and without embellishment [Mr. Morgan said]. I have been living for the past few months in a perpetual state of surprise. Wherever I have been up and down the country there have been manifestations of affection and tenderness that well-nigh overwhelmed me. Letters, messages, and greetings everywhere—then, crowning all, surpassing all, this meeting! I honestly say to you that the question has come to me, What do all these things mean?

First of all, I think I recognize in this generous outpouring of affection and kindly sympathy, a tribute this country is laying on the grave of Dwight L. Moody. I am convinced that a great deal of the affection that has been manifested, and a great deal of the gathering together of this throng of people, is an evidence that the mighty work he did here still lives, and that, everywhere, there are hearts interested in anything that has to do with his name. I feel that we have a right to take this splendid meeting, and lay it as though it were a wreath upon the grave of our departed brother. We thank God for him, sorrowing not at his translation, but rejoicing in all that he was able to do for his Master.

If you will suffer a personal word it will be to say that I have tried to find out the meaning of this overflowing measure of personal interest which this great gathering symbolizes, and I have reached the conclusion that it is because God has enabled me during the days of my ministry in this country to deliver a *positive* message. In London, in Birmingham, and in the cities and villages of provinces where it has been my high and holy privilege to minister in holy things, I have endeavoured to speak the things I *know*. I have many doubts, I have many questionings —there are certain departments of theological thought in which I find myself utterly at sea—but I never take them into the pulpit. It may be that my ministry has been a narrow one. At times, I think it has. Sometimes, the truths I have tried to teach might all have been expressed in one of the sweetest verses in the whole realm of hymnology:

> *"I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,*
> *And all Thy ways adore,*
> *And every day I live, I seem*
> *To love Thee more and more."*

Nevertheless, I have tried to speak the things that were backed by my own personal experience. I have not discussed the theory of salvation so much as I have preached the fact that Christ has saved *me,* and can save other men. So it seems to me that I want to take all this love expressed for me, and hand it on to Him Who has made me what I am, and without whose salvation I had had no message—I had had no power. To Him alone be the glory.

Mr. Morgan went on to say that he had often been asked, "Why are you going to the States?" "Why leave this country?" Well, the answer lay within the compass of what Mr. Jones had said,—the call was not the call of America, but the call of God and that was his only reason for going. If he were to relate the story of how he had reached a decision about going West, he could, he thought, show his hearers how remarkable was the mosaic of which that decision formed part of the perfect pattern. Not a doubt remained in his mind that, for the present, America was an open door.

What is my work to be [Mr. Morgan asked]? I cannot answer that, in detail; but let me say one or two things, because I crave, with passionate earnestness the definite, intelligent, persistent prayers of the loved ones I leave behind me. I go to teach the English Bible, to speak in different centres of America out of the Book of God. I am to speak of what it says to man, and of the bearing it has upon actual and everyday life. I know one or two things the Bible says. There are a great many more things that I am beginning to spell out. I find when I read the story of one called Adam, that man, God-created, is never forsaken. I find in the story of Abraham that man, God-guided, is always led into possession. I find in the story of Moses that man, God-instructed, is never ignorant. I find in the story of David that man, God-like, sings through his own failure until the glorious triumph comes. These are only notes of the music that I find in the Book; so I go, as God shall help me, to speak out of the Book to the life of my brothers and sisters on the other side of the water, feeling very strongly that what we need to-day both there and at home, is a manifestation in all the centres of darkness of the sons of God; and that the only way in which life can ever become transformed and transfigured into a perfect likeness of the One Son of God, is as life shall become sanctified through the Truth—which Truth is the Word of God.

As to my future, I know nothing; I have no time limit in front of me. I may be back here to-morrow, or the next day, to live. On the other hand, I may *never* come back. I know nothing; and nothing I *want* to know.

> *" I do not ask to see*
> *The distant scene; one step enough for me."*

Some of my friends have seemed to think that I am cutting my connection with the old country, with all its needs. By no means! I still remain a member of the Congregational Union of this country. I still remain a member of New Court Church. I go, because I am certain the pillar of cloud leads that way. If it lead back, I shall be here again as quickly as I go. Until it does I dare not leave the work God has given me to do.

In conclusion, Mr. Morgan asked for the prayers of his brethren and sisters in the Lord. More things were wrought by prayer than this world dreamed of. They might still meet in that place where loved ones of the Father ever meet,—" around one common mercy-seat "—although, as to bodily presence, they may be scattered over the face of the earth. Nothing could be more productive of good cheer than a feeling in heart that the folk of the homeland were still labouring together with him in prayer, as he went forth to another country, in obedience to the King's command.

Rumour circulated in London that Campbell Morgan was to succeed Dwight L. Moody as executive head of the manifold activities which that truly remarkable man had set afoot. Such, however, was never the intention either of Mr. Morgan or of those who had prevailed him to identify himself, definitely, with Northfield. Right from the time of Moody's swift and unexpected taking-off in December, 1899, it had been a settled understanding that the executive duties of Moody's enterprises should devolve upon his eldest son. This selection was regarded by many as being pretty much of an experiment, if not as a positive hazard. But those who anticipated failure were soon to discover that the remarkable business acumen of the father was, in generous measure, inherited by the son. Indeed, as time went on, the ability which William R. Moody displayed, not only to lead but to develop the various activities which by his father's death had devolved upon him, was little short of remarkable. He proceeded to furnish a striking example of the way in which necessity discovers latent abilities and hitherto unheeded values. Until his father's death, William R. Moody remained in the background; following it, he stepped to the front, there to remain for more than a quarter of a century. During the decade following the father's death the son silenced utterly the prophecies which declared that D. L. Moody's work would terminate with his death; and the fine work of that decade was supplemented by the splendid achievement of another, and of almost a third. The Summer Conferences were not only carried on as heretofore, but increased in number and enhanced in importance. The schools were continued on a sound financial basis, hundreds of thousands worth of new equipment added, and their endowment more than doubled. Thus, have one man's great ventures of faith been given added elements of solidification and permanence, by the energy and ability of his son.

The work in America to which Campbell Morgan felt himself divinely called was of another order and known as the Northfield Extension. It was, in effect, an enlargement of efforts such as had been made in previous years (although on a much smaller scale) by F. B. Meyer, H. W. Pope, and even by Mr. Morgan himself. The work consisted in the visitation of various populous cities supplemented by the holding of conventions up and down the country, of a week or ten days' duration. These were intended, primarily, for professing Christians, their objective being the deepening of an interest in Bible-study and the promotion of a wider fellowship among Christian workers of every grade. In short, the idea was to hold Northfield Conferences, not only in the little Massachusetts village and during a few weeks in each summer, but in all parts of the United States, and throughout the year. This enterprise was undertaken upon the suggestion of many who urged that, relatively speaking, the Northfield Conferences, successful though these were, reached a mere tithe of those who, while desiring to attend them, were prevented by considerations of distance and other untoward circumstances. Some effort, it was felt, should be made to materially extend them.

From 1901 to 1904, Campbell Morgan engaged in this work. During these three years, not a man on the American continent was more active, more sought after than he. To describe his labours during this period, with anything approaching completeness, were an impossible task. Almost never at home; perpetually preaching, lecturing or travelling by express-trains from one speaking point to another, he became a sort of national figure: and, as at no previous period in their history, the Northfield Conferences and the ideals they stood for became known, from coast to coast. It must be borne in mind, too, that the character of work undertaken by Mr. Morgan rendered it much more arduous than would have been the case had be been engaged in purely evangelical work. If a man happens to have a score, say, of red-hot Gospel addresses tucked away in his memory, he can cover a tremendous amount of territory, and preach to a great many people, with little serious demand upon his physical resources, and absolutely *none* upon his mental. But Dr. Morgan's ministry while basically evangelistic was devoted to something far more exacting—the deliverance of addresses on spiritual living, spiritual methods, spiritual ideals, to church members and church workers who, for years previously, had listened to the pulpit and platform orators of their respective denominations preach and lecture on every known phase and aspect of Christian truth. Campbell Morgan's congregations were seasoned "sairmon tasters," as the Scots have it—experienced hearkeners of the Word—and broke to them the Bread of Life, in a full, satisfying fashion, which did honour alike to his hearers, his special mission and himself.)

During the Summer Conference period, Mr. Morgan was at Northfield and shared in the work of the three consecutive Conferences. The first of these—the Students' Conference—was already a noted institution. As a general rule, there were about seven hundred men in attendance who gathered to engage in a thorough study of the English Bible and its practical application to everyday life.

This gathering was followed by the Young Women's Conference composed, mostly, of students, but also largely attended by members of the Young Women's Christian Association. Here again, the themes discussed were chiefly Biblical with practical application to life and duty.

The General Conference of Christian Workers, held during the first two weeks of August, was (as it still is) *the* Northfield Conference proper. In former years, Mr. Morgan had attended this gathering only, but during 1901–4 actively participated in all three. The work he did, the messages he delivered, and the influence he exerted during the period covered by the gatherings rank high in the annals of Northfield. Perhaps it would be well within the bounds of conservative statement to declare, that Campbell Morgan's service to Northfield is the most important ever rendered it by any man, with the bare exception of its founder. Beyond cavil, he was the mainstay of the work in the years immediately following Moody's death, and although it is a full quarter of a century ago, thousands of people are still to be met with, up and down the States, who vividly recall his messages both at the Summer Conferences and in their own home-town. His name must, of necessity, remain permanently linked with Northfield. He still continues his visits and in this present year of grace (1930) he is announced as the chief " attraction " of the General Conference. For thirty-four years his voice has been heard from its platform, and his first sermon, *The Thirty Years at Nazareth* (preached in 1896), ranks second only to Henry Drummond's *The Greatest Thing in the World,* in the list of famous discourses delivered in the Northfield auditorium.

Standing at the corner of James Street and Castle Lane, Westminster—an out-of-the-way location well off Victoria Street, the city's main artery—is one of the largest as it is one of the most interesting Nonconformist church buildings in the British metropolis. The first house of worship was erected in 1841, the necessary funds being found by the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund Association. The membership, at that time, numbered twenty-two, and the future of the church depended almost entirely on the character of the man to be called to its pastorate.

In May, 1842, Samuel Martin preached on three successive Sundays. So delighted was the congregation that Martin received a cordial invitation to the pastorate. He accepted, and in September, 1842, began his great work at Westminster. Samuel Martin's ministry was eminently successful. Several branch Sunday schools were opened, benevolent and other active institutions formed. The membership and congregation grew to such an extent that it became necessary to demolish the old building, and erect the present fine structure which was opened for public worship July 6, 1865. The pastoral duties were arduous, and Samuel Martin's health failing, ministerial assistance became imperative. To furnish this, Henry Simon was, in 1875, appointed co-pastor.

On July 5, 1878, Martin died, and after his death, Henry Simon assumed the pastorate and served it faithfully until 1887. In that year he resigned to accept an invitation from his former congregation at Harecourt Church, Canonbury.

From 1887 to 1894 the church was without a pastor. Almost every preacher in England thought to possess gifts suitable to the post was, in due course, invited. At one meeting, Dr. Joseph Parker said, characteristically, that he thought Westminster Chapel had invited every living minister except himself to become its pastor!

An effort was now made to establish a sort of central preaching station at Westminster, the plan in mind being that certain specially selected preachers should be invited to take up residence for two months. Later, a pressing invitation was extended to Dr. Robert F. Horton of Lyndhurst Road Church, Hampstead, but the famous North London minister declined the offer. In 1894, Rev. W. E. Hurndale, M. A., became minister. Shortly after his coming, however, he met with an accident from which he did not recover, dying the following year. In 1896, Rev. Richard Westrope assumed pastoral charge, and remained so for six years, resigning in 1902.

The fortunes of Westminster Chapel had now reached their lowest ebb. A few faithful souls kept the doors open, and Sunday services were conducted in one corner of the great auditorium. Charles Booth, the eminent sociologist and annalist described the place as " an empty shell of a popular preacher now passed on." A sum of money accruing to the trustees from property interests, served to make good the difference between income and expenditure. The last of this fund was expended early in the year 1902. A number of the leading preachers in the Congregational ministry had been pressed to undertake the pastorate, but one and all refused to shoulder such an onerous burden and face such a desperate situation. As Fred A. Atkins wrote: " The place was derelict, bankrupt—the despair of London Congregationalism."

And yet, ever since the days when the first invitation to America was being considered by Campbell Morgan, there were those who inclined to the thought that, some day, he might become the leader of this forlorn hope—the minister of Westminster Chapel. Indeed, some little time before Mr. Morgan decided to take up the work at Northfield, Revs. Andrew Mearns and Richard Westrope urged upon him the claims of Westminster Chapel, and although he felt unable to act on their suggestion, his interest in that historic church was definitely aroused.

In the summer of 1902, he crossed the Atlantic at the invitation of the London Congregational Union, to conduct a series of services at Westminster Chapel. Towards the end of his visit, Mr. R. Charles Powell, the senior deacon, tendered him an invitation to become its pastor. This he was unable to consider, being pledged to America for another year. In 1903 Dr. Morgan (as he was henceforth to be known, Chicago Theological Seminary having conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in the previous year) was again in London. By this time, not only Westminster Chapel but English Nonconformity in general was calling for his return. Letters, urging the Congregational Union to do all in its power to bring back Dr. Morgan to his native land and to Westminster Chapel, appeared in the columns of the religious press. Overflowing congregations greeted him everywhere, furnishing eloquent support of the invitation to return. On November 4, he returned to his work at Northfield with, as he said, " an urgent call in my pocket, and great perplexity in my heart."

It was now America's turn to be anxious. Fearing that he might resign his great work, strong pressure was brought to bear upon him to remain. He was, of a truth, in a strait betwixt two—the inclination to continue his work in America, and the desire to accept the invitation and challenge of Westminster Chapel.

Nothing was actually decided, and in the following June he conducted a three weeks' experimental ministry at Westminster. During that ministry the problem appeared to solve itself. It was plainly evident to the preacher and to the huge congregations that gathered during this period, that Campbell Morgan's place was at Westminster. On the first Sunday morning eight hundred persons were present, in the evening, upwards of thirteen hundred. This number steadily increased to more than two thousand, the congregations overflowing to the upper gallery. On the third Sunday the building was crowded to full capacity. Just before preaching, Dr. Morgan made the announcement which had been eagerly anticipated.

> You are well aware [he said], that the purpose of my visit to Westminster at this time has been to consider your invitation. These last three weeks have been a time of strain such as I pray God He may not call me to pass through again. After long and anxious consideration, I have this morning intimated to the deacons my acceptance of the call.

This statement was received with hearty cries of "Praise the Lord," followed by a spontaneous outburst of applause. Then, actuated by a common impulse, the congregation rose and joined in singing the Doxology.

When the congregation had reseated itself Dr. Morgan went on to thank the people at Westminster for the warmth and gladness of their welcome. With regard to the financial situation of the church, it was proper that the congregation should know that there was no endowment, and that no appeal would be made to any outside source for the support of the ministry. This would devolve entirely on those who gathered there for worship. He found himself in entire agreement with that arrangement and perfectly content to assume the ministry at Westminster, without the promise of a settled stipend. " As to the future," he concluded, " we have no settled programme. But with thankfulness and without fear, let us commit ourselves and our work to God."

Four months later,—the last Sunday in October, 1904—Dr. Morgan began his pastorate at Westminster Chapel, and with him Rev. Albert Swift of East Dulwich as ministerial colleague.

Dr. Morgan's decision to accept the call to Westminster Chapel was reached only after a searching period of doubt and uncertainty. On the one hand, there was the appeal of the varied interests which centred about, and radiated from Northfield; on the other, the challenge of the London call—the opportunity it afforded, under God, to restore an erstwhile great church, now fallen on evil days, to something of its former position of spiritual influence and power.

When, after prolonged consideration, he decided to return to London, the blow fell heavily on his many friends in the United States. The testimony borne by the press, both religious and secular, was one of universal regret, for in a manner unexampled by any other English preacher, possibly, he had won the heartfelt affection of the American people. In an article which appeared in *The British Weekly,* September 29, 1904, Dr. Charles I. Scofield, the eminent commentator and Bible teacher, summed up the feelings of Dr. Morgan's friends in America accurately, and with fine discrimination.

> When more than four years ago, Mr. Will Moody visited

England to lay before Campbell Morgan the great opportunity of the Northfield Extension work [says Dr. Scofield], Dr. Parker pronounced Mr. Moody's mission to be " flat burglary." Now, most reluctantly, and it must be confessed with no sign of penitence, Mr. Moody surrenders the fruit of that felonious invasion of England.

All of us, over here, were accessories either before, or after the fact of Mr. Moody's " burglary," and we all are equally reluctant and impenitent concerning the restoration of the goods. For, to a degree unprecedented in my experience, Dr. Morgan has conquered all hearts on this side of the water.

His ministry to us has been as unique as his personality, and as to the quality of his work there is here but one opinion. Not only have his messages had the qualities of freshness and timeliness, but they have been delivered with spiritual unction, and a most persuasive charm.

Perhaps the word which best describes Dr. Morgan's preaching as it has appealed to America, is the word " vital." He commendably evades the obvious moral, refrains from platitude, and is not much given to hortatory preaching. Jesus Christ—His person, crises, cross, resurrection—the Holy Spirit, and the great supernatural enablements and endowments by which alone the Christian ethic may be put into deed—these, chiefly, have been his sermonic themes.

It is incontestable that Dr. Morgan has grown in every way under the demand and the stimulus of his work. He has, for example, matured his homiletical method. His introductions are briefer, and more essentially introductory. He has noticeably pruned his style of the use of pseudo-scientific words and phrases. He is no longer unduly and pointedly alliterative. It may truly be said that few men now addressing in English speaking surpasses in chastened diction, especially in the felicity of the instantaneous word.

At no point of his intellectual equipment is Campbell Morgan better served than by his imagination. He does not make pictures, he sees them. After hearing his lecture on Savonarola, in which there is a pervading sense of things Florentine, furnished without artifice, but rather by way of allusion and inference, I asked him how often he had visited Florence. " Never have I been there," was the reply.

No one here is saying good-bye to his friend, only *" auf wiedersehen."* Two of his children were born here, and we cannot bring ourselves to believe he could have so won our hearts without, in return, giving to us some place in his own.

Thus, bearing with him the love and good-will of thousands of American Christians of all ranks, by whom he had been regarded as one of the country's most valuable assets, Dr. Morgan returned to his native land.

II

IN LABOURS ABUNDANT

Therefore seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not. II Cor. 4: 1.

. . . *To rejoice in his labour; this is the gift of God.*
Ecc. 5: 19.

Who calls the glorious labour hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who for its trials counts it less
A cause for praise and thankfulness?

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man—
Better the toil of fields like these,
Than waking dream and slothful ease.
John G. Whittier.

IV

WONDERFUL WESTMINSTER!

ALTHOUGH the two newly-appointed ministers were on the ground more than two months earlier—especially had Albert Swift been busy—the new era at Westminster Chapel began, officially, on the last Sunday of October, 1904. On November 2, a notable service of recognition was held in the church. A distinguished company gathered—men and women of light and leading together with a host of such as were to form the rank and file of the congregations to whom Campbell Morgan would be called upon to minister, Sabbath by Sabbath. Dr. (afterwards Sir) W. Robertson Nicoll, Editor of *The British Weekly,* sounded the keynote of the meeting when he said:

> I am here to rejoice with this congregation and congratulate it on its new ministers. Dr. Campbell Morgan will furnish a strong link between this country and the United States of America; and every journalist, every public man of affairs, knows how important that is, and how desirable it is that we have here in England men whom the American people know and trust and who, in times of crisis and difficulty, will be permitted to speak for us, and be heeded and hearkened to, when they speak.
>
> In coming to Westminster, Dr. Morgan has done a heroic thing. This church may not have much to tender him, while America has a great deal. That he has had many tempting offers, you must be fully aware, as I am. Some of them I know of, some I do *not* know—but have merely heard of. But we must realize, all of us, that he has done a heroic thing, I say, in refusing them and choosing to commit himself to the Lord, and to His people in this place.

" The whole of London welcomes Dr. Morgan," Charles Silvester Horne declared, " and congratulates him on his chivalrous and courageous enterprise." Other words of welcome were spoken by Dr. Goodrich, Chairman of the Congregational Union, and the Revs. George Davies, Gregory Mantle, and Llewellyn L. Parsons.

In his reply, Dr. Morgan referred with warm affection to his colleague, Albert Swift. " In three months Mr. Swift has found his way to the hearts of all who have come to know him," he said. " He is not my assistant, but my colleague in this work." Briefly, Dr. Morgan went on to say that he had not come to Westminster with any specified programme of work, nor any elaborate manifesto of belief. He had come to preach Christ as Lord—as the One imperial Master of man, of society, of the race, and his one great desire was to lead the young people of London into a fuller knowledge of the Bible as the word of the living God. Thus, under the happiest auspices imaginable, a memorable chapter in the history of Congregationalism in London, was fairly begun.

With the coming of Dr. Morgan to Westminster Chapel, the Congregational pulpit in London was notably strengthened. Already it possessed a number of men of recognized prominence—Charles Silvester Horne at Whitefield's Tabernacle, R. J. Campbell at the City Temple, Robert F. Horton at Hampstead, J. Morgan Gibbon at Stamford Hill, Bernard Snell at Brixton. And, now, with Campbell Morgan at Westminster, Congregationalism looked forward, confidently, to an era of marked prosperity in the first city of the Empire.

In nothing, perhaps, was the faith which Campbell Morgan had in the enterprise or the spirit in which he entered upon it more clearly indicated than by his insistence that Albert Swift join him as co-pastor, thereby materially increasing the prospective risks and obligations, since all necessary moneys for the maintenance of the work would have to be raised by the church-to-be. Yet Dr. Morgan came to Westminster Chapel determined to make it a church in the fullest sense of the word. It would have been quite easy for him to inaugurate a preaching and teaching centre at Buckingham Gate, having about it little or no organization. That this course would have been more profitable to him, goes without saying. But he chose otherwise, and gave his resolve tangible expression when he accepted the call to the pastorate, *only* on the condition that Albert Swift join him in the pastoral oversight and in the formulation and direction of a fully-equipped church-organization and activity.

The old adage " Well begun is half done," had a peculiar appropriateness to a venture like that undertaken by Campbell Morgan and Albert Swift at Westminster Chapel. Both men acted in the spirit of it and laid their plans for a good beginning, doing everything possible in anticipation of initial success. The results justified the measures taken, and right from the very commencement of activities, the success remained unbroken and the year that followed was, spiritually, a truly romantic, wonderful year!

One of the first measures taken was the establishment of a paid Sisterhood for work among the people of the slums of Westminster and the sleek, outwardly smiling streets of Kensington. Before the end of November, Dr. Morgan ordained four young women to this work. Each Sister was given a definite task to perform, for the accomplishment of which she was held personally responsible. The work was enlarged in a manner commensurate with the development of the church activities, and more Sisters were added as the need of them materialized.

In every department of work, the progress made at Westminster exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

Although the word " revival " was not employed to describe the work, yet the church was, continually, being revived. It was living again, and in every branch of its work an attitude of spiritual alertness was apparent. Inspired by the Spirit of God, men and women were ever on the watch for new developments, new accessions, new power, new work to do, and keeping themselves in readiness for any emergency. Led by its ministers the staff worked for tangible results, and the soul of the church was greatly moved. The homes of the neighbourhood were regularly visited by members of the Sisterhood, and a trained nurse employed in cases of sickness and poverty. The homes of the wealthier people were visited by those who, by birth and training, were fitted for the task.

Mr. Swift busied himself with the thousand and one details of organization. He moved in and out among the young people, and gathered around him hundreds of the youth of the city, inspiring them with a love for the noble, beautiful, and true. How potent and far-reaching this great work really was, none will ever know. Young men and women coming from the English provinces to earn a livelihood in London, were eagerly sought out by the staff of Westminster Chapel, accorded a hearty welcome accompanied by a pressing invitation to join themselves in Christian comradeship.

During that first great year, too, the church edifice was renovated, and the educational buildings completely reconstructed at a cost of twelve thousand pounds. Shortly after the beginning of the second year the entire cost of this undertaking was met, and the beautiful church plant freed from debt. During the same period nearly three hundred members were added to the church membership, two hundred on confession of faith, a fact in itself showing that the Gospel as preached at Westminster Chapel had been reaching the people who surged round its doors.

What Dr. Morgan had in mind when he stated that he and his colleague had no fixed programme of work outlined was, that, although they had a goal in view, the methods by which this goal would be reached must be formulated and developed by the requirements and conditions which from time to time arose. The ministry at Westminster Chapel had set out to preach the Word, and then " to do the next thing," whatever that might be. The governing principle would be to let organization crystallize around growth, and not to force growth into organizations. But the pulpit—the proclamation of the Gospel of grace—was to be the unfailing centre no matter what might be the circumference of the work.

In this spirit and with this resolve the work at Westminster was carried bravely forward. Right from the very outset, the public services were characterized by simplicity, reverence and spiritual power. The beautiful auditorium with a seating capacity of 2,500 was, from the start, comfortably filled and, on Sunday evenings, often crowded. Dr. Morgan's personality and unique gifts were an undoubted attraction, but these alone did not tell the whole tale. The man's spiritual power and influence, born of his own unfailing confidence in, and devotion to, his Lord, were manifest in every service. He proved himself an evangelist, prophet and teacher in one. His preaching of the Gospel carried conviction, and issued in definite decisions for Christ. He declared the message of God to his own age with fearlessness, and his method of Biblical exposition made him one of the first teachers of his time. There was no ornate music or attraction other than the worship of God and the preaching of the Word. The converts were systematically followed up, until they entered into church fellowship, either at Westminster or elsewhere.

The late Frederick A. Atkins, whose knowledge of London Nonconformity in its every phase was simply cyclopædic, wrote as follows of the worshippers at Buckingham Gate:

> Dr. Parker used to say that his Thursday morning congregation ought not to be counted—it should be weighed. Dr. Morgan's congregation at Westminster could bear both tests. It frequently contained three or four members of the Cabinet. Lord Armitstead was always there, and Lady Tullibardine [now the Duchess of Atholl]; you would see Lord Acton, Lord Halsbury, and Lord Northcliffe being piloted to very bad seats by a sidesman who for the first time in his life was embarrassed by an overwhelming crowd. Journalists, judges, doctors, members of Parliament, editors, were there by the score. I have myself seen Mr. J. A. Spender [editor of *The Westminster Gazette*], Mr. W. T. Stead, two American editors, two ladies of title, and the present Shipping Controller, all within an area of ten yards. Snobbishness is not one of my besetting sins, and I do not regard a peeress as of more importance than a parlourmaid—really she is not so important, seeing that a peeress is usually old, and a parlourmaid generally very young. But it is an interesting fact that Dr. Morgan's ministry attracted many people seldom to be seen in any other Nonconformist place of worship.

Following hard on the striking success of the Sunday services, if not equal to them, was the Friday evening Bible school. In this gathering, Dr. Morgan proposed to lecture on the Books of the Bible, using a huge blackboard for displaying his analyses. This undertaking was not only an innovation, but in the nature of an experiment. "Why choose *Friday* night?" some one interested in the venture asked. "Because it is the best night of the week for our purpose," Dr. Morgan replied. "Taken as a whole, the metropolitan churches have no meetings scheduled for Friday. By having our Bible School held on the evening of that day, we get the sort of attendance we desire, without conflicting with the meetings of other churches."

There were some at Westminster who doubted the success of the project but Dr. Morgan had *no* doubts, and subsequent events showed that his faith and optimism were fully justified. Before the Bible School had been in existence two months the average attendance was fifteen hundred students. In this feature of his ministry Dr. Morgan took exceptional delight. With an open Bible laid on a desk before him, a blackboard at his side, a piece of chalk in his hand and gladness in his heart, he led his huge assembly of students through the Bible, book by book, chapter by chapter, verse by verse, and quite often, word by word. As a result of this expository work—work that cannot be rightfully described except as being truly great—the Bible was made to become a new book to hundreds of young people. All over London, Sunday school teachers were to be found turning to their work with new zest and zeal, as a consequence of their having attended the Friday evening Bible School at Westminster Chapel. During the course of a year this department was extended by the inauguration of a Tuesday Afternoon Class for more detailed study, with an average attendance of nearly three hundred, and the formation of an extension lecture every other week at Deptford, in Southeast London, with an attendance even larger than that at Westminster on Friday night.

Of Dr. Morgan's unqualified success as a Biblical expositor Mr. Swift had this to say:

> He is a born teacher. While it is true that he was trained for the scholastic profession, and was engaged, before entering the ministry, in that work, yet his gift for the impartation of knowledge to others is not the result of mere training. It is a talent, God-given. He is never more at home than when, with a piece of chalk and a blackboard, he is analyzing and illustrating the content and message of some part of the "Divine Library," in the presence of a company of those who want to know more of the Word of God. He has the happy faculty of making those who listen to him both understand and carry away the truth he

desires to communicate. He has received scores of testimonies from people who declare that the Bible has become a new book, full of thrilling interest and vital worth, since they began to study under his direction.

In addition to regular features of work, he is constantly in demand for other service, and he never says " No," when it is possible to say " Yes." His heart is in his work, and early and late he fairly revels in the toil that comes to his hand. It is true that he very rapidly assimilates all that he reads, and that his work is all wrought at a pace which simply astonishes most men. His ability in this direction, however, does not mean that he takes a larger measure of time for relaxation and rest, but rather that he accomplishes much in consequence. He is a tireless, devoted man, a wonderful servant of his fellows, a great servant of God.

Another department of work into which new methods were introduced was the Sunday school. This was graded in three departments—primary, intermediate and institute (or senior school). In the main this followed the American system, but the International Lessons were abandoned, and a special series arranged—different in each department. In the primary department a three years' course of Bible stories was adopted. In the intermediate department the historical portions of the Old and New Testament were taken—a course intended to cover eight years (eight to sixteen). In the institute department the books of the prophets and the New Testament epistles formed the subject of study, and the ground was to be covered according to the contemplated scheme in eight years. Thus the whole Bible (not extracts) was to be taught according to the capacity of the scholars in the course of sixteen years, apart from the primary work. The school had printed lesson helps of its own preparation, and all teachers were required to attend normal classes conducted by the ministers every week. In the course of the three months following the introduction of this reconstructive system of Sunday school teaching, the entire school grew from about eighty to three hundred and forty-four, whilst the teachers increased from ten to thirty-seven. The institute alone numbered one hundred and seventy—where nothing of the kind obtained before. The teachers' and students' library was open every evening from six to ten, and supplied with a number of reference books likely to be of service in the preparation of the lesson.

Associated with the intermediate department were girls' and boys' clubs, a Band of Hope, and gymnasia, whilst the institute had its parlour, reading-room, forum and gymnasia for young women and young men. These activities were all under the direction of the School Council and financed from the school funds, and their privileges granted to scholars and teachers only.

Another marked feature of the splendid development was the missionary work. One-tenth of the entire church income was set aside for missionary purposes. Between forty and fifty workers busily canvassed the whole congregation for regular subscriptions and Dr. Morgan preached monthly on the great missionary fields of the world. During the winter a course of monthly lectures dealing with the principles of foreign missions was delivered, and before the close of the year the Christian Endeavour Society was supporting its own native teacher in India, and shortly afterwards, the Sunday school had two more. Later, this was followed by the church supporting a missionary in one of the British fields. A Mothers' Meeting was formed and accomplished excellent work as did a Cripples' Parlour. Slate and coal clubs for the encouragement of thrift and as a provision to meet the attacks of sickness and death were instituted, while the benevolent committee, representative of all the organizations of the church, relieved much physical suffering and ministered in a helpful and enheartening way to many needful cases which were brought to its notice.

In the course of a sermon, delivered at the close of his first year at Westminster, Dr. Morgan said:

> We look back and ask: What has our consciousness been? Speaking for myself I have felt more than once in the course of the year like a man who has been dreaming. I came here in fear and trembling, but with the passionate conviction that a church is renegade when she abandons the great centres of population to the devil. The events of the past year have far exceeded my most eager anticipation. Time and again, I have been as a man that dreamed; but, always, when I awakened there was the same result—I laughed and sang.
>
> Some of you may have read of my " heroism " in coming without any guarantee of salary; but for the life of me I cannot see any heroism in a man's leaning upon God. I have been lovingly, carefully and amply provided for. Most important of all, young men and women have been turned to Christ in this building. I had breakfast this morning with a brotherhood of sixty young men, every one of whom is devoted to Christ and to His Kingdom.

Thus, in little over a year, a great Metropolitan church that had become derelict—the more hopeless because of its huge but helpless proportions—took its place in the front rank of the religious activities of the English Capital—and this without the backing of any committee or organization whatsoever. Surely it was the Lord's doings, and marvellous in the eyes of all who had grace to regard the " outward and visible signs " as being indicative of " inward spiritual grace."

In the course of a little over a year the church became self-supporting. It was anticipated that probably £1,000 ($5,000) a year, over and above the ordinary income would be required. At the beginning of the work $8,000 were contributed to an auxiliary fund for the first year. In the second year this fund was abandoned, and voluntary contributions of the people resorted to for the support of the entire work. Sittings were assigned to members, their contributions being determined by themselves, so that rich and poor became seat-holders, only the treasurer knowing what the individual contributions were.

> There has been no more signal instance of Christian progress in London since the dawn of the twentieth century than the resuscitation of Westminster Chapel [writes W. Grinton Berry, M. A.]. The seating accommodation is for two thousand five hundred people, and it may be doubted whether, during seventeen years preceding the advent of Campbell Morgan, the congregation had ever reached five hundred. This great building situate within a few hundred yards of the gates of Buckingham Palace on the one hand, and within half a mile of Westminster Abbey on the other, was a very emblem of decay and despair. But since the coming of Dr. Morgan in 1904, the scene has entirely changed. There is a morning congregation of two thousand, and in the evening the building is thronged, to the remotest corner of the second gallery. More wonderful still, the week-night service which is in reality a weekly Bible study, attracts an attendance as large as that of the Sunday morning congregation. There is at the present time no more salient tribute to the power of a teaching and truly spiritual ministry, than this assembly of earnest people gathered week after week to listen to long discourses whose one aim is the opening up of the meaning and potency of the Scriptures.

At this point in the story of Westminster and Dr. Morgan's great ministry thereat, one is compelled to pause—turn aside even—to note a great evangelical upheaval—the Welsh Revival of 1904–5. This extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit affected all the churches; but between it and the man in the pulpit of Westminster Chapel, there appeared to be a connection of sufficient import to warrant its being especially noticed in these annals.

The little land of Wales has witnessed many a revival of religion. The Celtic mind is receptive, sensitive, highly emotional. In the instance of the men and women of the Principality it is also steeped in Scriptural knowledge and religious fervour. The folklore of Wales is an interweaving of nationalism, religion and song. The most popular tunes, beloved of the lads and lasses, are those wedded to the hymns of the sanctuary. Indeed the entire history of Wales is the history of religion; its national heroes are prophets, preachers, and bards. Williams Pantycelyn, Williams o'r Wern, Hywel Harries, Christmas Evans, Elias o' Fon, Gwilym Hiraethog, and countless others have sung the beauties of their native hills; they have poured out their soul's aspiration in ardent and in plaintive melodies. In Wales, even to this day and quite often, a preacher will phrase his sermon in fervid song.

A little more than a quarter of a century ago, a young Welsh theological student named Evan Roberts, day in and day out for more than a year, prayed one prayer. With all his soul he prayed, as became a man who believed that God must answer—humbly, earnestly, passionately, confidently. His prayer was a single phrase caught up from a preacher he chanced to hear. " O Lord, bend me or break me! " this preacher had cried, and immediately the soul of young Evan Roberts identified itself with that cry. For fourteen months he prayed it in his native Welsh, and conceived of it as meaning for him an absolute, unconditional surrender to the will of God.

There were days during these months when the young man's soul soared; when his soul appeared to be almost within a hand's breadth of the realization of his heart's desire. There were days when all seemed dark, impenetrable days which left him discouraged, disheartened, yet still praying in the darkness.

Came at last the day of rich and glorious fulfillment. Trembling, fearful yet humbly persistent, his soul reached out and laid hold on the eagerly-sought-for blessing. He was filled with gladness and in his newly-found blitheness of spirit he did greatly rejoice.

In the course of a few days he returned to his home to tell his people of the wonderful way in which he had been blessed. At a weekly prayer-meeting at Loughor, in Glamorgan, the few worshippers that gathered heard the story of young Roberts' fourteen-months' prayer. They listened to the recital with amazement and bated breath. They heard him tell, with face and brow aglow, of his submission to God, of the answer vouchsafed him and of the joy which had attended its bestowal. At the conclusion of the young student's story, the entire company went to their knees. Then they sang, and fell to praying again, the burden of their petition being that of Evan Roberts—"O Lord bend me, also, or break me." Time passed, unheeded in its flight; not until the early hours of the following morning did this little group of praying Welshmen disperse. Yet ere they separated the touch of a stubble-consuming evangelism had been kindled, the great revival had begun in Wales!

Next evening, the little company met again and with them came others who had felt the mysterious contagion of the newly-kindled fire. Again they sang and prayed. This time, and for many a time yet to come, the burden of their song was an old refrain in which generations of believers had voiced the verity and efficacy of the atoning and mediatorial Lord:

O, the Lamb, the dying Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary!
The Lamb that was slain, but who liveth again,
To intercede for me.

Standing about two miles from Loughor is the village of Brynteg, a peaceful old-world place picturesquely spread on the farther edge of a gently rolling common. Within a mile stands Gorseinon, at that time a little group of human habitations, no larger than Brynteg. Within a few hours the flame kindled so simply at Loughor had leaped across the common and the two villages were being swept by Pentecostal fire. The revival spread with epidemic rapidity on every side, and within a few days the whole of industrial Wales was on its knees before God. The young folk of the Principality caught up the refrains of the revival meetings so that on the streets of the towns as along the winding lanes of the countryside, there was a commingling of fresh, young voices in the plaintive, pleading hymns of Zion, which resounded and reëchoed amid the rocks and crags of the Cambrian Hills.

Prayer-meetings were held everywhere, even in the coal-mines. Churches and chapels were crowded nightly, and, contrary to previous usage, remained open during the daytime for the use of hundreds who desired to enter them for praise and prayer. The grog-shops and public-houses were empty, the innkeepers in a state of panic. In some places, the publicans, moved to desperate measures, sent presents of rum and whiskey to their erstwhile customers, in the hope of luring them back to their old-time haunts. The liquor was returned, but the customers stayed away. Better still, they went to church, and joined in the dual ritual of supplication and thanksgiving, in which virtually the whole land was bearing a part.

Policemen were idle save as they employed themselves in directing strangers to the various services. The daily press printed column after column of religious news. Special journals, dealing only with the movement, were issued and hundreds of men and women professed conversion through reading *The Revival Express*.

The young student whose brief but importunate prayer had brought about this manifestation of Divine power, attended hundreds of meetings, but said very little. Upon his entering any meeting, those already assembled betook themselves to prayer or broke forth into song. It was no unusual thing to see and hear as many as fifteen people engaging simultaneously in audible prayer, while young Roberts stood in the pulpit with uplifted hands.

There was no formal order of service; no preacher; no organist; no organized choir or leader. Somewhere in the crowded congregation, some one would begin to sing, and hundreds would join with him. Some one would pray, whereupon ten or twelve would do likewise often in audible unison. By the means of singing and praying and without any preaching at all, thousands were converted to God. Friends parted in anger and bitterness became reconciled; homes rent asunder by old sins were reunited in new love.

There were hundreds of people in London, at this time, whose hearts' desire was that something of the revival power that was transforming Wales should reach the English metropolis. Indeed, some quite remarkable and fruitful mission-meetings *were* held in the southeastern part of the capital, in which some of the features of the Welsh revival predominated. Many urgent and repeated requests reached Dr. Morgan, asking that he visit Wales in the hour of her great revival. To these he acceded, and proceeded to the scene of the modern Pentecost. After but a few days' absence he returned to his pulpit and gave a crowded congregation his impression of the Welsh revival.

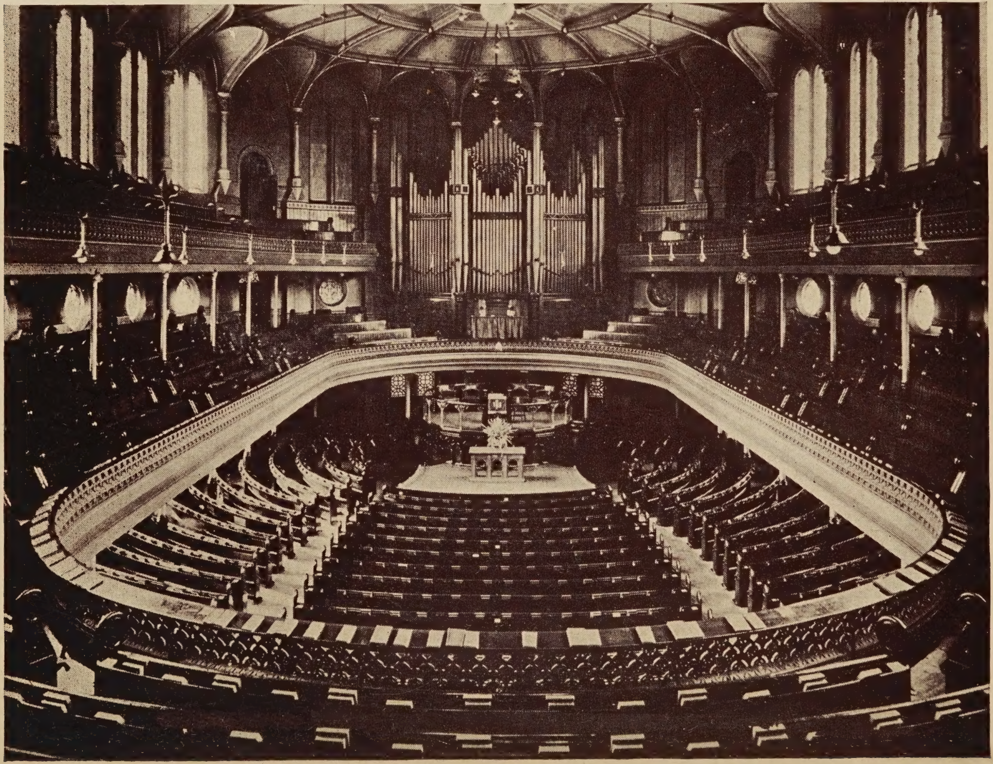
> I have witnessed some wonderful scenes [he said, in part]. I have looked upon some wondrous outpourings of God's grace. I have seen crowded congregations gathered, morning, afternoon and evening, a large portion of them men—great, rough miners, with the grime of their toil upon them and their faces radiant with the light of heaven.
>
> But we had better keep our hands off this work. The revival in Wales must be left to itself, to develop in its own way—nay, in *God's* way—without the introduction of elements that are foreign to its genius.

Dr. Morgan went on to explain that, at one of the meetings he attended, he had been recognized by some of those present, who called upon him to speak. This he felt to be a break—the only one—in the continuity of the spiritual influence which pervaded the service. He saw that he could not attend another unless he were certain of passing unrecognized, which he could not reasonably expect to be able to do. He had therefore returned to London, fully persuaded that the great outpouring in Wales was of God and required no assistance from, or participation in, by him.

In 1909, however, when the wave of revival that had swept over the land had subsided, Dr. Morgan, accompanied by the Westminster Chapel staff, visited Clydach Vale in South Wales, and conducted an intensive mission. Once again the churches in the Rhondda Valley were filled to overflowing, and the work of 1909 resembled that of 1904–5, at least in one regard—many souls were brought to a knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus.

The great work at Westminster Chapel went on for three years, deepening and widening with each successive year. In 1907, Dr. Morgan was elected President of the Sunday School Union and shortly before he visited Rome, Albert Swift wrote the following personal word:

> In the best sense of the word Dr. Morgan is a children's man. I do not mean that he is in the habit of addressing himself peculiarly to the youngsters. Indeed, such is not the case, but he is a man who loves children, and is loved by them. To see him among his own bairns is a treat. The fun and frolic of boyhood are still with him as he gives himself to his own boys. He understands the child nature. Those who have heard him deliver his lecture on *The Music of Life* are fully aware of this fact. Most men in discoursing upon such a theme would probably give the major part of the time to the period of maturity and age. Not so Dr. Morgan. The greater part is devoted to child life, and to a revelation of the fact that he has no sympathy with



INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER CHAPEL, LONDON

some of the canons of education, as, for instance "Children should be seen, and not heard." He believes that inquisitiveness is one of the greatest gifts God has bestowed upon the child; that the preëminent business of the teacher is to answer the questions thus asked. Yes: Dr. Morgan is, undoubtedly, a children's man, not least because he attaches the utmost importance to his dealings with them and, also, because he is never childish.

This, possibly, is a fitting place to relate the following incident which, while occurring much later, serves to indicate how just was Mr. Swift's estimate of Dr. Morgan as "a children's man":

> When I studied for the ministry at the McCormick Theological (now Presbyterian) Seminary, Chicago [says Rev. George B. Pence, M. A., Minister of the James Evans Memorial Church, Philadelphia], Dr. Campbell Morgan visited the city, and conducted a series of union services at the Church of the Covenant. As students we were glad of the privilege of attending these services, to take notes of the sermons. Every day in our boarding houses, Dr. Morgan's sermons were the themes of discussion and debate among the students.
>
> Meeting the minister of the Church of the Covenant one day, I said: "We are having a great time this week, Dr. Bryan." "Yes," he replied, "Dr. Morgan is a truly wonderful preacher; but, great as he is in a pulpit, I believe that he is even greater in a home. The other night when he returned to our house after the service, the youngsters came forward to greet him. Very soon he was as a boy among them, and I was as much amazed as I was amused when the tall, dignified British preacher began to romp and play with the children. He was for all the world like a big chap just home from school on holiday. For more than half an hour the house was in an uproar, and my wife had the greatest difficulty in getting the children to bed. I am sure that we oldsters were all fast asleep long before the youngsters closed their eyes that night."

But the time came, after four years, when the strain of overwork once again threatened the health of Dr. Morgan. To ward off the impending penalty, he was forced to take one month's rest. On returning to his pulpit, he learned that, in all probability, Albert Swift would soon be leaving Westminster Chapel. Trinity Congregational Church, Reading, had called him, and although the parting would mean pain, Mr. Swift felt drawn towards it. Eventually the announcement was made that he had accepted the call, and that within a few weeks, he would terminate his work at Westminster.

In *The Westminster Record* for February, 1908, Dr. Morgan paid this tribute to his friend and fellow-labourer:

> Without hesitation and without qualification, I affirm that the partnership has been vindicated. And now, he is going. To me personally, this is a genuine sorrow. But sackcloth is not the apparel of those who serve the Kingdom. I thank God for the opportunity that has come to my friend. The church to which he goes has my hearty congratulations. Its members have been given by the Head of the Church a rare man of God. May the union be as fruitful as Mr. Swift's ministry at Westminster has been. More than that I cannot wish them.

Thus these two ministers of God—men who had been as brothers in their love one for the other—came to the parting of the ways. After Mr. Swift's departure Dr. Morgan, who had depended, hitherto, upon his colleague for the oversight of church activities, now assumed sole responsibility for the work undertaken and carried to completion by the great church at Buckingham Gate.

> I fling myself upon your love and sympathy [he declared to a huge, Sunday-morning congregation]. I have already taken hold of the reins, and am able to see a considerable way along the road that lies ahead of us. But of one thing you may rest assured. Never again—while I am here, at any rate—will there be a dual pastorate at Westminster. There is no man who can stand in Mr. Swift's place, by my side.

At Dr. Morgan's request, Francis Wayland Pattison, who had recently graduated from Rochester (U. S. A.) Theological Seminary, consented to assist at Westminster during the following six months. At the termination of that period, Arthur E. Marsh, who, for little more than a year had been studying for the ministry at Princeton (U. S. A.) Seminary, was invited to become Dr. Morgan's assistant. Mr. Marsh belonged to Westminster, and, prior to going to Princeton, had been closely associated with its minister in the capacity of private secretary. While occupying this position, he not only participated in the general work of the church, but accompanied Dr. Morgan on his many visits to the provinces. This relationship continued for two years, when the rapidity with which the church grew, brought about Mr. Marsh's appointment to a more specific share in its development. Dr. Morgan strongly advised his devoting himself to the Christian ministry, and arrangements were made whereby he was released for a course of study. He proceeded to America in order to take a two-year theological course under Prof. Charles R. Erdman at Princeton, and had completed about half that period when the call came requesting his return to Westminster as Minister's Assistant and Church Secretary. After laying the matter before the Seminary faculty and acting under its guidance, Mr. Marsh came back to London, and entered whole-heartedly into the work. And there he still remains, loved and trusted by the people at Westminster Chapel, which great institution he has faithfully served for twenty-two years under four notable ministers—G. Campbell Morgan, John Henry Jowett, John A. Hutton and Hubert L. Simpson.

With the business aspects of the work in Mr. Marsh's capable hands, Dr. Morgan devoted his entire time and energy to its preaching and pedagogical phases, and Westminster Chapel continued to grow in numerical strength and widely-spread influence. The varied activities were maintained and even enlarged. The holiday Bible Conference, established during the second year of Dr. Morgan's ministry at Mundesley-on-Sea, covering the last two weeks in June, continued to flourish.* A Saturday-night forum was inaugurated and conducted by Dr. Morgan, in the interests of those who were troubled and perplexed by religious doubt. A Friday evening Tea Hour, shared in by the minister, his assistant and the church staff, was instituted, and proved to be of marked benefit to all who participated in the gathering. At it, Dr. Morgan met his official helpers in a genial, informal conference. Experiences of the week just passed were related and plans for future work discussed. The minister would relate any experience of point and interest which had been his since the last gathering, and tell of the work in which he had been engaged, outside the province of his own church's activity. These Friday evening tea-hours are looked back to by those who were privileged to share in them as being seasons of definite spiritual refreshing—hours of high resolve and deep-seated devotion to the principles and concerns of the Master's Kingdom.

In 1909, one of the most remarkable evangelical efforts ever made in modern London was organized by the late Frederick A. Atkins, at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road. The chief missioners were Campbell Morgan and Charles Silvester Horne. Other speakers who participated were the Scottish evangelist, John McNeill, and J. Stuart Holden, Vicar of St. Paul's, Portman Square. The slogan of the mission was "Central London for Christ," and the result was a great ingathering of souls.

Mr. Atkins mobilized the workers, and eleven thousand homes were visited, and a copy of Matthew's Gospel left at each home. Whitefield's Tabernacle has attempted and achieved many big things, but none bigger than this great crusade of 1909 which carried the Gospel into the mean and squalid streets, the rich and respectable squares, the hospitals, public-houses and hotels of central London. It was a difficult neighbourhood for work of this kind—a neighbourhood where thousands were living in luxurious indifference, almost, if not altogether out of touch with the Christian Church; where other thousands daily fought the battle of life, in long, dull streets; a neighbourhood, too, where there were houses of ill-fame by the score, gin-palaces by the hundred and countless dens of the alien, known only to Scotland Yard. It was not a sinecure or a period of slippered ease; it was a crusade demanding courage, a fight demanding faith.

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* See also page 162.

The mission was held. The Tabernacle was crowded daily, and packed on the Sunday, as was the Oxford Music Hall, near by. Central London was stirred. In *The London Signal* for December, 1909, Silvester Horne gave his impressions of the mission, from which the following is taken:

> When I shut my eyes I see kaleidoscopic visions of the mission, many of the scenes of which have become imperishable memories. Some of the faces I saw seemed during the week to change, to undergo a transfiguration. Can I gather up and hold a few impressions? Maybe. At any rate I will try.
>
> Of Campbell Morgan first. Before he came to us for this great effort, I seemed to have known him well and for years. But, I know now, that I *never* knew him until this last week. My opportunities of hearing him had been few, and I had never seen him at his most characteristic craft. But now that I have, I am filled with admiration and gratitude. He is one of God's great gifts to modern London. How triumphantly clear he was, how cogent! His argument grew up so powerfully beneath his practiced hand until, at last, one felt overwhelmed by it. There was no option but to consent; and consent men did to the satisfaction of their souls.
>
> I see again the crowds of curious visitors—the miscellaneous multitude that came heaven knows whence and heaven knows

why! Faces I watched as Campbell Morgan expounded, or John McNeill exhorted, are indelibly photographed on my memory. Some I am certain were passing through spiritual crises. I see again the quick rush of blood to cheeks that flush as if with shame for secret sin. I see eyes fill with tears. I realize that a battle is going on, although I cannot hear the guns. There will be a victory for one side or the other. Which is it to be—Christ or Diana, " this Man " or Barabbas?

Once again, there is a man kneeling by my side sobbing out his sins, clinging to my hand and beseeching me to tell him whether there is forgiveness for one such as he; who has been where he has been, and done what he has done. . . .

Again I hear Mr. and Mrs. Constable singing, *Why Not Say " Yes " To-night,* and see a young man rise to his feet and cry " I say ' Yes.' " Then another, and another, and another. It is " Yes " from lips and hearts everywhere. The Galilæan has conquered once again—in modern, pagan London.

Then again I see the surging crowds beneath the flaring lamps . . . the pitiful, hectic army of the drink-sodden and lust-stricken . . . the Head of our procession, dimly outlined, but clear to the eye of the soul—the White Christ, the Man of Sorrows, the King of Humanity.

Then I see the Superintendent's wife in a " Whitefield " bonnet marching gaily along Oxford Street, singing hymns in the midnight hour of a Saturday night. I see her playing hymns at the Oxford Music Hall, and I realize that good women are the bravest souls in the world. . . .

I have a fleeting vision of faces, always smiling, and eager workers burning to do even superfluous work. I see the omnipresent Frederick Atkins who, somehow, has organized everything and forgotten nothing.

What an eight days! What opening possibilities for those of us who mean business for the King! What cheerful soldiers are here for any and every campaign for Christ and humanity. But I have indulged in visions long enough. I must open my eyes, now, and look out across the fields of duty—fields as ever, white unto the harvest.

At one of these great meetings Dr. Morgan stated that he was bound to confess there had been a time in his life, when he was just a little afraid when a man of position and culture came into the inquiry room, and of how the Lord gave him a remarkable illustration of the absurdity of his fears.

> I was conducting some special meetings in a town in the Midlands [he said], and there came into the inquiry room a rag-picker—a great, gaunt, old man who had grown hoary in the service of sin and Satan. But God had shown him his heart hunger, and there, in that inquiry room, the man knelt and I knelt by his side and felt quite at home, as I spoke to him of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. Presently some one touched me on the shoulder, and said: " Won't you speak to this man? "
>
> I looked around, and there, kneeling next to me was the mayor of the city, a man about the same age as the rag-picker, but one who had about him all the marks of position, culture and refinement. I happened to know that, six weeks before, he had sent this rag-picker to prison, to do a month's hard labour. The man had got out a fortnight before, and here he was, side by side with the mayor! I had to turn from the rag-picker, and talk to the chief magistrate. Presently I discovered that the same message was sufficient in this case also. And the most blessed part of it was, that when the mayor got up from his knees he went over to the other man and said, " Well, the last time we met, it was not *here*." The old fellow looked up. He had no idea who it was that addressed him. When he found out he said: " No: and we never *shall* meet where we met last time, thank God! "
>
> What a scene that was! It is on my heart to this day.

In 1912, Albert Swift had returned to London to associate himself with Dr. Len G. Broughton in the manifold activities of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road. But his health was anything but satisfactory. He had never been very robust, and, as the months went by, those who knew him best and loved him, knew also that, although his enthusiasm in his Master's service continued unabated, his physical powers were by no means equal to its urge and demand. In the summer of 1913 he withdrew from Lambeth, and arrangements were made for him to take charge of The Hillyers, in Littlehampton, where it was thought he might spend a few quiet years, aided by the healthful breezes which blow up from the Channel and off the Sussex Downs. This, however, was not to be, and on December 17, he died, suddenly, and without pain while on his way to his garden. Dr. Morgan was deeply moved by the loss of his friend; and from the pulpit of Westminster Chapel, December 21, 1913, paid a very beautiful yet well-deserved tribute to his memory.

Dr. Morgan's text, on this occasion, was Acts 13: 36—"*. . . After he had in his own generation served the counsel of God, fell on sleep.*"

In these words Paul told the life-story of David [said Dr. Morgan]. I take them as telling the life-story of Albert Swift, whose sacred dust we committed to mother earth in the glow of the sunset, on the afternoon of Saturday, December 20.

It is most difficult for me to speak of him; yet it would be entirely impossible for me not to do so on this first Sunday morning after his passing. My own people will understand this, so I do not ask for, because I know I have, their sympathy. I am further assured that those who are visitors here this morning will enter into our family association, as I speak of my dearly beloved friend.

" He was my friend, faithful and just to me " through more than thirty years of the closest and most intimate association. It would be very unwise for me to say that no two men other than ourselves knew such friendship; but I am prepared to say that no two men ever knew closer friendship than that which existed between Albert Swift and myself. How to summarize all I feel concerning him I know not. I received a letter yesterday from another friend of long standing, who knew him, not as I knew him, but as my friend. In former years he had often foregathered with us, and had observed very closely our long continued comradeship. In that letter the writer, Mr. W. Percival Wetton, said a thing in which, if the metaphors merge, they do not mix; a thing full of poetic license and daring, yet absolutely true of Albert Swift. Said my friend in his letter, " He was sweet as a rose, and true as steel! " I shall find nothing written that so completely includes all I would like to say about him, here to-day.

In the long period of our friendship I observed him—this apart from the holy joy of fellowship with him—as son, brother, husband, father. As a son, he was full of reverential and tender care for his loved ones. As a brother, he was verily born for adversity, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. As a husband, he was courtly, tender, and true. As a father, he was one of the finest expositions I have ever known of the real meaning of that most sacred term.

Let me talk about him then, freely, among my own people, and in this place where his presence will always be felt by some of us. Let me talk about him to the glory of God, to the praise of his Lord and Master; for, after all is said and done, the last truth about him is this: he was Albert Swift, " by the grace of God."

I met him first in a debating society. He was then a youth barely fifteen, but having all the bearing of one who had reached eighteen. He was vigorously defending Cromwell in the matter of the execution of Charles I. I was not convinced by his arguments, but I was captured by his personality. In a few days I met him again, and that was the hour when our friendship began. There had been a royal visit to Birmingham—that, I believe, of Queen Victoria herself. In the evening we mingled with the crowds that everywhere surged through the streets of the city looking at the illuminations; and as it were but yesterday, I remember our conversation, and how it gradually led us away from a consciousness of the crowds, and indeed, almost led us away from the place where the crowds were, off into the outskirts of the city. There we talked of a common ideal, that of the ministry of Jesus Christ, and of our desire to give our lives most unreservedly to Him so far as He should see fit to use us. On that evening we entered into a compact, a covenant of friendship and service, to last for ever. In that hour, the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and the soul of David was knit with the soul of Jonathan.

In years that immediately followed we saw little of each other, our ways lying along different pathways. He gave himself to journalistic work with great earnestness, and was constantly occupied on Sundays in the work of lay preaching. I followed my career as a teacher, gathering my boys about me, and preaching on the Sundays in villages. We often went out together, he taking one service, I the other. For several years we joined in consecrating our summer holidays to the conduct of evangelistic campaigns.

Then came the crisis in my own life, when, for reasons not now to be dealt with, but all-wise and within the economy of God, the great Methodist Church told me she had no room for me in her ministry. Albert Swift immediately gave up his position as sub-editor of a paper in St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, and joined me in evangelistic work. For some time we travelled together, he arranging, organizing, and I preaching. As I look back upon those days I am sometimes afraid I hardly recognized all the sacrifices which, in love and friendship, he was making for me. He never let me feel that he was making sacrifies, but entered with rare abandon into all our work. It was holy, happy comradeship, never to be forgotten.

As far as active fellowship in work went, the years lying between 1889 and 1904 were years of separation. In 1890 I was ordained a minister in the Congregational Church; and he, with the passion for evangelism strong upon him, joined the Salvation Army, and for some time, was an officer in that organization. Through the exercise of the remarkable astuteness which characterized General Booth, Albert Swift was never sent out into the field, but retained at headquarters, where he organized what has now become a large and important part of the Army's office-work, the press arrangements, to which he consecrated his own fine journalistic abilities. Here he tarried for some time; then, feeling he was not called wholly to serve tables, set his face towards the New World. He, too, had been declined for the Methodist ministry, for reasons of health. He went, therefore, to the great land beyond the sea, and found a sphere of usefulness in the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. His first charge was situated near to Ocean Grove, where the great camp meetings are held, and known as " the little church in the woods." Within a very brief time he was discovered, and removed to Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, in New York City, where he had charge of the pastoral work and the varied organizations.

During this time my own work was going on in England, and our correspondence was regular, uninterrupted, familiar, and most sacred. It was through him that I first crossed the Atlantic, in 1896. I did not go at Mr. Moody's invitation, nor to visit him, nor to see America; I went to see my friend, Albert Swift. In 1899, I having settled in North London, he crossed the Atlantic and came home, and was at once received into the Congregational ministry, and became pastor of the church of that communion in East Dulwich Grove, S. E. Largely, however, he came home in order to be near me. After two years, I went to the United States of America to help along the work of Northfield

Conference Extension, and there remained busily engaged four years.

In 1904, I was invited to Westminster. I knew I could not do the work alone. I, at least, knew something of my own limitations. But I knew where the man was who, if he felt it to be the call of God, would stand by me, and I was certain that, together, we could prove equal to the task. He was approached, invited and came.

There are many listening to me in this sacred hour, and whose hearts are full of sympathy and love, who have supported us with their gifts and their prayers, who, nevertheless, can never know all the truth about those early days. There are some few here, however, who *do* know it, for they were associated with Albert Swift and myself in the days when, in the vestry at the back of this pulpit, the members of the Staff prayed day by day until the £12,000 ($60,000) that was needed for the reconstruction of this house of worship was provided, in full, before the builders' bills were presented. Among all the days of our friendship, none were more sacred than those which marked the beginning of our work here, when, with masterly skill, he laid out the plans for the organizations, and made one feel in association with him, that every detail, no matter how small or technical, was beautiful, important, sacred.

Then, in 1908 following (as I am bound to believe, yet never quite able to understand) the will of God, Albert Swift went to Reading and there did splendid service, so that to-day, the Berkshire town acutely mourns his loss, hundreds of young people holding him in exalted reverence. In 1912, he came back to London to stand by the side of his friend and my friend, Len G. Broughton. But he could not continue, and to some of his friends there was given the high privilege of making arrangements for him to go to Littlehampton where he might be quiet, have his garden, and recover strength for many more years of service.

This was not to be. On Wednesday morning, December 17, a telegram was put into my hand which told me that he had gone! I could not believe it, so got through to The Hillyers on the telephone, and spoke to his child. " Is it true? " I asked. " Yes, it is true," she replied. " He was on his way to his garden! " He reached his garden, but it was the garden of God, in which flowers never fade, and where the angel of death hath never trod. It was a glorious passing. Oh, that I, too, might so pass into the larger life, and the higher service!

Let me think and speak of my friend. Physically, he was never a strong man. His appearance belied him oftentimes. What a fine physique he had in the olden days! But he was never robust. I could tire him out and did, again and again, in our old campaigns, as he often jokingly declared. I look back to those earliest days of our friendship, and remember times when, night and day, I nursed him through very critical hours. While never physically strong, he had fine recuperative abilities, and abounding will-power. And now, at last, his body is laid to rest—a worn-out fetter, that the soul has broken and cast away.

Mentally, he was characterized by a most remarkable insight. Perhaps there are those who would challenge that statement; if so, they knew him less intimately than I. He was a man of the keenest sensitiveness and sympathy, in the truest sense of that word, that of being able to mourn with those who mourn, and laugh with those who laugh. In that paramount sense, he was keenly sensitive and sympathetic, a fact that, sometimes, led him astray about men—not in his judgment *of* them, but in his attitude *towards* them. His insight was keen. In many a quiet talk with him, I found myself amazed at the quick accuracy with which he measured a man. There were men, too, whom he ought, because he knew them so well, to have left alone; but he loved them, and admitted them to privileges; consequently, he suffered again and again from their unworthiness, but, primarily, because of the sympathetic responsiveness of his heart.

He was remarkable, also, in his outlook on life. It was characterized by comprehensiveness, by an ability to take in large areas. Yet it was always accurate in details; the man was naturally an organizer. In business, therefore, or in any other sphere of life than that to which he gave himself, he would have been successful, for he possessed the gifts which make for success.

He was, moreover, a man of tremendous passion. Here again, those who knew him less intimately than I, might be inclined to question. Let me immediately add, therefore, that he was a man in whom passion was for ever held in check by principle. Once, in the course of our friendship of over thirty years, I saw his whole passionate nature leap out in protest against something I was doing. I am not going to relate the circumstance. Suffice it to say that, on that one occasion, he made hot, vehement, angry protest against me. I am quite sure he was right; I say that now and here, quite seriously. I refer to it now, simply in order to say that the outburst so amazed me, so strange, so unexpected was it, that I was driven to laughter. He looked at me, and immediately all his anger was gone, and we laughed together. Many and many a time since that day, we laughed together about that hour in the which he became passionately angry with me. There they lay within him, those great slumbering forces, yet how marvellously he held them in check! How he could have served the devil, an' he would! So marvellously controlled were some elements of his character, that I venture to say that none of the workers here, ever saw him as I did on that one solitary occasion. Passion in him was completely held in leash by rectitude. It constituted the secret, therefore, of his tremendous energy and service.

Concerning the deepest and most sacred thing, his spiritual life, I shall say two things: His spiritual nature was of the profoundest; yet it was marvellously sane. There was nothing narrow in his outlook and conception. For him all life was, or should be, within the Kingdom of God. He never could have been an ascetic, never could have withdrawn himself in any wise from the ordinary, everyday things of human life; but his own intimate fellowship with God was so profound that he saw the light Divine wherever he looked. I say this with all care, but I *say* it: I would write under the name of Albert Swift, "Blessed wert thou, O pure in heart, and, therefore, thou didst see God." He saw Him everywhere, and always.

As to his Christianity,—well, he knew the Cross, and lived underneath its shadow, trusting in its saving efficacy. He knew the Resurrection, and the glory of the Cross in the light of the Resurrection. These, however, were not the supreme things of his Christianity. They were fundamental, never forgotten, perpetually referred to, always rejoiced in. But, to him, Christianity consisted in the high and mastering conception of Jesus Christ as reigning Lord. He saw Him, ever, in the supremacy of His Lordship, in the glory of His Kingship, and he saw the world brought beneath His sway.

I have been living with my friend again, through a generation, in the quietness of these shadowed days, recalling the visions that came to him, and really influenced him. Looking back to those earliest years, I do not think that there was any very definite vision. All his life was natural, joyful, full, happy, spent in the service of Christ. Then, as life deepened for him, there were, I think, three successive visions that caught and carried him. First, that of the Saviour, which overwhelmed him, and created within him the passion for evangelism, to which I have already referred. This seized him in such a form and with such force, that he could rest nowhere for a time, except in the midst of the most fervid type of evangelism. This it was that carried him into the Salvation Army.

As the years passed on, there came to him another vision, that of the realized Kingdom of God. He began to see clearly what this world would be like, if the Kingdom of his Lord and Master were really established. He published a little book into which he put, at my urgent request, in the briefest outline, the thinking of years on that subject. It is entitled *First Principles of Christian Citizenship.* Here are his opening words:

> Has the Christian any responsibility as a citizen? This question is fundamental.
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> If not, one of two things should happen. Either he should be taken out of the world, with the life of which he has absolutely nothing to do, or he should belong to a people entirely segregated, forming independent colonies, if not nations. It is inconceivable that the Christian should partake of the profits of the world's life, and bear no part of its responsibilities. . . .

I turn to the last page of the book, to find his closing words. They are as follows:

> The Christian citizen needs to have one centre of authority—Christ; one banner beneath which he fights—the banner of the Cross; one goal towards which all his endeavour tends—the Kingdom of God. Let him be true to that standard, and his influence will be as light and salt, and it will tell upon all parties, and not merely upon the one which it seems to him will best promote the Kingdom which is his quest. . . .

Between those two paragraphs, the book consists of the digest in brief, of long thinking and careful consideration which its author had brought to his subject.

At one moment in his life, Albert Swift very nearly crossed the line, and turned his back upon the Church, because he felt that she was failing to realize the ideals of the Kingdom within her own borders; and therefore failing to represent them to the world. But his life was too firmly rooted in Christ for him to do so, and he gave himself to yet more careful consideration, the result of which is expressed in his book. No man was more profoundly convinced than he in his later days, that the Kingdom of God can only be established as men are regenerate, and that the instrument for its establishment must be the Christian Church.

Then came what I shall describe as his final vision, that which, at the last, completely mastered and inspired him. It was the vision of the value to the Christian Church of its young life, and the necessity for realizing that life around the distinctive and central things of the Christian faith. As a result, we have a second small volume from his pen, quite technical, and outside the small circle of modern Sunday school workers little known. It is entitled *The Institute Department of the Sunday School.* In that book we really find his last message. It was one that convinced him, swept him, and helped to hasten his end. Briefly stated, it is that the young life of our churches—that of those above fifteen years of age—must be gathered and held around the Biblical centre.

In my hand I hold something that is very familiar to our young people; it is the badge of our Institute Department. Albert Swift designed it. On the face of it is a star; at the centre of the star are the letters B S, standing for Bible Study, or Bible School. At the points of the star there are other letters; M, standing for missionary; D, for devotional; S, for service; G, for guild; R, for recreation. This badge is the symbol of the fact that all the departments of the Institute are centred in the Bible School. Albert Swift stood here at Westminster, from the beginning, where we still stand, and where, thank God, through his influence, other Institutes are now standing. We do not start societies for young people in the hope that, as a result, they will join our Bible classes. We make provision for every side of the life of the young people who join our Bible classes.

I sometimes tremble lest, in the modernizing of our Sunday schools, we should fail to realize that ideal. As I travel about, I find again and again that recreative and mental societies are started in the hope that the young people through them, may be induced to join Bible classes. This method always fails. On the other hand, if any person desires to see our young people in the Institute—which is still *his* Institute—they must come, not to the social hour merely, but on Sunday afternoon to the Bible classes. That is the time when they gather in the largest numbers. This conception we owe to Albert Swift; and not we alone, but the whole of the Christian Church in this country is in debt to him for his insistence upon the importance of thus putting first things first in this matter. It was his last vision. As I have said, he lived for it, he toiled for it, wore himself out for it. In those Reading days, in all parts of the country, gladly set free for the doing of it by the splendid church which was so loyal and true to him, he went here and there explaining, and pleading this sacred matter. At last the strain told upon him; five years ago, that began, which ended at The Hillyers a few days ago.

I should like to say that these visions which came to my friend were not contradictory, but a line of development which I have tried to indicate. In each of the succeeding stages, he retained all the values of that which had gone before. He never lost his joy in evangelistic work. On those Sunday evenings here, when men and women were coming into definite relationship to Jesus Christ by confession, how he revelled in the joy of it all, and how he loved the work of dealing with them afterwards. He never lost his passion for evangelism. It is equally true that he never lost his vision of, and passion for, the Kingdom of God. He watched, prayed, and wrought with all the power he had, to bring men to understand their responsibility about the conditions that spoiled humanity. Whenever opportunity offered, he made his plea for a living interest on the part of Christian men in the things of the city and of the State, from the standpoint of righteousness. But his last, and perhaps his clearest vision was that of the true way of helping young life. So long as his name is remembered, and it will be for many a long year, it will be as the friend of the young.

To that strong, sweet life the last days came, those days at Littlehampton; although too few, as it seems to us who see only this side. How we had hoped that he might be restored, and be able to come back into more active service in a few years! But his Master had some other purpose, his Lord's will was otherwise. On the morning of his crowning, he conducted prayers at The Hillyers, and was singularly joyful and jubilant. Feeling better than he had done for some time, he was the very centre of merriment around the breakfast table. During morning prayers he sang with all who were assembled—there were a number of guests in the house—*Jesus, Lover of My Soul.* He sang every word of the hymn, and when it was done remarked what a great hymn it was, and how he loved it. Within fifteen minutes he had reached the refuge where storms never come.

He mounted his bicycle and rode off to his garden, his boy Campbell accompanying him. A strong wind was blowing, which he breasted, and said to his boy—calling him the name he always used—" Chummie, we shall have snow." Almost immediately, he cried, " Oh! " and his bicycle went over. A medical man, who was passing at the time, gave it as his opinion my friend had gone before his body touched the earth, without knowledge and without pain. When he put out to sea, there was no moaning of the bar; and, surely, he saw his Pilot face to face.

He has passed out of sight, and this meditation, so far as I am concerned, is but the bringing of one poor wreath to lay upon his bier. Among the actual floral tributes that were placed upon the coffin at his funeral, was a beautiful crown of flowers, the floral tribute of his wife and children. Looking at it, I saw that the hand of his eldest child, Olive, had written these words:

"Though you slumber you shall feel its kiss,
And wear our blossoms as you walk with God."

I do not know, but I have a hope, that this may be true also of this morning meditation. . . .

And we remain. Why? And for how long? These are questions that throng upon my soul, from which I cannot escape. How long? Who knows? Now hear me, religiously, definitely—who cares how long? Let us re-adjust the armour, let us tighten the girdle, let us set our faces towards the immediate conflict and the burden-bearing, towards the sacrificial service! Let us have done with everything that may be creeping upon us which tends to a desire to escape from anything of the toil that hastens the coming of the Kingdom, that brings nearer the day when the Lord Himself shall see and shall be satisfied. That is our true attitude, in this present hour.

We shall see Albert Swift again—in the morning. Yet were he with us, I think that, in the cheery voice and with the same bright smile we knew so well, he would say:

"Comrades, keep step, keep step, I say;
No tears for me, march, march away!
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward! forward! shout aloud salvation!"

So let us to the work, thanking God for him whom He gave us, but whom we now lost awhile, endeavouring, as we can, to fill the gap as we move on towards reunion and victory.

For a full ten years, Campbell Morgan poured his soul into the enterprise at Westminster Chapel. When he came to it, the place represented very little more than an architectural possibility for a spiritual opportunity. Yet none can successfully contend that it was not an authentic instance of the conjunction of the man and the hour. Surely, he came " to the kingdom for such a time as this! " and to no ministry, perhaps, has London responded with more alacrity, than to that of Campbell Morgan. He entered upon his great task without plans, knowing not where it might lead him, nor how it would end. But he had a vision and an implicit belief in the power of the Spirit, and inspired by the one and sustained by the other, he set about his remarkable work at Buckingham Gate.

His vision was of a transformed Westminster—a great church-edifice, then empty—made to become a mighty, throbbing centre where men and women would worship God in spirit and in truth, children be nurtured in the Word of the Lord, young men prepared for the preaching of the Gospel and young women adequately equipped to train and teach.

To the end that his vision be crowned with achievement, Dr. Morgan toiled at Westminster to the utmost limit of his strength. From the Bible Teachers' Association, numbers of young men and women went forth to carry the Gospel to many lands, where they are still to be found labouring for the Master, in far-off places of the earth. Each successive year, the Mundesley Bible Conference gave hundreds of ministers and lay-workers a new inspiration and sent them back to their tasks renewed in spirit.

The Westminster Pulpit carried the publicly-proclaimed messages to the remotest corner of the land. The Friday evening lectures made the Bible a new and living Book for thousands, while the church at Buckingham Gate became a centre from which a remarkable spiritual influence emanated—a source from whence a life-giving stream flowed freely, gladdening the valleys and causing the uplands to rejoice.

Arthur Marsh's testimony to the methods followed by Dr. Morgan in the fulfillment of his manifold activities, is of more than ordinary value, because of the unique opportunities given him of studying his chief at close quarters.

> Whenever I am asked [says Mr. Marsh] to state what, in my judgment, accounts for the amazing amount of work which Dr. Morgan accomplishes, and the fact that wherever he is announced to preach, there is an absence of empty seats, my reply is along the following threefold line:
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> To begin with: there is his impeccable adherence to method. Dr. Morgan's " workshop " is a model of arrangement and order. There is a place for everything, and everything is in its place. Anything of value is indexed and filed. A book, a manuscript, sermon notes, reports, etc., can be found at a moment's notice; just as quickly his own labour of years is producible, as are any of the books of the Bible. Hymns for his public efforts are never selected haphazard, or at the last moment, but always in their relation to the subject, to the purpose of the service, and as being part of the whole.
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> No country preacher, no holder of a clerical sinecure, with virtually the entire week on his hands, in which to prepare for the coming Sabbath, is more careful of detail, than this busy, crowded man, who for a generation past, has been the hardest working preacher in Christendom.
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> The second factor in this truly wonderful ministry is Dr. Morgan's insistence on expository preaching. He is able to speak on a topical subject, at a public meeting, and to extract from it the very last ounce; but in the pulpit it is exposition—all the time! His ruling passion is to keep first things first; to set

forth the Scriptures to public view as being a means to an end, rather than being an end in themselves—as an instrument through which God discovers Himself to man, and man discovers God; to exhibit the Bible as the written Word, ever pointing and leading to the living Word—God incarnate in a Person, in Whom is perfectly blended the human and the Divine; to expound a text in the light of its wider purpose, and in the light of the Author's objective. Exposition of the Bible—not a topical subject—is what the common people are wanting; and in the church where it is provided, there will be no empty seats.

But the central factor in Dr. Morgan's ministry is the Divine, the Living Word. I once heard a minister say: " I wish I had half the brains Dr. Morgan has."

The probabilities were that this man not only had half, but a full equivalent of Dr. Morgan's mental capacity. But brain and the ability to use it do not furnish the secret. Dr. Morgan is splendidly equipped with intellectual powers. But he insists upon his intellect being kept subservient to the leadings of the Living Word generating in the spiritual nature, the intellect being made the medium for the intelligent distribution to others, of the things he has first heard, learned, and experienced in the *sanctum sanctorum* of his own life. The Living Word springing up within him, as a veritable fountain, sustaining the soul, strengthening the mind and sustaining the body, is, to me, the explanation of Dr. Morgan's being able to accomplish so vast a volume of work even though the physical casket he possesses be naturally frail. I believe that he draws more heavily upon the Divine *Logos,* than upon all external helps, such as books, contact with men and things, or even upon the leadings of his own natural mental efforts. Campbell Morgan is led of God.

He fully recognizes the value of theological training; the value of reading as a means to a knowledge of the hearts and minds of other men; of the value of experience gained through contact and conversation with fellow-ministers, and the man in the street. But he regards these things as being the media for discovering how men have thought and acted in the past, how they are thinking and acting in the present, but that none of these things, alone, affords the necessary equipment for a man who is engaged in solving the problems of life and death. As the outcome of a long and ever-expanding experience, he has come to regard a knowledge of the secret of the Living Word as being the supreme equipment for those who seek to aid their fellows, in their searchings after the deep things of God.

For a full decade, the work at Westminster Chapel went on in full and fruitful fashion. Then, together with the rest of the world, the church was shaken to its foundations by a convulsion from which neither it, nor the world, has recovered. On Sunday, August 2, 1914, Mr. Asquith's Cabinet met in grave and solemn conclave. London was in chastened mood, for war's black shadow hung heavily over the capital city. No one knew more than was implied by confused prediction, one way or another, and crowds gathered in suspense about Buckingham Palace and Downing Street. The day threatened a breakdown in human affairs, and the common people could do naught but wait.

At Westminster Chapel that morning, Dr. Morgan prayed:

> We come unto our fathers' God. Their Rock is our Foundation. O Thou God of our fathers be, we beseech Thee, the Guide of their succeeding race! . . . In this hour of restlessness and turmoil lead us into the secret place. Lift us above the clash of the hour. The air is charged with calamity, and our hearts are strangely moved. Make Thy way manifest, even though overtures of peace have broken down. In the hour of our extremity we turn to Thee. . . . If it be decreed in the awful and perfect counsel of Thy holy will, that we can be purged and redeemed only through suffering, grant to all of us who bear Thy holy Name a quietness and resignation of spirit such as shall make us strong in the hour of our chastisement!

That evening Dr. Morgan prefaced his sermon with a reference to the difficulty of his task—the difficulty of preaching to a crowded and bewildered congregation, on the eve of what was generally regarded as the most crucial hour in British history.

> Nothing like this has fallen to my lot during the whole course of my public ministry [he said]. We are gathered in the shadow—in the deep, dense darkness, rather—of approaching, almost inevitable calamity. I know nothing definite, except that the danger is even more pronounced than it was this morning. We are waiting the turn of events, conscious of high tension, and that irremediable mistakes may be made in this hour of apprehension and fear. It is still uncertain as to what extent we of the British Empire are implicated. We accept from those responsible the distinct statement that we have no actual or legal implication; but we are uncertain as to how far moral obligation may demand our becoming implicated.
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> Surely no one wants war. Yet, if there be any in this land or in Europe any who *do* want it, then, I say, they are accursed of human kind. We, in England, do not want it; I do not believe that Germany, in her deepest heart, desires it, nor Russia, except as a possible relief from dreary irking conditions within her own borders.
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> What of the women and children of these nations? What of their men who will be marched like dumb driven cattle to the field of slaughter? The general human conscience is against war. If it were possible for to-morrow's papers to announce that the danger to peace were over, what a wave of gladness would sweep across the land! For thirty years we have been seeing vast preparations for war made in the name and alleged interests of peace. These preparations have turned Europe into an armed camp so sensitive, so electric, that the crack of an assassin's pistol threatens to engulf our entire civilization in chaos. The measures we have taken to ensure peace have brought what—if it take place—will be the most ghastly war in human history.

The week that followed saw Great Britain enter the war, and the doors of Westminster Chapel were open every day for prayer and every evening for conversation and friendly intercourse, followed by a brief service. In the course of his sermon on the following Sunday, Dr. Morgan said:

> Our country is now at war; our sons are marching to bloody death; our women and children are stricken and smitten; desola-

tion and death are with us. But we have it to remember that we are at war only after the most strenuous efforts for peace. This, I think, must be acknowledged by all. I was one of those who up to the eleventh hour—even to the stroke of the twelfth—hoped and urged that Britain should remain neutral. But Sir Edward Grey's speech and statement in the White Paper, leaves no room for doubt that every effort that could be made *was* made to avert the conflict.

I have preached from this pulpit for ten years, and you, who are my people, know how every vestige of my nature hates war. Yet I am convinced that to have remained neutral would have been to disregard the obligations of national morality.

Turning to the duty of Christian men and women in war-time Dr. Morgan pleaded for faithful and continuous prayer:

I resolutely put first the duty of prayer [he said]. Let us pray for all who suffer, for all who serve! We have to thank God for the outward quiet of London. But are any of you able to look at marching men without a pang at the heart? Let us pray that our soldiers and sailors may be kept true to themselves while serving their country, in the hour of that country's need.

In another passage Dr. Morgan quoted the words of the Master, enjoining the spirit of forgiveness:

" I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you." The peoples against whom we fight are our fellow-men. One thing upon which we must be firmly resolved—never again must a handful of men be able to speak the word that will involve the slaughter of millions. . . . Until the day break let us be quiet, and strong, and active in the service of our country and our God.

On the third Sunday of this fateful August, he said, in part:

Hitherto, it has been my opinion that war and the clamour for war were debasing to national life. But I am certain that

> Great Britain has entered the present conflict impelled by high and noblest motives. She had no other honourable course left even her, and in the demeanour of her people I see no passion, but only calmness and determination to do what they regard as just and right. There is no beating of war-drums to arouse the martial spirit. That spirit *is* aroused and unanimous. But that is because the cause is just and the duty plain.

On August 30, Dr. Morgan preached the fifth of the "war" sermons that made Westminster Chapel during August, 1914, the centre and rallying point of London Nonconformity. On that Sunday evening the size of the congregation taxed the resources of the stewards to the uttermost. Men sat everywhere—on window-ledges, stair-treads, the pulpit steps, on the floor—and chairs were brought in from other rooms, after every seat on the pulpit-platform had been occupied, while row beyond row a great throng of worshippers filled the galleries to their utmost limit.

> The one business of the British Empire [said Dr. Morgan], is to put all her strength into proving that the loyalty of her people to international obligation is something more than mere sentiment. It is the work of the Christian Church to keep before the nation very clearly the true issues at stake.
>
> It is estimated that there are twenty million men now under arms. The supreme difficulty is to realize that this vast number represents individual units—each of whom is personal, lonely, complete, yet related to the whole; as completely sacred, within the consciousness of his own personality, as God is sacred within His. These lonely men are massed as ammunition on the one hand, as bulwarks on the other. If the Bible revelation is to be trusted, the sign of the Cross is on every man that marches to his death.

All through that fateful month, while, as yet, some prominent pulpits gave no definite lead—"their trumpets blowing no full, clear note"—Dr. Morgan threw himself wholeheartedly into the Allied cause, and his church at Buckingham Gate became a marked centre of patriotic enthusiasm. The voice that sounded from its pulpit was that of a man well-nigh heart-broken by the sorrows of his people, yet determining to lead them through pain and suffering, for the sake of righteousness.

Speaking of these sermons in after years, Dr. Morgan said:

> They were preached in an agony. I am a lifelong pacifist, holding views almost identical with Quakerism. I would never allow toy soldiers, even in my children's nursery. But my country had to enter the war. For her there was no honourable escape, and nothing brought to light in subsequent years has revised that position, nor tended to qualify the attitude that I assumed in August, 1914. And to repeat: my work, in that dark hour, was extraordinarily difficult. But the ministry of the Word is always needed, especially in days of upheaval and breakdown in human affairs. Then, to men at their wits' end, he is called upon to proclaim the Word of the Lord, as it is revealed in the Son of God.

Through the trying, and gloomy war-years, the work at Westminster went on, falling not away from the word of Divine truth. Upon its minister, however, it entailed a tremendous, frame-racking strain. Never robust; battling continually with physical limitations; having a frail body compelled to its tasks by a restless, aspiring spirit; given, incorrigibly, to the habit of making altogether unwarrantable demands upon both his mental and physical resources —such a man was—still is—George Campbell Morgan. The stupendous task which, for ten grim years had been his daily portion would have worked havoc with a temperament far less tense, less highly strung than his. That the breaking-point was not reached far earlier than proved to be the case, remains something of a mystery both to Dr. Morgan and those of his friends and intimates who stood close enough to have access to the facts. Yet that point *was* reached somewhere about the day which marked the tenth anniversary of his Westminster ministry. On that occasion Dr. Morgan preached a sermon, which, to large numbers of those who heard it, was as the cry wrung from a man breaking under a terrific strain, as the voice of a perplexed and tortured spirit uttering its plaint of bitterness and disappointment. "I have seen an end of all perfection,"—so ran the message—"the limit, the breaking-off of all completeness. The dream is not realized, the city not builded, the ideal not attained."

The congregation which hung upon the preacher's word that Sabbath morning, the church that loved and trusted its gifted minister, were astonished and perplexed. Not a few of them there were who, while sensing the great weariness which lay upon the spirit of the preacher, were immersed in speculative wonder as to the nature of the task which Dr. Morgan regarded as remaining undone? In view of the positively amazing accomplishments of one brief decade, what *could* there be which led him to speak as though he had but beaten the wind—as one who saw, in bitterness of soul, the desire of his heart and the work of his hands brought to futility? What, too, could be the character of the vision which, while clearly visible to his spiritual gaze, lay, just as clearly, outside the range of physical accomplishment?

But whatever it was and whatever its nature, those who had witnessed the miracle of his Westminster ministry felt themselves ardently wishing that, in this hour of weariness and half-light through which Dr. Morgan was passing, some ministering angel could whisper to his spirit the benedictions which men and women, everywhere, had pronounced upon him—of those who had been blessed and helped beyond measure, Sabbath by Sabbath, by the preached word; of the Sunday school teachers who had been aided and guided in a fashion hitherto unknown to them, by the Friday evening lectures; of the poor and needy who, in the dark places of Westminster, had been comforted by the tender ministry of the Sisterhood; of the country pastors who loved and valued Mundesley; of mothers and fathers away in the far corners of the kingdom, whose sons and daughters had been kept straight and pure amid the perils of the great metropolis, because of the teaching and influence of Westminster.

But the ministering angel was not on hand or, if he were, his message failed to inspire the drooping spirit. [On the following Sunday, Dr. Morgan was absent from his pulpit, and the congregation sorrowfully learned that a bad attack of typhoid had necessitated his removal to a nursing home. Five months passed ere he returned to Westminster, where an eager throng greeted him, on his first appearance in the pulpit after his illness. It was seen that he had aged considerably, that his hair was whiter. His voice had the same timbre, but speaking generally, he was weaker than in other days, and obviously nervous. He was given the heartiest sort of welcome, yet even the most sanguine felt that, sooner or later, the burden of it would become too heavy for him to sustain. After two months had passed it was the considered opinion of Dr. Morgan's medical advisers that he lay down the work at Westminster. He tendered his resignation, but the church, in refusing to accept it, invited him to take a year's leave of absence.]

During 1916 he visited the troops in France, attended and spoke at certain services, always looking forward to the day when he could return to Westminster. But, physically, he made no permanent headway; sometimes gaining, sometimes losing, he continued his long battle against bodily weakness. It was a weary and a dreary time.

As the year neared its close, he returned to his place courageously compelling his frail body to stand up to its task. While his friends sympathized with him and realized his weakness, he, himself, insisted that all was well. In the pulpit, his weakness appeared to give way to strength. He would stand, as of yore, erect, magnetic, vibrant, and preach with passion and power. But the make-believe could not be made to persist indefinitely, and after a bitter struggle, the impassioned spirit submitted to the physical disability. (When on the night of the first Church Meeting, 1917, Dr. Morgan expressed his desire to be released from the pastorate, Westminster had no choice but to submit. Shortly afterwards, one of the most notable ministries in the annals of British Congregationalism reached its close.)

V

THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED

FOR some time following the resignation of his Westminster charge, Dr. Morgan contemplated going to Australia, for a year, having received an invitation to the pulpit of Collins Street Congregational Church, Melbourne, for that period. This church enjoyed—still enjoys—a position of great importance and influence in the Antipodes. It is entirely free from all financial difficulties and owns very valuable property in the centre of the city of Melbourne, from which it derives a large income. Dr. Morgan had never visited Australia, and he felt—what indeed his friends felt, too—that in the pulpit of this great church he could find a splendid opportunity for voicing a message peculiarly fitted to the needs of people of the Southern Continent and to an outpost of the British Empire in those strenuous and trying days. But difficulties of transportation and of other matters occasioned by the war arose, and, in the end, Dr. Morgan declined the call.

Closely following upon this decision came an invitation from the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association, requesting him to spend one year at Mildmay, training young men for their work at the Front. This he gladly undertook, and this institution became a centre for the training of leaders in the work of the " Y."

All the " war emergency workers," as these men were called, passed through Mildmay on their way to the war-zone in order to familiarize themselves with the course of instruction prepared by the Association for aiding them in dealing with the soldiers at the Front. Some of these workers were men who had been engaged in some form of religious activity for years; others were entirely new to the work. Dr. Morgan lectured to these men daily, and on Friday evenings he addressed the public. A large assembly always gathered, the hall seating four thousand people.

During the war years, the great dread of London was the air-raid, in which women and children were made the innocent victims of a cruel and inhuman mode of warfare. A number of these raids occurred on Friday evenings when the large assembly had gathered in Mildmay lecture hall. At such times, Dr. Morgan would remain on the platform, directing the aged and terror-stricken to the basement. When all had left the hall, he would follow them to the basement, and there continue his lecture.

The time allowed for training was two weeks, a time so short that nothing more was attempted in the daily lecture than to give general direction to the work proposed to be done, which, briefly stated, was as follows: To assist men to an intelligent and sympathetic study of the Bible, in order that they might discover in it the Divine method of dealing with men; to turn them back to the great epochs of church history, so that they might learn from the past how to deal with the problems of the present; to lead them into a thorough understanding of the definitely interdenominational position of the Association, which desired to minister to all branches of the Church of Christ; to equip them with technical knowledge such as was absolutely necessary in the routine work of the huts; to send them on their way to France, India, East Africa, Mesopotamia, and Salonica as missionaries, wholly embued with the spirit of Mildmay, to spread the Gospel and to be its personal witnesses among the soldiers on the various battle-fronts.

It was a motley company of students that met for study —none more so! In the lecture room, on any given day, numbers of university students, trained teachers, lawyers, ministers, business men, authors, mechanics, agricultural workers, day-labourers, were to be seen, preparing for the same work at different centres. Among the clergymen was Canon Simpson of St. Paul's, and among the writers the late E. W. Hornung, the Australian novelist of *Raffles* fame, and brother-in-law of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Having had a boy killed in action, Mr. Hornung immediately offered himself for service, but could not be accepted on account of his age. Anxious to serve in some capacity or other, Mr. Hornung consulted Philip Gibbs, who advised him to join up with the " Y." He did so, came to Mildmay with a batch of young students, and attended Dr. Morgan's daily lectures.

At the close of the first session Mr. Hornung asked for an interview with Dr. Morgan.

" Your lecture has greatly upset me," said the novelist to the preacher. " If that is what we are to do in France —to bring men to Jesus Christ—then I am of no use for the work. I cannot do it."

" Yes, you can," answered Dr. Morgan.

" How? I cannot preach. Nor can I expound Scripture."

" You need to do neither. Preaching and expounding are not the only ways by which men are led to Christ. You will be able to point and lead men to the Saviour by the very spirit you exhibit in serving cocoa or coffee; or in doing a hundred other things for the boys. You will have many opportunities of speaking to the men; some of those opportunities, at least, you can utilize on behalf of Jesus Christ."

" I see. Thank you."

Hornung went away, but attended each lecture, and always was one of the most interested of listeners. At the end of the series he came again to Dr. Morgan.

"Excuse me just one moment," he said. "I am not going to detain you longer than to let you know that I am now going out to the Front knowing that the one matter of supreme importance is to relate men to Jesus Christ; and that, by God's help, I shall strive earnestly to do."

Dr. Morgan is not one of those who regard the Church as having failed of her spirit and mission during the years of the World War. On the contrary, he sees the Church as having been at her best—as having had the principles of her doctrines tested; and, in that test, proving her strength.

While detesting war and abhorring bloodshed, the members of Christ's Church, nevertheless, gave themselves and all they possessed for their country's sake. Her leaders also, in their thousands, offered themselves for service, and many of them, in the evening of their days, went forth to stand by the side of the lads they loved, and in defence of the land they held so dear.

It is perfectly true, however, that some of the so-called representatives of the Church failed, even at the Front. They forgot the standards of the faith, and brought dishonour on the cause they professed to serve. For their defection and disloyalty the Church of Christ has suffered to this day. But this fact notwithstanding, never in her history did the Church show greater valour; and never was she more unjustly criticized.

What was there of worth-while service that *any one* did, that the Church did not do? If those who criticized her were patriots, so, too, were the members of Christ's Church. Were these men called upon to suffer? So was the Church. Did they give of their substance? So did the Church; and great numbers of her sons who, for various reasons, could not serve as soldiers went out to help their comrades in every way possible; while thousands of others, who were *not* members of the Church, but exempt on the selfsame grounds from active military duty, stayed securely at home secretly regarding their physical disability with considerable satisfaction and as a sort of blessing in disguise that shielded them from the horrors of trench-warfare, liquid fire and screaming shells. No: Dr. Morgan *believed* in the Church and in her concept of the duty that was hers in those dark days; and because he did, he went gladly to Mildmay, and among the British forces in France and Flanders.

Dr. Morgan's next charge was Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church, the pastorate of which he undertook for one year, during which a notable work was done. The memories of that year will long linger in the hearts of the members and friends of Highbury Quadrant. As elsewhere, and for other congregations, it was a time of poignant sorrow. Eighty of the sons of this church had fallen in their country's cause, and there was not a family associated with it that had not suffered in one way or another. The road was heavy, and men and women were weary. The avenues through which they passed were dark, the sun obscured, the clouds heavy. But the Shepherd of souls led them along. It was a year of diminished hopes, of a shattering of fond dreams, a shaking of faith. Men went to church grimly, though their belief was sorely shaken by the dispensations of Providence—shaken but not shattered. Strong men bowed with grief, asking of heaven the meaning of it all? Women, heart-broken yet submissive, slowly wending their drooping way to God's house for comfort—to catch the whisper of a word of love, such as might serve to soothe their breaking hearts.

The minister at Highbury Quadrant was one with his people. He, too, had known the bitterness of sorrow, and the fading of a dream. He knew something of the pathway through the gloom and because he did, was competent to guide and counsel and lead the perplexed souls of men and women, as they trod the valley of the shadow of death.

In and out among his flock, counselling, comforting, praying, Dr. Morgan's brief ministry at Highbury Quadrant was a year of benediction to its people. It is spoken of to this day by men and women—twelve years older, now—to whom it came as balm to a wound, as a soothing hand to a sick and fevered child.

When, on one occasion, Dr. Jowett said that he had never been able to determine whether Dr. Morgan's greater opportunity lay in a settled pastorate or in a wider ministry which ranged over many lands, he voiced a sentiment and an uncertainty such as were shared—*still* are shared—by thousands who have watched and admired Dr. Morgan's remarkable career. The people of Canada and the United States would declare for the wider ministry, perhaps; the people of Great Britain for his work as pastor. Certainly it was as a minister in a settled charge, that he found his greatest opportunity and did his greatest work in England. All his pastorates were marked by an uncommon measure of success; and as that of a man who rescued a church with a great tradition from ruin and oblivion, his name will always be cherished in his native land.

(During the summer of 1919, Dr. Morgan again decided to remove to America. Extensive and affectionate farewells were tendered him by various gatherings of his countrymen, during June, and after a succession of sailing disappointments, the head of the British ministry of shipping came to his aid and assigned him passage on a troop-carrying vessel which reached New York August 8.)

He was not allowed to leave England, however, without protest. There were men and women to be found in almost every part of England who not only regretted his going to America but regarded it as something which should be prevented. Writing in *The Christian* (London) July 10, 1919, Frederick A. Atkins gave expression to feelings shared in by numberless Christian people in Britain.

> It is nothing less than a calamity to the Christian forces of this country [he said], that Dr. Campbell Morgan should leave us at a time of difficulty, restlessless, and disquietude. He commands an immense public in America, and will receive an affectionate and enthusiastic welcome from his friends there; but if Nonconformity in this country had been more efficiently and intelligently organized, a way might surely have been found by which we could have retained a man of such unique gifts and commanding influence.

On learning of the imminence of Dr. Morgan's departure, Dr. Jowett who had succeeded him at Westminster, paid tribute to him from the pulpit which both men so signally adorned.

> I cannot allow this day to pass without making some reference to my friend Dr. Morgan [Dr. Jowett said]. His name will always be associated with the ministry of this church, and his work will be held in most sacred remembrance. He came here when the church had lost its strength, when, indeed, there was scarcely a congregation at all; and in the power of passionate consecration to one thing he has helped to make it the home of one of the most powerful ministries in this city. He lived and laboured here, as he has lived and laboured elsewhere, for the exposition and the illumination of the Word of God. It has been his aim to let the Bible tell its own story, and to declare its own eternal message. In that kind of work he has a genius that is incomparable.
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> He has a marvellous power of quickening a vital interest in sacred things, and he has been lighting fires everywhere. He is going to a great opportunity; it may be the greatest of his life. I cannot let him go without this reference to the good will of the Westminster people. We bid him God-speed, and we pray

that the Divine bounty may rest upon him in such wealth of glory, that wherever he is he may make his Saviour known in redeeming love and grace.

The work which Dr. Morgan contemplated doing in America was in connection with The Bible Teachers' Training School (now The Biblical Seminary), New York City, of which Dr. Wilbert W. White was, and still is, President. His duties were to include extension work and the conducting of Bible institutes and classes for Bible study. On arrival in the States, however, Dr. Morgan found the conditions attached to the work to be such as prevented his undertaking it.

Eventually he settled at Winona Lake, Ind., the well-known summer conference centre, where, together with his family, he lived for two years. During this period Dr. Morgan was much sought after for Bible conferences and lectures, and specially organized campaigns in all the great centres of population in North America. Everywhere he was accorded a great welcome and commanded large and often overflowing congregations.

Eventually removing to Georgia, he made his home at Athens, from which base he continued his work on independent lines in the United States and Canada.

The work in the Dominion ranged from the island of Newfoundland in the East to the island of Victoria in the West. His extensive tours enhanced his reputation as Bible teacher, if that were possible, and in every city visited, he was greeted by splendid attendances of Christian men and women, who hearkened gladly to his word.

The Canadians especially, many of whom he had met in London, welcomed him with enthusiasm, not only as bearer of a special message to the dispersed of Britain, but as herald of his Master, Jesus Christ, to His Church everywhere.

Mr. F. A. Robinson, of the Missions and Biblical Education, Toronto, accompanied Dr. Morgan on his tours across Canada. From his spirited account of the journey, the following descriptive paragraphs are cited:

The series of meetings conducted by Dr. G. Campbell Morgan in his Canada-wide itineraries, stretched from Newfoundland to Victoria, a journey approaching five thousand miles, and in every town and city there was an eager flocking to hear the message he brought. Everywhere the preliminary announcements stated that Dr. Morgan's missions were concerned with the Scriptures and every meeting justified that announcement.

If it be imagined that the Bible is out of date, then one may be permitted to point to the fact that during one of Dr. Morgan's Canadian tours and within three months, an aggregate attendance of one hundred and forty thousand people listened with unfailing interest to addresses lasting never less than an hour. Let it be remembered, too, that these meetings were held at a time of the year when outdoor work and pastimes were making their most insistent and alluring appeals.

While a few places visited had neither population nor auditoriums permitting very large audiences, yet no one could have witnessed, as we did, crowds eagerly flocking day after day to the place of meeting, sometimes two hours before the time announced, without feeling that there was something afoot, regarded as important. In one town of five thousand population, a theatre seating eighteen hundred was secured by the Ministerial Association and night after night it was so crowded that the ushers would exhibit an assortment of buttons which represented the casualties that were consequent upon the first rush for seats. On one occasion Dr. Morgan began one hour before the appointed time, because every foot of standing room was

DR. CAMPBELL MORGAN AND HIS FOUR SONS

Left to Right: KINGSLEY JOHN, HOWARD MOODY, DR. MORGAN, FRANK CROSSLEY, PERCIVAL CAMPBELL

occupied, with crowds still at the doors. The audiences were from all walks of life, mainly, perhaps, from the leading professions. Frequently twenty to fifty communities were represented at a single meeting.

Without a doubt Dr. Morgan was used of God to inspire thousands to higher and happier living. A well-known college principal stated it as being his profound conviction that nothing during his lifetime, had resulted so helpfully for ministers and congregations alike, as had Dr. Morgan's expositions. The Bible blazed forth with new meaning and new glory. . . .

There are moments that stand out in the memory—moments (for example), when the voice of the speaker expressed the " thunderstorm of a heart," and his outspoken condemnation of some cancerous thing or some perverted standard, was such as to stir the listeners to vigorously expressed approval; when the rich notes of human sympathy and love were sounded. Few who were present will forget the night when, in one city, Dr. Morgan read from a slip of paper a message that had accompanied a twenty-dollar bill, in the offertory. The writer of the brief note told of his being apparently beyond all hope of salvation, and of his sending the offering trusting it might be used as a means of saving some one else. The preacher's voice was vibrant with emotion as he referred to the deep impression the message had made upon him, and tender with a great yearning as he called upon the anonymous wanderer to seek One who is the Help of the helpless and the Hope of the hopeless.

Nor can one forget the emotion manifested by some home missionaries who gathered at several centres in the far West to sit at the feet of the preacher who had willingly turned aside from the cities that he might the more conveniently be heard by them. " I can go back to my job *now!* " said one. The words were commonplace enough, but the tone and glow of countenance which accompanied their utterance were not commonplace; both reflected the refreshed and enheartened spirit of the home missionary as he started on his hundred-mile journey back to the scene of his difficult task.

In another city the appreciation of the various denominations was voiced by the respective leaders in a special gathering to which Dr. Morgan was invited. The character of it is indicated by the following excerpts: " Those responsible for bringing Dr. Morgan here, have put our Baptist people under a deep debt of gratitude." " I speak on behalf of the Methodist body of this city—not one of us is capable of adequately expressing our appreciation. Without exception our men desire to testify to the strength that has come to them personally." The Anglican representative said: " There has been so much grotesque interpretation of Holy Scripture, that it has been a great joy to listen to what we have heard during the past days. These services have done more to stabilize our men in the faith than anything we have had. Our very best thanks are due to Dr. Morgan and those arranging these campaigns." Moravian and other representatives spoke to the same effect. Thus was Dr. Morgan able to minister to the spiritual needs of the men of all the Churches.

One day Dr. Morgan and those accompanying him made a hurried journey across the prairie in order to visit a lonely outpost where one faithful home missionary toiled. A one-hundred-mile motor trip was necessary, and an early start was made, so as not to interfere with the scheduled time set for the afternoon and evening meetings. The church visited was an unpretentious little building, and the only representative of Protestantism for many a mile around greatly values a memento given him by Dr. Morgan expressing the admiration and appreciation for the man who so bravely sought to maintain a church that sought to be " the pillar and ground of the truth," in the midst of untoward influences and alien surroundings.

A midday visit was all that could be permitted for one Pacific Coast city; it was held at the unusual hour of one o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. At the close of that meeting a sixteen-hour journey to a little mountain-town was made, where a three-day mission was held. Special arrangements had been made for the transportation and entertainment of pioneer missionaries, and practically all the men within reach responded to the invitation, while the local congregations manifested the deepest gratitude for the opportunity afforded.

By means of an early morning start, a lakeside town in a fruit-growing district was reached in the late afternoon. The church quickly filled with an expectant congregation whose faces and words at the close of the service revealed the fact of their being readier than before to " rally round the banner." Forty miles of delightful motoring started on immediately after the service brought us to another fruit-centre. The estimated capacity of the school hall had to be revised after the Morgan meetings, but the discomfort of overcrowding was entirely forgotten by those who listened to the words of life. There were ordained men and catechists in that crowd, and students from places where a congregation of thirty would be regarded " a fine crowd." They came desiring to carry back to their lonely fields a new inspiration, fresh hope and courage. They were not disappointed. In that Canadian school-hall Dr. Morgan was at his best. He sensed the need of those men and it seemed as though his every sentence, word, and gesture, had its place in a message of inspiration calculated to endure. None present are likely to forget the beauty and strength of Dr. Morgan's words.

A prominent pastor of British Columbia stated that nothing finer had been done for the great West during its formative period than what Dr. Morgan had done. He had turned the people back to the study of their Bibles!

In London, Ontario, where great companies gathered, a prominent newspaper man wrote: " Speaking with a power that must be akin to that of Peter's on the day of Pentecost, this kindly-looking man becomes a human dynamo, and beyond all else tremendously fervent and deeply in earnest. He is not an apologist, but a trumpeter."

One recalls, too, the hours Dr. Morgan spent with bedridden invalids. The passages of Scripture he read, as few can read them, the prayers, vibrant with loving sympathy he offered, his fitting and memorable word of farewell—all were treasured by those to whom they were uttered, and are now gratefully recalled by their surviving friends.

A short while ago an aged mother recalled to the writer the visits of Dr. Morgan to her " dear girlie." " How well I remember my daughter asking him what heaven would be like," she said. " ' I do not know,' was his frank and simple reply, ' but I *do* know that Jesus will be there.' And the answer was quite sufficient for the enquirer." . . .

In all walks of life,—fishing villages, mining and lumbering towns, lonely prairie outposts, mountain recesses as in the older, established cities—across the entire Dominion multitudes are thanking God for a new insight into the Word of Life vouchsafed them through the instrumentality of Dr. Campbell Morgan.

In 1926, Dr. Morgan sought to centralize his work. With this desire and end in view he accepted the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, for five months, his son, Rev. P. C. Morgan, being associated with him in the pastorate. This period was intended to be one of investigation, to discover whether at Cincinnati, and in connection with the First Church, a centre for Bible study and teaching could be established. But within three months it became evident that the special activities of Dr. Morgan could find there no proper scope. After consultation with the members of the Session, therefore, he resigned the pulpit.

Shortly afterwards a request from the Los Angeles Bible Institute was tendered Dr. Morgan, inviting him to join the faculty as Bible lecturer, and to engage in extension work. This invitation he accepted, and for nearly two years was very happy in this work. The public addresses given by Dr. Morgan at the Institute were always attended by large crowds. His lectures to the students were full of interest, and to an onlooker it was evident that there was a real and deep affection between tutor and students.

In connection with the presentation of a copy of Dr. Morgan's lecture, *The Romance of the Bible*, made by the Institute to each of the students in residence, May 1928, the author wrote this message:

> I have counted it a real privilege [he says], and it has been an equally real joy, to teach the Bible in connection with the Extension Department of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, during the current year. In my various classes I have seen some thousands of eager students, looking again at the Pentateuch, pondering anew the principles revealed in the prophecy of Jeremiah; watching our blessed Lord dealing with individuals; and considering Luke's portrayal of His matchless Personality.
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> I am inclined to ask myself what real value there has been in the work? It really is a searching question for teacher and students. My old friend Dr. Griffith Thomas once defined " meditation " as " attention with intention." In these classes the attention has been marked. How about intention? There lies the final test of values in all Bible study. If the end is intellectual apprehension, and the consequent satisfaction of clearer understanding, the whole business is a failure. The word of our Lord surely has urgency here; " If ye know these things, blessed are ye, if ye do them."
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> There is no page of the Bible but that makes a direct spiritual and ethical appeal. In our study, then, how far have we sought

to discover that appeal, and to learn its direct bearing on our life? I believe we have all been conscious of it. How far then have we obeyed it? Personally I have a grave suspicion of statistics, and these words are not written to call for any statements which could lend themselves to statistical presentation. They do however constitute an earnest, and respectful appeal to every student, to walk in the light which may have come, as we have thus happily come together to the Holy Scriptures. It is when literature is translated into life that it becomes of real value in the experience of the student, and in its influence in the wider world.

Dr. Morgan's work at Los Angeles was of a particularly agreeable and congenial order. Among the members of the teaching staff none was more popular than he, and whenever possible, the other professors attended his lectures, as did the dean. He was equally happy in his associations with the students, while the fact of the latter being potential missionary " timber," made possible the spread of his teaching to the four corners of the earth.

Early in 1929, however, Dr. Morgan resigned his post, not because of any failure on his part, nor because of any fault being found with his teaching, nor yet on account of any ill-feeling being manifested towards him. Dr. Morgan resigned because, prompted by a feeling of fidelity and loyalty to his friend Dean MacInnis, he felt compelled to do so. Dr. MacInnis, himself, had tendered his resignation to the Managerial Board of the Institute because of certain criticisms made concerning his book *Peter the Fisherman-Philosopher,* for which Dr. Morgan had written a Foreword.

After the termination of his work at Los Angeles, Dr. Morgan returned to work prosecuted on independent lines. He visited, and held campaigns in, the cities of the Pacific Coast, thence east to Chicago, New York, Northfield and Philadelphia. In the latter city, he preached and lectured twice each day, for a period of one month, in the Arch

Street Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Churches, and was heard by large assemblies. In the fall he received, and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, where, at this writing, he still remains. For some time past his friends in the Eastern States had sought a convenient centre for Dr. Morgan, and this, the City of Brotherly Love, with its location within easy distance of New York, Brooklyn and other cities, appears to furnish. From this base, Dr. Morgan will continue his great work as a teacher and expositor of Holy Scripture. In recent weeks, it has been learned with much satisfaction by large numbers of Dr. Morgan's friends that he is about to enter upon a position of great influence in connection with his Bible teaching in America. He has accepted the Chair of Biblical Interpretation at the Gordon College of Theology, Boston, Mass. Perhaps there is no institution in the country that would assure him of greater opportunities of usefulness in the training of Christian workers than this honoured New England institution.

VI

A MANY-SIDED MINISTRY

DR. MORGAN'S associations with Northfield during the past thirty-four years have been of such a varied and extensive character, that to have reviewed them (even in barest outline) at the point in a previous chapter where his share in the Extension work is recounted, would have necessitated the making of a chronological detour of unwarrantable sweep. It was deemed wiser, therefore, to permit an account of Dr. Morgan's American activities during the years 1900–1904 to fall into its rightful place (between the record of the New Court and the Westminster ministries), leaving other details to receive some attention in a chapter devoted to a consideration of the work done in his wider ministry.

Northfield—the first township in America to be given that name—lies in the heart of New England, at a point in Franklin County where the State of Massachusetts touches the borders of New Hampshire and Vermont. Resting picturesquely on the lofty bank of the Connecticut River it is one of the most beautiful colonial villages in New England. The motorist going northward finds its village street, bordered by double rows of giant elms, one of the charming sections of the highway leading from New York, via Springfield, to the White Mountains. During the earlier half of the eighteenth century the town was the outpost of the English colonies farthest north on the Connecticut River. With the near-by town of Hadley, it protected the Massachusetts Bay Colony from the assaults of Indians on the west and of the French on the north.

In the main, however, the history of this New England village was of an even, uneventful character until, being born there, in the year 1837, an humble mason's son—one of nine children—made its name known, even famous, wherever the English tongue is spoken. For Northfield was the birthplace, early home, residence during later years, scene of the close of the earthly life, and final resting-place of Dwight Lyman Moody, one of the genuinely authentic religious influences of the nineteenth century—a man, the beneficent effect of whose consecrated labours abides richly to this hour. Becoming known the world over as the greatest living evangelist, he proceeded to the accomplishment of great things in the interests of youth of limited means, and founded, amid the scenes of his own childhood, the educational institutions known as The Northfield Schools, that have prepared for college, or given a worth-while fundamental education to, young men and young women from all parts of the world.

Owing to the early death of his father, Moody had practically no schooling himself, but, by his aid, thousands of boys and girls in similar circumstances—forced to go to work at an early age and quite without means to attend other schools—have been given a good education and a promising " send-off " in life.

The schools are non-sectarian, and their students have come from almost every race under the sun. While the student body has been mainly Protestant, Catholics and Jews have been in attendance. The fee paid by a student for board and tuition is but little over half their cost to the schools. The balance is made up by public contributions and by the contribution of labour made by the students themselves through the daily " work-hour." Each girl and boy has a specific task to perform daily, in the kitchen, dining-room, on the farm, in the laundry, or elsewhere, for it was the founder's belief that education included the training of the hand and heart as well as the head, and in establishing these institutions he purposed that every student should be taught to use his hands as well as his head, thus at the same time helping in the cost of his own education.

Since Moody founded Northfield Seminary in 1879, nearly ten thousand girls have taken advantage of this opportunity to secure an education, while thirteen thousand five hundred young men have studied at Mount Hermon, the boys' school which he established just across the river from his home two years later.

Not only for its schools has Northfield become famous. The Northfield Summer Conferences, celebrating this year (1930) their golden jubilee, draws a constituency from all over the world. They have, moreover, always been international and interdenominational. Moody was the first in America to conceive and advance the idea of utilizing school and college buildings during vacation time for conferences and schools of Christian training. In 1880, after the Seminary girls had departed for their summer holidays, he issued a call for Christian workers to convene at his home near the Seminary campus for Bible study and the consideration and discussion of Christian teaching. Out of this call, the Northfield Summer Conferences were born which, from this first gathering of three hundred, have grown into a series of seven assemblies covering a period of three months and having an annual aggregate attendance of ten thousand persons. The platform speakers are, invariably, leaders in Christian thought and activity, missionaries whose work has helped to mould the future of nations and educators from colleges and other seats of learning.

The specific character of these Summer Conferences has been touched on in a previous chapter. They open early in June, and conclude late in August. To speak in the Auditorium—a spacious hall reared on a knoll overlooking the Seminary campus—is to speak to a continent-wide gathering of Christian workers. Nearly every man and woman attending the Conferences is either a preacher, a teacher, or student looking towards some other form of religious activity. Year after year, these people gather in this little New England town, because there is education, and inspiration, and fellowship to be found there; having found it, they go back to their churches, classes, societies, and other spheres of service gratefully to dispense what here they abundantly receive.

Campbell Morgan made his first appearance on a Northfield platform thirty-four years ago—during the summer of 1896. At the invitation of his friend, Albert Swift (later to become his colleague at Westminster), he crossed the Atlantic. As stated on a former page, Mr. Swift had charge of a little Methodist Episcopal Church located a few miles from Ocean Grove, New Jersey, and here Campbell Morgan visited him. Mr. Swift arranged his friend's preaching and lecture engagements, and had also written to D. L. Moody informing him of Mr. Morgan's visit to American shores. Moody at once replied asking the visiting preacher to deliver a course of lectures at the Bible Institute, Chicago. This procedure was entirely contrary to Moody's usual practice, which was to refrain from engaging speakers,—even when highly recommended by friends whom he regarded as being competent judges—until he had first heard them for himself. Mr. Morgan accepted the engagement, and while making his way to Chicago, stopped off at Northfield, with the intention of spending the day at the Conference, then in session, and continuing his journey westward the following morning.

Arriving late at night [Dr. Morgan says of this initial visit], I found my quarters and retired. The next day was a full day for me, and a revelation. Everywhere Mr. Moody was the moving spirit. Bright, cheery, and yet in dead earnest, he seemed to make everything go before him. In the interval of the meetings, he took me for a drive around the campus and the surrounding neighbourhood, in his buggy. Every point of interest was pointed out, and in a few brief words he told the story of how the various buildings came to be erected. Indicating one of these with his whip-stock, he said: " Sankey sang *that* up," meaning that it had been built with royalties received from the sale of Moody and Sankey's hymn book, *Gospel Hymns,* known and sold in Great Britain as *Sacred Songs and Solos.*

Passing a certain house he said: " People sometimes ask me how I came to find Northfield. I tell them, I *didn't* find it. It found *me.* I was born here—right in that cottage." Suddenly he pulled up his horse to speak to a group of children. " Have you had any apples, to-day? " asked he. " No, Mr. Moody," the youngsters replied. " Then go down to my house and tell them to give you all you want," he ordered. Away went the children, and so did we, all made to feel happier by the incident. Down a narrow lane he drove next, and through a gate where a man was at work in a field. " Biglow," said Moody, " it's too hot to work much. Remember—a day's pay for half a day's work, while this heat lasts." As I sat by Moody's side, watching him going in and out among his neighbours, exhibiting a life so broad that it touched all other phases of life around him, I came to understand something of the innate greatness of the man—strong, tender, considerate. From that day I more than revered him—I loved him.

After the evening meeting in the Auditorium, Mr. Morgan, together with the other Conference speakers, gathered at Moody's house. The evangelist sat in his chair at the head of the table, directing the conversation, listening with the patience and simplicity of a child to every word, sustaining the rôle of host in a truly wonderful way.

As the gathering broke up, Mr. Morgan went to bid good-bye to his host, as he had to leave on a quite early train on the morrow.

" Oh, but I shall see you in the morning," said Moody. " You are to preach at ten o'clock."

" I am sorry," replied Mr. Morgan, " but I cannot. I have to catch the six o'clock train out of Northfield, in order to make connections for Chicago."

" You cannot go," returned Moody. " I have sent out the announcement of your going to preach here, to-morrow." Then turning to his son-in-law, Mr. A. P. Fitt, he said, " Fitt, get busy, and hold the Pennsylvania express at Philadelphia for twenty minutes, to-morrow."

" What did I do? " asks Dr. Morgan, referring to this incident. " I preached as he bade me, of course, as other and better men have ever been glad to do. That was Moody's way."

After preaching in the Auditorium the next morning, Mr. Morgan hurried away to catch the train that had been held for him at Philadelphia, thence proceeding to Chicago, to lecture to the students of the Bible Institute.

The following year, 1897, Campbell Morgan and George H. C. Macgregor were invited to Northfield, as the chief speakers at the General Conference, and again in 1898. Ministers and other Christian workers waited upon the ministry of these two men in increasing numbers, and testified to the enrichment of their spiritual experience which had resulted therefrom.

In 1899, Mr. Morgan visited some of the largest of the American cities, to preach and lecture under the auspices of the Northfield Extension.* Large gatherings greeted him wherever he was scheduled to preach or speak. He went from state to state, from city to city, " lighting fires everywhere," as Dr. Jowett fittingly phrased it, in after days. During this campaign, which extended through August, September and October, 1899, Dr. Morgan conducted services at Montreal, Toronto, Rochester, Syracuse,

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* See, also, p. 72.

Atlanta, Kansas City, Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn and New York City.

At Baltimore he met one hundred ministers of all denominations in personal and direct conference; in Toronto, he met the Congregational ministers of the city and district for the same purpose. At Boston, all the ministers of New England were invited to meet him; at Brooklyn he spoke at a specially convened meeting, at which more than two hundred ministers were present.

In preparation for the Brooklyn meetings, all the ministers and church members who were particularly interested in Campbell Morgan's visit, united in a service of seven hours' duration, in Hanson Place Baptist Church. Among the speakers of the occasion were Drs. J. Douglas Adam, A. T. Pierson, J. F. Carson and A. C. Dixon. When Mr. Morgan came he found the churches ready, and thousands eager to hear him.

In the Brooklyn meetings, as in the Chicago services, he was assisted by Mr. Moody. Two services were held on the afternoon of the opening day, and two large churches, standing within two blocks of each other, were packed to the doors.

At the evening meeting held in Central Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. J. F. Carson was pastor, an immense congregation which filled the main floor, the galleries, and even the speakers' platform gathered to hear Mr. Morgan preach.

The young preacher had not arrived when Mr. Moody, after leading the congregation in prayer, addressed the congregation.

> Our young brother who is to preach to us to-night [he said] has been with us for the past three months. Brooklyn is the eleventh city that Mr. Morgan has visited in the United States, and I was overjoyed to find Dr. Behrend's church filled when he spoke there this afternoon. Now there is something that hap-

pened to Mr. Morgan in the old country, about which I want to tell you——

At this point there was a commotion at the church door, and Mr. Moody cried out: "If that is Mr. Morgan, keep him out until I get through."

> Once, in his younger days [he went on], the distinguished young man who is to preach to you to-night had a spiritual struggle which lasted for five hours. It was a struggle in which he had to decide whether he would elect to be a messenger of God or not. At the end of those five blessed hours he was filled with the Spirit and decided that he would be a messenger of the Lord. In like manner the disciples were all dead failures until they became filled with the Spirit of God. They all bungled until Pentecost. Rest assured, no man is fit for God's service, until he is filled with the Holy Spirit.
>
> A few years ago, now, in England, the good Wesleyan brethren in that country turned him down, because they were under the impression that he couldn't preach. Well, all I can say to *that* is, Mr. Morgan surely reaches *my* heart, and I believe him to be filled utterly with the Spirit of God.

Dr. Carson then introduced Mr. Morgan, and a packed church listened to a great discourse which warmed its corporate heart and set its soul aglow.

From St. Louis, Minneapolis, Detroit, Indianapolis and Cincinnati came the news that fires which Dr. Morgan had lighted, were burning bravely. Churches were being renewed, and souls saved. Dr. Morgan closed his series of meetings in New York and Brooklyn before crowded congregations which filled Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church as it had not been filled in years—five times in three days. Everywhere the effect was of deepened spirituality, a finer, more discerning sense of consecration, and a keener desire for the wider spread of the Kingdom of God in the earth. There are those who incline to the opinion that, save for the outstanding merit of the Westminster ministry, Campbell Morgan never did finer, and more fruitful work, than he did during those months in which he was engaged in " lighting fires " in all parts of the Union, under the auspices of the Northfield Extension. He returned to London and his work at New Court, there to continue until recalled to America to take up this work again, as related in an earlier portion of this narrative.

On the evening of August 16, 1900, Dr. Morgan delivered an eloquent address in memory of D. L. Moody. Part of that address is inserted at this point, as a fitting conclusion to the record of Dr. Morgan's association with Northfield given in these pages.

My personal acquaintance with him was not of long duration according to the measure of the calendar [said Dr. Morgan]. If however " we should count time by heart throbs " then I may claim to have known him both long and well, for it was my rare privilege to have come very near to him in the ripest years of his life. Perhaps the better way to put it, would be to say that he came very near to me.

I first saw him in 1883, during his second visit to Birmingham, on two occasions, and two pictures of those old days are deeply engraved on my memory. In each, the central figure is Moody preaching. In the first, the preacher's subject is *The Broken Law of God.* He is the prophet, and the vast audience, numbering at least twenty thousand, is hushed, subdued, over-awed. Thousands of people, startled and smitten, stand face to face this evening with their sins. The other picture is that of Mr. Moody drawing to the close of an address on *The King's Invitation to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.* The graciousness of the invitation possesses him with new force, the deepest fountains of his nature are touched, and he stands before the great crowd, moved by his Master's compassion, pleading with tender urgency and fine pathos, a strong man moved to tears. " Let those who accept the invitation say, ' I will,' " he cries at last, and from every part of the hall instantly, immediately, the cry of a multitude goes up— " I will."

I did not see him, again, for thirteen years, yet through all of them the force of Moody's character had had an influence upon my life such as I should find difficult to measure or define. When the news of his death reached London, I tried to describe him as one who was " foursquare to every wind that blows." But that is not a sufficient metaphor; for he was at least an *octagon* of strength and character. These eight qualities I want to review without putting them in any order of importance. Remember that, with an octagon, that side is first which you first approach.

First, then, his tenderness. What a heart he had! Surely to actual purpose the love of God was shed abroad therein. No theme so swayed and moved him as the grace of God. To him the very phrase thrilled with heaven's best music, and he never tired of telling men the simple and sublime truth that God loves them. It was far beyond his preaching, although, through that, his tenderness was manifest. But in his life, it was most beautifully exemplified. . . . To know him in one of the deepest facts of his being, one had to observe the gentleness, the simplicity of his dealings with a little child. Then how he was touched to the very core by the sufferings of others! So far as I observed him, his anger was always the outcome of his tenderness—when some one was oppressed—and his sympathy was the fire that kindled his wrath against the oppressor.

2. Humour. And is not this the obverse side of tenderness? Is it not, invariably, the man of tears who is the man of laughter? With what relish Moody would listen to, or tell a good story! His merriment was constant and contagious. Yet none can charge him with having worked

up to a point to make his audiences laugh. The seriousness of the business of preaching was too real to him. Nevertheless his addresses always sparkled with humour, and, as I have sat by his side and watched the eager crowds, I have marvelled at the power with which he touched the fountain of tears, and then immediately lit the tears with a flash of humour. The supreme gladness of the man will abide as one of my most cherished memories of him.

3. Common Sense. Moody always seemed to have his feet squarely planted on the reasonable. He had no fads in his beliefs or his practices. He had no obliquity in his vision. He looked at things and *saw* them. Perhaps it may be said that very few public men have, in a like number of years, made so few mistakes. A friend of his was discussing with him in my hearing the practicability of the Sermon on the Mount, and maintained that it was the duty of a Christian man to give to every man that asked, and never to turn away from those who would borrow, without reference to the character or actual need of the person. "Well," said Moody, "I tried that once, for a day, and discovered that if I continued I should soon have nothing wherewith to help the actual work of the Master. No, no, you cannot carry out the principles of the Kingdom apart from the kingship of the King. If men reject the King they have no right to expect to share the blessing of His Kingdom."

4. Insight. How quickly he summed up men and movements! He seemed to have a most remarkable genius for discovering men fitted for special spheres of work and for putting them in their right places. This, I believe, is well proved by the ease with which all the great movements which he has started go forward. To have seen at close quarters the work of his schools, his institute, his colportage society, was to be convinced of the keenness and accuracy of his judgment in the selection of the splendid

band of men and women that were in charge. I suppose few men have had more people applying to them for opportunities of work. A brief conversation with them, a few questions, and he had their measure. If he was not satisfied, no manner of influence was sufficient to persuade him to put them to work. No gift, perhaps, served him better stead in the course of the years.

5. Immediateness. There are those who spoke of his impulsiveness. I am bound honestly to say I never saw it manifested; yet I can quite understand how those who never came into close contact with him, would imagine him to be impulsive. When he acted he did so swiftly, full of energy and immediateness. Everything was swept along before the rush of his activity. But he never moved until he had quietly considered. His capacity for consideration was great and his outlook comprehensive. This he exercised in every department. Whether he established a school, or planned a campaign, or conducted a meeting, his broad vision took in the whole bearing of the case and then he acted. . . . This fact was one of the secrets of his success. Let him see all the facts, and be in his own mind convinced, then nothing daunted him.

6. Passion. He was a repository of passionate fire, that did not often show itself. When deeply moved he was, in speech and influence, simply irresistible. . . . He had the master passion of all passions—that of being able quietly to hold in check all his feelings until the moment when some person or community dear to his heart, because dear to the heart of God, was attacked. This force was also occasionally manifested in his dealing with those who were his lieutenants. Once, I heard him say privately to a group of such, with reference to a line of action which he disapproved, " I simply will not allow this. I'm down on it with both feet. The first man that does it must go." And every man knew he meant it. The words

were few, and they were not shouted, but the quiver of the great frame and the flash of the eye told the story of the invincible determination based upon deep-seated conviction.

7. Breadth. Nothing about D. L. Moody was more delightful than his broad sympathies. He had his own theological and ecclesiastical convictions, but he never allowed them to press him into a narrow groove of self-satisfied contempt for those who differed from him. His contempt was reserved for the men who violated the very spirit of love by their keenness in heresy-hunting. . . . Perhaps it will never be known to what extent he suffered by his devotion to Henry Drummond. There were those who withdrew from all connection with him and Northfield on account thereof. And others withdrew from him on account of his inviting Professor George Adam Smith to visit his schools. For these things he cared nothing. He did not accept all the later teaching of Drummond, but he loved and believed in the man, and refused to narrow his fellowship so as to exclude therefrom a man so dear to the heart of God. He was by no means convinced of the dual authorship of Isaiah, and often said in the last days, " The people of America, many of them, don't know there's *one* Isaiah; why bother them about two? " yet he believed in George Adam Smith as a man of God, and was charmed to sit at his feet as he spoke to the students of deep spiritual things. . . . He loved sincerity. The man for whom he had no room in his heart was the time-server and the hypocrite; and yet for his salvation he would pray and labour without ceasing. This breadth was rewarded by the confidence of all sorts and conditions of men. There was no man in America who was more trusted or held in greater esteem by all shades of theological belief.

8. Modesty. This I have set last not because it was least, but because its being stated last gives it definite im-

portance. Many might conclude that a man of such varied parts stood in imminent danger of spiritual pride. Yet, as a matter of fact, no more simple-minded soul did I ever meet. He would sit at the feet of the simplest and learn. I often felt almost ashamed to take the time, especially in evangelistic meetings, while he sat down to hear. At the Conferences it was difficult to get him to speak at all, and yet there was no man whom the people were more eager to hear. Once he fell into a trap. There were a number of able speakers present, and he thought the people would like to hear some of them, but he did not care to make a selection. This he explained to the audience, and asked them to name a speaker for next morning. Immediately there came back a great shout, "Moody!" He was nonplussed, but there was no escape, and next morning he spoke, and with great acceptance and power. Moody was a friend, a brother, a leader, but no one ever felt him to be patronizing them. He had no capacity for patronage; he was too full of the spirit of his Master, to have time to think of himself.

Such was the man as I knew him. Had he then, no faults? I cannot say. Certainly I was not conscious of them. Let others pen the criticisms, this is an appreciation. The greatness of the man was such that I did not observe the littleness; the goodness so evident that all else was hidden. He was one of the most remarkable men of a remarkable age, so varied and forceful by nature that he would have been known in any walk of life. As a statesman he would have attained to the place of power. As a soldier, he would have won renown. By the grace of God he was what he was, and all the powers of his being, under the restraining, directing, beautifying influences of that grace, made him of more service to his country than statesman and soldier could ever be, for his influence was exerted in the deeps of human lives, where the law and the sword are powerless to operate. We thank God for him, and think of him, to-day, as with the Lord, whom he so faithfully served and so gloriously set forth in all manner of behaviour.

The Mundesley Bible Conference was established in the year 1906. It represented the crystallization of a long-cherished desire of Dr. Morgan, who had often conceived of there being room in England for something conducted on similar lines to Northfield—something combining holiday with the study of the Bible and mutual inspiration. Discussing the matter with a friend, Dr. Morgan was urged to visit Mundesley-on-Sea, a pretty little village on the East Anglian coast, lying midway between Cromer and North Walsham, in the county of Norfolk. Dr. Morgan went to Mundesley, liked the appearance of the place, and seeing the possibilities of a conference being held there, set about securing a summer home in the vicinity. But some negotiations he opened to that end fell through, and he and Mrs. Morgan went to the Wye Valley, in the hope of discovering a suitable location for their purpose amid the sylvan beauties of Western England. They were not successful, however, and just when it looked as though the way was blocked for another year, at least, Dr. Morgan received a letter, reopening the question of his taking a house at Mundesley. An agreement was reached, and—Mundesley Bible Conference born.

Referring to the project, some few weeks prior to its official opening, Dr. Morgan said:

> There are several circumstances which combine to make Mundesley an ideal place for commencing a conference. It is not a big, fashionable seaside resort, but just a delightful place with six hundred inhabitants, beautiful scenery of sea and country; three hours' journey from London, and very accessible to the Midlands.

> We hope to start June 18 and continue until June 29. I have promised to give a Bible lecture every morning, to be followed by a missionary and workers' conference. The afternoons are to be given up entirely to recreation. There are good golf links at Mundesley, a cricket ground and provision for lawn tennis. There are a number of good rides or drives around the neighbourhood, and there is the beach and the sea.

June came, and with it, the first Mundesley Conference. The expectation of the founder was more than realized, the new venture an assured success. In addition to Dr. Morgan, who lectured each morning, sermons and addresses were delivered by Drs. F. B. Meyer, Charles Brown, W. Robertson Nicoll, J. D. Jones, Harry Guinness, J. Stuart Holden, Revs. Thomas Phillips, Samuel Chadwick, C. Silvester Horne, J. W. Ewing, J. Gregory Mantle, S. F. Collier, John Wilson, T. Ferrier Hulme, H. Elvet Lewis and Ned Wright. The enthusiasm which marked this first Conference assured Dr. Morgan of its having met the needs both of ministerial and lay workers. It strengthened him, moreover, in his resolve to make it an annual event.

One pleasing incident which marked the early history of the Conference is worthy of being recorded. A number of Dr. Morgan's friends in America were much interested in the venture at Mundesley. When these good people were informed of the gale having wrought havoc with the tent in which the meetings were held, they straightway subscribed two thousand and fifty dollars for the purchase of another; thus the Mundesley Conference was indebted to its friends in America for its tent of meeting.

At the opening of the third Conference (that of 1908) with an attendance much in excess of that of previous years, Dr. Morgan said:

> Our platform is that of the authority of Holy Scripture. Our plan is to study its teaching in itself and its application to life

and service. Our purpose is the perfecting of the children of God in order to serve.

Appealing to all who attended to do so in the spirit of love and prayer, Dr. Morgan added:

> A common loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ, a common passion for the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth, and a common dedication of all to the Lord for that end, constitutes the threefold bond of our union.
>
> Let a common desire to apprehend more perfectly all our resources in Him, to understand more clearly His pathway to the Kingdom, to realize more completely our dedication, characterize an assembly, and the answer will be granted in all fulness by the Master of Assemblies.

At that third Conference, more than a thousand people heard Dr. Jowett preach one of those great sermons of his that hold the memory for a lifetime. By such recollections will the great English preacher survive in minds of this generation, for " to live in hearts that are left behind, is not to die."

That same year, a fund was inaugurated that would enable Dr. Morgan to invite as many village pastors as possible to the Conference of 1909. " For," said he, " they have little in the way of help, much in the way of discouragement; and they render invaluable service to the spiritual life of the land."

Gradually Mundesley became as well known in England as Northfield in America. Members of the press were in regular attendance, and the Great Eastern Railway Company recognized the growing character of the Conference by granting certain transit facilities which enabled the holder of a voucher, which could be obtained from Arthur Marsh at Westminster, to have his or her railroad fare reduced by one-third.

Year after year the Conference grew in interest and in numbers. In 1911 more than fifty missionaries were present from all parts of the world. Dr. John Hutton destined to become one of Dr. Morgan's successors at Westminster and, to-day, editor of *The British Weekly* gave a course of lectures on *The Cry of Our Times for the Ancient Peace,* in which he boldly faced modern life with " its disquietude and despair, its illusive and pitiful pleasures." " A man who gives up his Christianity," said Dr. Hutton, " only surrenders a life of faith troubled by doubt, for a life of doubt troubled by faith."

In 1912, Mundesley had more visitors than at any previous time in its history. Hotels, boarding-houses and cottages reported all accommodation booked, and many who contemplated attendance were thus prevented. It was estimated that more than two thousand people heard the evening sermon, the sides of the tent being rolled up, and the people standing within earshot of the preacher, outside; and although Dr. Hutton's lectures were announced as being for ministers only, the tent seating a thousand was well filled.

In 1914—that tragic year when England had to give up many things she held dear—the last Conference was held at Mundesley. In 1915, it was held at Westminster, the Government having issued notice that no tent should be erected, nor lights shown, on the East coast. That year, when Mundesley came to London, Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, M. A., the poet-preacher, interested the Conference by his lecture on the Welsh Revival. Mr. Lewis knew the history of the movement from inside and while he spoke, the spirit of revival moved among his hearers and many were led into that holy place, where the soul meets with God. In 1916, the Conference convened at Llandrindod, in the heart of Wales, and once again the Principality sang the songs of Zion out of a full heart.

Had the Mundesley Conference been able to continue its life, it probably would have become a great inspirational centre in the heart of the British Empire. But Dr. Morgan, in wretched health, found himself compelled to lay aside many precious and prized activities, among them the continuance of the Mundesley Conference, which had, perforce, to come to an end.

Dr. Morgan sold his house at Mundesley, in order to provide a convalescent home for the war-wounded employees of the Metropolitan Gas Company in that locality. To these he donated a library of seven hundred volumes, which he left behind him in the house.

The Mundesley Conferences are now nothing but a memory, but they are a very precious memory for those privileged to attend them.

> Many things impressed me at Mundesley [says Dr. Ferrier Hulme], the inestimable value of Dr. Morgan's method of Bible study, and the happy hour of social intercourse with the representatives of many branches of the Christian Church. It was a splendid illustration of the true spirit of catholicity, and I came away in hearty sympathy with the old Primitive Methodist local preacher who said he believed in all the isms except rheumatism. I shall never forget those happy days.

Rev. J. W. Ewing, M. A., the gifted Baptist preacher and pastor for so many years of Hanover Chapel, Peckham, S. E., bears testimony to the appeal of Mundesley, in the graceful fashion familiar to all who know the fine literary quality of his mind.

> Mundesley to me is a very delightful memory [he says], a blue sea, fragrant meadows, the song of the lark, and amid green trees the white tent with its happy eager assembly bent on knowing the Word, and realizing the presence of God. As a spiritual inspiration, an incentive to Bible study, and an occasion of the gathering of new life forces, I feel sure that the Conference will long be gratefully remembered by Christian hearts, now scattered throughout all the land.

In his impression of the Conference, Rev. Samuel Nutton, a most intimate friend of Dr. Morgan, and one in whose companionship his soul was gladdened, said:

> I shall be in heaven some day; but as I look back over life I feel that I was nearer heaven at Mundesley than ever I shall be again, until I arrive at home.

The late Fred A. Atkins, whose opinion is quoted more than once in these pages (which opinion, incidentally, is always *worth* quoting) also tendered a word of praise for Mundesley, years after it had ceased to exist. One of the finest services rendered ministers and Christian workers by Dr. Morgan, was the establishment of this Conference, Mr. Atkins declares, and goes on to speak of the glowing happiness and inspiring comradeship which all who visited the sunny little East Anglian village enjoyed, during the run of the Conference.

> But after all [he continues], the greatest hour of the day was Dr. Morgan's Bible Lecture, at nine o'clock every morning. How he gripped and held that crowd of Bible-students! Nothing could distract their attention—not even the insolent interruptions of a stray donkey in a neighbouring field! And on Sunday, when Dr. Morgan preached, hundreds of people would come in from Norfolk villages, on bicycles and in old country carts; the walls of the tents would be removed, and the crowd, stretching away across the field, would listen with strained attention to the Gospel message. For an hour Dr. Morgan would preach without a single story, quotation or illustration—sheer argument, clear, sustained, unescapable, unanswerable. Wonderful, wonderful days!

The British Weekly, for November 13, 1909, contained a letter from Dr. Morgan stating that, during the past two years, he had received a number of communications from different parts of London and the provinces, urging the commencement of Bible-school work in connection with week-night services of churches, and in other ways, after the pattern of the Friday night gatherings at Westminster Chapel. Believing the movement to be fraught with great possibilities of helpfulness to the life and work of the churches, Dr. Morgan expressed himself desirous of bringing together those who were doing this kind of work, whether ministers or laymen, men or women, for a few days of conference. The days proposed for the gathering were Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, February 1, 2, and 3, 1910, and the meeting-place Westminster Chapel.

Nothing in the shape of a programme had been prepared, it being felt that the first step should be that of ascertaining how many would be able to attend an assembly of this sort. Those believing such a gathering to be useful, and being able to attend it were urged to write Dr. Morgan immediately, indicating the fact.

Those specially designed to be reached, Dr. Morgan explained, were such as were regularly and systematically teaching the content of the English Bible. Arrangements were to be made for the attendance, at the evening meetings, of Bible Class teachers of all kinds; but the specific work of the sessions held earlier in the day, would be that of consultation, among those doing the special kind of work already referred to.

In the course of a sermon preached at Westminster February 11, 1910, Dr. Morgan made special reference to the holding of this Conference and to the aims of its conveners.

> Last Sunday, I sought your prayerful interest for a Conference to be held on these premises [he said]. That Conference has been held, and, while up to expectation, might have been very much larger had we been prepared to admit those who desired to attend occasional sessions.
>
> Ever since I came back to my own land the clamant need of

a great propaganda of Bible teaching and interpretation has been on my heart. I have long felt that while sympathetically and reverently scholars prosecute their work, there should be a specific turning to the Bible itself, and an attempt made to bring the Christian Church back to the reading and understanding of it; and, so far as its light lays hold on the conscience, to obeying it. This Conference represents the outcome of that abiding and growing conviction; its enrollment was one hundred and thirty-five; its spirit, one of profound spiritual power; its issue, the formation of the Bible Teachers' Association.

Out of the one hundred and thirty-five present, eighty were ministers, coming from as far North as the Border, and from the South and West; there were men from the villages, some of which miles removed from a railway station, and men from the great centres of population. It was not a large gathering, but, unless I am entirely deceived—if by the grace of God we may be enabled to walk in the light of the gleam—it was a Conference that means mighty things for the days to come. Our basis of association is of the simplest, and as follows: A group of Christian men and women who teach the Bible. Those who are unable to accept Holy Scripture as the full and final authority in all matters of faith and practice cannot, in the nature of the case, be eligible for membership. But no theory of inspiration, nor any private interpretation of meaning, is necessary of acceptance in order to secure membership.

Thus the movement has begun. I mention it this morning, in order to commit and commend it to you, with the prayer that God may lead and guide and that the result may be a new propaganda of organized, definite Bible-teaching throughout this land. Because it is by this Word of God we ourselves do live, we fervently believe that it is only as this nation is brought again to a recognition of that Word, to the restoration of its mutilated mottoes, to a change in her mental attitude, can be any hope or deliverance for her, from the perils that threaten her.

I believe that, in this Conference, there has been witnessed the birth of a new movement out of an old life; and I pray that all who love the Word, and love their land, may bear this matter to the throne of grace in perpetual intercession.

The newly-formed body elected Dr. Campbell Morgan and Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M. A., presidents, and Revs.

J. Gregory Mantle, Albert Swift, Fred King (Bristol), vice-presidents; Rev. E. D. De Rusett, secretary, and Sir Robert Laidlaw, treasurer.

On several subsequent occasions, the Association met at Westminster, while its membership increased, as did an enthusiasm for the teaching of the Word. In many churches the mid-week service was converted into a Bible school; where this was done, an improvement in the attendance was made clearly manifest. Members of the Association, who were not ministers, went back to their schools and classes, and there adopted the newer methods of Bible-teaching suggested at the Conferences. A number of them devoted their lives, entirely, to the teaching of the Word, many of them in lands afar. Thus was the wider ministry of Campbell Morgan made to reach to the far ends of the earth.

In the fourth Conference (that of 1913), there were delegates from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the North and South of England present in large numbers—all of them men and women definitely engaged in teaching the Bible either as teachers or ministers. The Conference was not a public demonstration, but a coming together of men and women who could devote their entire time to serious work.

The Bible Teachers' Association has wielded a great influence throughout the churches, and done much to spread a knowledge of the Scriptures. It has also proven the attractiveness of definite and systematic methods when applied to the study of the Word of God. All over the world, to-day, Bible Schools are to be met with which were established by members of the Association, who were first drawn to a systematic study of the Bible through the work of the Westminster Bible School.

Originating as a direct outcome of the great religious revival of the eighteenth century Cheshunt College has a story which possesses a more than ordinary interest for all who cherish a feeling of admiration for the eloquent and passionate evangelist, George Whitefield. For he it was whose preaching influenced Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, to devote herself to the work of evangelism, and to the establishment of the Calvinistic Methodist body in Wales and the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion in England. The College became necessary when, owing to the rapid growth of the movement, ministers were badly needed. Lady Huntingdon founded the College at Trevecca House, Talgarth, South Wales, and on August 24, 1768, it was opened by George Whitefield. It was at this opening service that William Williams' great hymn, *Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah* was first sung, being written in Welsh for the occasion.

For nearly a quarter of a century, Trevecca House was the centre of much invaluable work—the place where many of the great leaders of the religious life of England and Wales were trained. After the death of the founder of the College, The Apostolic Society, formed to support and perpetuate it, removed the institution to Cheshunt, a Hertforshire village, fourteen miles north of London, where it was formally opened, August 24, 1792. Here it remained, amid beautiful surroundings, renewing and enlarging its buildings and other equipment, from time to time, until 1905. In that year, the Trustees, finding it impossible to enter into closer relationship and coöperation with London Theological Colleges (which they desired to do) and in order to increase the efficiency of its work—which isolation prohibited—removed the College to Cambridge. Here three houses were taken and adapted for use, until more suitable accommodation could be obtained.

Under the new scheme of government granted by the Board of Education, the College was now administered by a Board of Governors, which included representatives of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, the London Missionary Society, the Council of the Congregational Union, and the Council of the Senate of the University of Cambridge.

Many men who became eminent, either at home or on the foreign field of Christian activity, received their theological training at Cheshunt; among them being Urijah Thomas, Henry Allon, James Sherman, Chalmers of Hong Kong, Turner of Samoa, Gilmour of Mongolia, Muirhead of Shanghai, and Chalmers of New Guinea—noted Christians, all.

In 1911, the Board of Governors of Cheshunt College offered the Principalship to Dr. Campbell Morgan and the offer was accepted.

In certain quarters, however, the news of the appointment was received with some murmurings of adverse criticism. Those voicing it, expressed the opinion that the College authorities had acted unwisely in electing Dr. Morgan, the chief fear being that the new Principal would do little, if anything, further than produce a goodly crop of more or less ineffective replicas of himself. Right from the very beginning of Dr. Morgan's term of office, however, both the criticism and the fear were shown to have been groundless. The students of Cheshunt proved themselves to be men searching after truth, not for marked peculiarities of expressing it. This criticism was not, however, very wide-spread, and in the main, Dr. Morgan's appointment was hailed with a generous chorus of approval. The first requisite of an institution that exists for the training of young men for the ministry is the presence, at its head, of a powerful and magnetic personality—a man who represents a dual inspiration to his students, a call and a challenge. This requisite, it was felt on all sides, Dr. Morgan possessed in abundant measure.

> In Dr. G. Campbell Morgan [said J. G. Henderson in *The British Weekly,* July 4, 1912], the Governors of Cheshunt College have found a man of arresting power, a pulpit genius, intensely human; one alert to the movements of the time, and fired with a red-hot passion to help men who are giving themselves to the service of Jesus Christ. In the prime of life, with his fine powers at their fullest, there is no living man with a larger, wider, more varied experience of the work of the Christian ministry than Campbell Morgan; and there is no man who, by unbroken and phenomenal success in differing spheres, has better right to be put in charge of men preparing to be preachers and pastors.

In a letter to *The Christian World,* Dr. W. H. Griffith Thomas, previously of St. Paul's Church, Portman Square, but, in 1911, of Wycliffe College, Toronto, wrote of the appointment as follows:

> There are many friends of Dr. Morgan in America and Canada who rejoice in the fine opportunity afforded to the members of Cheshunt College and the undergraduates of Cambridge University, to come in contact with so valuable, inspiring, and reliable a teacher.

To Dr. Morgan himself, the acceptance of the invitation was a duty he felt himself to owe to God and to His Church. No trivial, ill-considered criticism was permitted to deter him. He felt it to be part of that " wider ministry " to which he had dedicated himself. He did not seek the appointment, nor dream of the possibility of any such being offered him. It came, however, without his seeking, and when it did, he seized the golden opportunity. Although his work at Westminster was most exacting, he felt that he could discharge the dual duty of preaching to his people at Buckingham Gate, and of lecturing to his students at Cheshunt College.

To his people at Westminster on October 12, 1911, Dr. Morgan said:

I want my congregation to understand that this is simply a transference of work from the more wandering ministry to one centre. I cast myself on your prayers. Will you ask that God guide me in what I feel to be a great opportunity, and a great responsibility?

A condition of Dr. Morgan's acceptance was that, as early as practicable, the Governors of the College should proceed with the erection of permanent buildings. This assurance was forthcoming and the site having been secured, and the architectural designs submitted by Mr. P. Morley Horder, F. R. I. B. A., accepted, the work of erection was begun almost at once.

On June 7, 1913, the foundation stone of the new Cheshunt College was laid by Viscount Haldane, Lord Chancellor of England. In the course of his address Lord Haldane said it was a memorable day in the history of the College, inasmuch as the laying of that foundation stone marked the beginning of an association of the College with the great University of Cambridge.

Walter H. Page, American Ambassador to Great Britain, just arrived in England, made his first public appearance on this occasion. He bore testimony to the esteem in which Dr. Morgan was held by the American people, and spoke of the gratification it gave him (Dr. Page) to know that friends of Dr. Morgan in America were contributing to the building of the new College. A visitor to England from any land, particularly from the land of close kinship with her, was faced every day with the fact that, no matter what institution he came across, whether political or religious, it had also to do with his own country, as well as with the rest of the world. Whitefield's eloquence, for example, made such an impression in America as to have had a definite effect on history and tradition, passing down from man to man, for generations. Thus in dealing with the beginnings of Cheshunt College one touched the beginnings of United States, a fact which the people of America had not forgotten.

The relationship between Dr. Morgan and the students at Cheshunt was most cordial. Each Friday, when returning to Westminster Chapel, it was his habit to take one of the students with him, in order to introduce the young man to the practical work of the ministry. When Mundesley Conference met, many of the students accompanied their Principal. They were friends then, they are friends now. A letter received from the Rev. J. Stanley Perkins, M. A., of Manchester, contains an old student's impressions, from which the following excerpts are taken:

> Dr. Morgan had only three years as Principal of Cheshunt College [says Mr. Perkins], but they were three notable years, and the present beautiful college buildings stand as a lasting memorial of Dr. Morgan's initiative. As I see it, looking backward, his influence over his students was threefold: (1) He inculcated in us the fact of the central importance of preaching. The sermon class he conducted was always an inspiration, and his emphasis on the appeal at the close was unforgettable. (2) He stressed the preëminence of the Bible in our work. His idea of a "Bible School" has been copied by more than one of his students, and proved strikingly successful. (3) His big humanity appealed to us. He had a broad sympathetic outlook with a complete absence of pettiness or donnishness. His intense spiritual earnestness and devotion to hard work never destroyed his love of a jest. The genial friendship which captivated his students has retained their affection, though three thousand miles of ocean now divide them from the man who exercised it.

Much as Dr. Morgan loved the work at Cheshunt College, it gradually became apparent that he could not long continue at Cambridge. He began to show unmistakable signs of undue strain, and, after the erection of the new buildings had begun, attendance to his duties at the College became increasingly difficult. Before the end of the third year he was reluctantly compelled, by failing health, to resign.

In a letter dated June 3, 1929, the Resident Tutor of Cheshunt College, Rev. E. W. Johnson, M. A., B. D., pays the following tribute to the value and appositeness of Dr. Morgan's incumbency:

> When Dr. Morgan was asked to become Principal of Cheshunt College [he says], it was hoped that he would be able to impart to the students something of his own forcefulness of thought and expression. Those who worked with him during the three years of his presidency will always be grateful for the sympathetic understanding, and the generous, kindly way in which he entered into the work of the College, and the furtherance of the interests of one and all of its members. . . . It is mainly to his courage and decisiveness that we owe the beautiful college buildings in which the work has been carried on since his time. If they had not been erected when they were—before the strain and the turmoil of the War came upon us—in all human probability they would never have been built at all. Personally I am constantly thankful that, in the providence of God, Dr. Campbell Morgan, with his potent and broad-minded helpfulness, came to us when he did.

Few men exert so great an influence on his age and generation as does a College Principal. Behind the scenes he does his work—work of so intimate a character, that only those in direct contact with him know the magnitude of his influence. He rarely receives the praises of men, nor does he seek it; but he *does* seek, and that right earnestly to equip his students for the work that lies ahead of them. When he fails, none know of the bitterness of his soul: when he succeeds, he is content to let the world give to his students the praise and honour, happy so long as he, through them, quietly and unseen, is permitted to aid in the steady march of human progress. Something of this satisfaction has fallen to the lot of Dr. Morgan—satisfaction born of the knowledge that, as Principal of Cheshunt College, his labour was not in vain in the Lord.

We come now to a brief survey of Dr. Morgan's activities as an author of religious books. This phrase, " religious books," is, of course, merely a phrase—a figure of speech. In any accurate sense of the term, no book is, or can be rightly called religious. A volume of sermons or expositions is merely a chemical combination, just as is a copy of *The Arabian Nights* or *David Copperfield.* What, of course, we have in mind when we talk of " religious " books are those which pertain to religion; that teach or set forth religious principles and precepts; that discuss questions and themes which relate to Christian faith, duty, and practice.

Surely, if we cast a glance in the direction of what are issued to-day as " religious books " we are conscious of a sense of inadequacy—of " something lost behind the ranges." The glamour of fact, reality, concrete evidence and literal realization, has so affected us that we appear to have almost ceased to recognize the necessity for the proper education of the imagination, perhaps our noblest and highest faculty. Everything that can be clothed in the terminology of hard crystallized fact, is so habited. We tend —most of us do, at any rate—to discount the power and importance of the imagination as it relates to sacred things, and do homage merely to that which is terse, factual and utilitarian. We filch away the fairy tales from our children and give them handbooks of science in their place. We may be wrong in the assumption, but it would appear that our terror of being thought fanciful has reduced our average output to a dead level. There are perhaps fewer descents to the regions of bathos than formerly, but then there are fewer mountain prospects too. If every valley has been exalted, every mountain and hill has been made low; and even uniform merit and elevation cannot quite compensate for the loss of those great occasional moments when some great soul climbed the Mount of Transfiguration and then set down for the benefit of his valley-dwelling brethren, something of the vision that had gladdened his soul.

But to come to Dr. Morgan: Although he must be classed as a voluminous author, yet he makes no claim to be a writer of books. With one or two exceptions, his material was prepared, originally, to be spoken and heard, not to be printed and read. In a sense, he is not an author at all, but a preacher who has found his way into print. Certainly his work in the pulpit and at the desk, with voice and pen, must be considered simultaneously. Yet there can be little doubt but that the author has, for years past, influenced the preacher in Dr. Morgan. It is fairly obvious, too, that the preacher has gained something of great value from his partnership with the author. For one thing, he has gained a graceful air and a graceful style. One cannot reasonably suppose that the elaborate ease, the careful working out of theme and idea, the graceful terminology and all-around forensic excellence which mark Dr. Morgan's deliverances were intended to be brought to light and to perish within the compass of a single Sunday morning! Hardly. Assuming the contrary, it is not difficult to imagine Dr. Morgan's preparation of his material to be a matter of literary exactitude, which leaves little or nothing to spontaneous utterance or language employed only in the moment of delivery. To this habit, or something akin to it, we appear to be indebted for the fine finish and air of completeness which characterizes Dr. Morgan's printed work.

The name of " G. Campbell Morgan " has appeared on the title page of no less than seventy-two volumes, which have served to extend the ministry of the bearer of it all over the world. In far-off, out-of-the-way parts of the planet his books are highly valued and read.

George Allen, of the Bolivian Indian Mission, has said that, as long as he used the expositions of Dr. Morgan as the basis for the study of the Bible, his work among the natives was " effective in holding them together and in drawing them to the Lord."

The late Charles W. Abel—Abel of Papua—of the London Missionary Society, once stated that, whenever he went in the Southern zone he found men and women in solitary places reading the books of Dr. Morgan for comfort and inspiration; and by them were led into the ways of peace. The people of Australia, added Mr. Abel, read Dr. Morgan's expositions in the weekly papers, even in the pink sheets of the Sunday sporting papers. " In my world-wide travels," declared Mr. Abel, " I have met men and women everywhere who were grateful for the printed word of Dr. Morgan that had revived their interest in the Bible, and brought a message of good cheer to their hearts."

Dr. Morgan has stated, however, that when he first began his ministry the publication of his work was very far from his mind. It was not for some years after his ordination that he published *Discipleship,* his first book. The material composing it had been contributed as a series of articles, to appear in the columns of a monthly journal. These articles were well received by the readers of the organ in which they appeared, and a demand was made for their appearance in a permanent form. This went unheeded by their author until his friend, Gregory Mantle, persuaded him to accept the position that their publication was a duty he owed to the public at large. Dr. Morgan consented to the publication of *Discipleship,* and before long, requests came from its publishers asking for more material, as *Discipleship* was selling rapidly.

Shortly after this he sent to his publishers *The Hidden Years at Nazareth,* which was issued in 1898. By the end of 1900 he had published nine books, and by 1910, thirty-two. In 1930, there are (as stated above) seventy-two books of which he is author. In addition Dr. Morgan edited *The Westminster Record* for four years; *The Westminster Pulpit* for eleven years, *The Westminster Bible Record* for eight years, and the *Mundesley Conference Report* for eight years. A number of Dr. Morgan's books are, of course, now out of print. But the following is a virtually accurate list of those still being imprinted:

Discipleship (1897).
The Hidden Years at Nazareth (1898).
Wherein Have We Robbed God? Malachi's Message to the Men of To-day (1898).
Life Problems (1899).
The Spirit of God (1900).
God's Perfect Will (1901).
"*All Things New.*" A Message to New Converts (1901).
The Ten Commandments (1901).
The True Estimate of Life and How to Live (1903).
The Crises of the Christ (1903).
The Christ of To-day. What? Whence? Whither? (1905).
The Practice of Prayer (1906).
The Parables of the Kingdom. Expositions of Matt. XIII (1907).
The Analyzed Bible Introductory Volumes. Complete in three volumes.
    Vol. I. Introduction to Genesis-Esther (1907).
    Vol. II. Introduction to Job-Malachi (1908).
    Vol. III. Introduction to Matthew-Revelation (1908).
Mountains and Valleys in the Ministry of Jesus (1908).
The Analyzed Bible.
    The Gospel According to John (1909).

The Book of Job (1909).
The Book of Romans (1909).
Isaiah Vol. I (1910).
Isaiah Vol. II (1910).
The Book of Genesis (1911).
The Gospel of Matthew (1911).

The Study and Teaching of the English Bible (1910).

Behold He Cometh! (1912).

The Teaching of Christ. A Companion Volume to "The Crises of the Christ" (1913).

Living Messages of the Books of the Bible, 2 volumes.
I. Old Testament—Genesis to Malachi (1915).
II. New Testament—Matthew to Revelation (1915).

The Bible in Five Years. A Comprehensive Outline of the Entire Bible (1922).

The Acts of the Apostles (1924).

Searchlights from the Word. Eleven Hundred and Eighty-eight Sermon Suggestions from Genesis to Revelation (1926).

The Gospel According to Mark. An Exposition of the Second Gospel (1927).

Christ and the Bible. A statement of faith in the Bible as the authoritative Word of God, and in Christ of the New Testament as the Son of God (1929).

The Gospel According to Matthew. A Study of the life of Christ—His words, His ways, His works, His life and His eternal triumph (1929).

Categorical Imperatives of the Christian Faith (1930).

III

TRAITS AND TRENDS

The secret things belong to the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law. DEUT. 29: 29.

One in whom persuasion and belief
Hath ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition.
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

His taxed resources to amend,
He treads the sheltered paths of rest;
And those who there his steps attend,
Honour him most, and love him best.
PETER RYDER.

VII

A PREACHER OF THE WORD

SUCH, set forth in the barest, briefest fashion conformable with the facts, is the public record, to date, of George Campbell Morgan. Yet, in view of the extraordinary achievements it essays to register, how pitifully adequate the whole chronicle is, to be sure! Only the red-letter days are indicated: of the sable-hued items which go to the remainder of this tireless preacher's life-calendar, no account has been taken. Such a task were beyond the resources of the present remembrancer, who must needs content himself with whatever of limited satisfaction derives from having found it possible to bring within the compass of a single volume, a reasonably accurate chronological survey of an amazingly full and useful life.

In the present chapter it is proposed to transfer the centre of interest from the man's work to the man himself; that is, if such a transference be practicable, which, in all probability, it is *not*. What, however, is meant is this: an endeavour will be made to fling on the screen of this chapter a close-up of a most remarkable personality. An effort will be made to depict him at work, noting his appearance in the pulpit, the methods he employs, the mannerisms which are his. Finally pains will be taken to come at a reasonable and (it is to be hoped) fairly accurate appraisal of his distinguishing traits as a preacher, and of the character and content of the Gospel he proclaims.

Whether garbed in black Geneva gown as in the pulpit, or in the accustomed habiliments of a twentieth-century divine as on the lecture-platform, Campbell Morgan presents a striking, unforgettable figure. This is as true of him, to-day, as it was thirty, forty, ay, fifty years ago. When first he began to attract the attention of the public press, and to cause something of a stir in the preaching world of the early nineties, journalistic descriptions of him were apt to run somewhat as follows:

> A striking figure—tall, gaunt, smooth-faced; a head disproportionately large; a heavy mass of dark, wavy hair, worn rather long and falling over the left temple and forehead; a keen, intellectual face; a bright quick eye, which flashes with passion or wells with emotion; a resonant voice which, now, blazons like a trumpet, then, pleads in plaintive and irresistible pathos. His pulpit style is animated, his gestures numerous but never exaggerated and peculiarly graceful. A magnetic man—a man to draw an assembly and, having drawn it, to hold it prisoner at his will.

Ten years go by, and Campbell Morgan has become the popular, constantly-sought-after preacher of New Court Church, Tollington Park. He is desired for America, he is besought to remain at home. His appearance has altered somewhat—that, of course, but not conspicuously. As yet, the " menace of the years " do not threaten, and the feature-writer describes him as follows:

> He is tall—very tall and very thin. His forehead is high, and over one side of it tumbles thick black hair beginning to be shot with grey. His complexion is swarthy. To the student of racial physiognomy, he presents the features of a fervent, impassioned Celt. His smooth-shaven face has some sort of slight nervous affection and twitches when its owner is resting. When he is in action these nervous movements cease. His features are very long, almost equine. Somehow, they make one think of George Eliot's. There is something of Lincoln's in them, too, and of Henry Irving's. But once he begins to preach, one for-

gets his angularities, his arresting, almost strange appearance. He is a master of assemblies and one lies under his spell.

Another decade passes, and during the interval Campbell Morgan has become the minister of Westminster Chapel and the foremost Biblical expositor in Christendom. The years have brought with them terrific strain and some almost incredible tasks. He has come to know something of what is meant by such phrases as " the sacrifice of the spirit " and " the weariness of the flesh." Yet it is still Campbell Morgan that the columnist portrays:

> As one saw him in profile he appeared to be a little more than a loose-jointed framework, upon which were hung his garments of ample black broadcloth. This framework is turreted by a great head mostly nose and mouth, and flowing locks, thickly streaked with gray. The cords of his long neck appear to be striving to separate themselves from his flesh. Every muscle and every fold of his clothing is continually in motion. His nervous energy and its constant employment to the matter in hand. Here, surely, is a man who has either laboured terrifically or suffered deeply. Perchance, both. Yet he is a power of a man, as the Irish say—a very power of a man!

And now it is a present-day portrait—the Campbell Morgan of old, yet clothed upon by the outward seeming of his holy office as a priest of God, a herald of the King. Of one great English preacher it used to be said—as a sort of compliment, though one could never understand why—that, even in the pulpit, there was nothing of the cleric about him, his appearance being that of an alert business man. Of American preachers it is declared that nowhere—on the streets, in the clubs, on the train—can they be distinguished from members of other professions—medicine, the law, and so forth. Nothing of the sort has ever been said of Campbell Morgan; nothing of the sort *will* be said of him—ever. In and out of the pulpit, he looks the part. A truly great preacher, he need not to be ashamed of his calling and never for a moment is. To the journalist, who penned the paragraph immediately following, he stood as the representative churchman of the ages —God's messenger in every age and clime. The appraisal is just, the figure true.

> It was an easy, an almost involuntary mental gesture to compare the man's physical appearance with one's mental pictures of some great father of the early Church, some famous doctor or schoolman of ancient days. Tall and spare as to body; lean and lined and parchment-like as to face; white, close-cropped as to hair; deep-sunk as to eyes; drawn, as by suffering, as to mouth—the figure on the platform could have passed for a prominent religious figure at any moment in the history of the Christian Church—Augustine in his old age, Pope Gregory in his missionary zeal; Savonarola, standing in the presence of Lorenzo; a Spanish Grand Inquisitor of the fifteenth century, an Archbishop of York or of Canterbury at any time during the last thirteen hundred years. A truly notable pulpit figure. A born leader in any field of endeavour, one might hazard. In his chosen one, almost without a peer.

If audiences are attracted and held by Dr. Morgan's striking appearance, what shall be said of his positively enthralling voice? What an asset to a public speaker of any sort! But what a veritable godsend to a preacher of the Word! It is a voice of truly wonderful compass with a penetrative quality which permits of its barest whisper being heard in the furthest corner of a great auditorium. So well pitched is it, that the emphasized passages and impassioned periods are manipulated in an almost conversational, certainly never vociferous tone. After forty years of incessant use, it is as smooth and pliant as it was in " the gay nineties," ere Queen Victoria came to her second jubilee. It is a sort of golden crucible into, and from which, the liquidated thought of the preacher is first gathered and then poured forth, in a limpid, sparkling stream. In so far as the present writer's experience guides him to an appraisal, the beauty of Dr. Morgan's pulpit voice has never been equalled by that of any of his American brethren, and twice only among his British contemporaries—by Jowett and Thomas Spurgeon. The voices of both men are now silent—at least, they are heard no more in the corridors of Time. One—the prince of homilists—possessing a glorious medium, through which to give his pictured tales expression; the other, while not a great preacher, was far above the average and had a voice of exquisite bell-like quality, which always securely preserved his messages from any suspicion of the commonplace, and gave them a sort of acquired beauty, not, perhaps, inherently their own. In the matter of transcending vocal excellence these two men, and these only, were Campbell Morgan's peers.

> If any one feels prone to discount the value of his beautiful voice, managed with consummate skill [says Frederick Atkins], let him go and hear half a dozen other preachers and discover for himself how many of them it is difficult to hear at all! Some of them will apparently be conducting secret and highly confidential conversations with their waistcoats or their manuscripts. I wish I could compel all young preachers and theological students to hear Dr. Morgan read the Scriptures. They might learn something to their signal and abiding advantage.

He begins quietly, as practised and effective speakers always do, with some easy, familiar sentence which puts him *en rapport* with his hearers; or he makes some local reference which provokes a smile, or indulges in some personal reminiscence which brings his congregation into still closer contact with himself. Then he gets under way, and within three or four minutes, he is out in the clear, steadying his course and coming to close quarters with the passage he has elected to expound. This same passage may be familiar enough to his congregation; yet that is all that *is* familiar. The rest will be found to be brand new as this remarkable exegete flings new light about old themes, exhibiting, at times, flashes of meaning almost blinding in their strength and unexpectedness.

All this he accomplishes with a minimum of physical movement, standing quietly with his hands on his hips. Suddenly he throws up his arms—one is obliged to notice the surprising beauty and delicacy of his hands—and as the beautifully elastic, alternately strident or nasal, or gentle or persuasive voice sweeps the entire gamut of the emotions, his palms are brought together, and two fingers held up as he reaches the conclusion towards which he has been working in words and with physical movements which, doubtless, he has employed a thousand times in precisely similar circumstances. Such, however, is the earnestness, skill and vigour of the preacher, wedded to his ability to *feel* the thing he utters, that even though it be the thousandth time he has given it vocal expression, he can clothe the entire deliverance with a freshness and a spontaneity such as one associates only with a virgin effort, and the thought just newly born. Not even his most ardent critics are able truthfully to accuse Dr. Morgan of attempting or achieving popularity by any unworthy or sensational methods. Indeed they cannot, with any semblance of veracity, assure him of attempting it at all! Which reflection brings us face to face with a quite remarkable fact—probably the *most* remarkable of all the singular and arresting facts associated with Dr. Morgan. Without being required to submit an exhaustive analysis of the character and content of what is known and described as " popular preaching," one should be permitted this observation: Everybody professing any knowledge of, or interest in, such matters is quite familiar with the term, alive to its implication and, without much trouble or effort, able to recall the identity of its leading exponents in this our day and time. Yet here is a truly astonishing thing: the man who, by the most ordinary, yet quite incontrovertible methods of computation stands revealed as being the most consistently popular preacher in the English-speaking world during the past thiry years, never engages—has never engaged—in any popular preaching at all!

> It is an astounding revelation [says Frederick Atkins] that the man who can gather congregations as large if not larger (I incline to this latter view) than any other preacher in Britain, the United States or Canada, invariably offers those congregations by way of a sermon fifty minutes to an hour of close-fitting elaborate argument! Dr. Morgan has never belonged to the "short and snappy" school of preachers, and it is not much of a hazard to prophesy that he will never join it. He will not attempt to overpower you with rhetoric, or entertain you with ancient anecdotes, or surprise you with dexterous illustrations, or dazzle you with brilliant quotations. Not at all. But he will—for nearly an hour—build up a solid, sustained, carefully-thought-out and apparently unanswerable argument, which you would not expect to be irresistibly attractive. Still, people crowd to hear it, from Los Angeles to London, from the sunny Gulf of Mexico to the muddy Mersey. Wherever he goes people quickly discover him or hasten to renew acquaintance with him, and crowd to listen to him, although he does little except to expound a Book which clever critics tell us is no longer read!

Dr. Morgan never hampers himself with a manuscript and relies for the order and arrangement of his material upon a truly marvellous memory. He is always thoroughly prepared, and for a man in whose veins runs Celtic blood, an amazingly deliberate thinker. He presents his theme in terse, simple fashion, which stimulates the scholar and the unlettered man alike. The educated learn wisdom from his lips and "the common people hear him gladly," as they did his Master. His thoughts are clothed in language that a child can understand. This simplicity of speech is seasoned with a humour that relieves the strain of thought while it flashes new beauty on the truth itself.

A man may have a commanding figure, a rich and perfectly controlled voice, ease of manner and suggestiveness of thought, which mark him as the true pulpit orator, but unless he believe what he declare, his words are as sounding brass. No hypocrisy is so easily detected as the hypocrisy of speech. Of an utter surety, Dr. Morgan believes what he preaches and is on fire with a holy passion for its acceptance at the hands of his hearers. "That man *believes* in the Bible," a New York business man was once overheard to say. "And that's a rare thing for a preacher nowadays. Moreover he declares his belief in a convincing, contagious way." His soul is filled with his subject. It is the one great thing he knows and knows it because it has transformed his own life. Is not this fact the secret of his wonderful success? It is part of it, to say the least.

Dr. Morgan believes in the Bible as being the infallible word of God, written by holy men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. He is no iconoclast, no scientific innovator, no mysterious oracle. He knows the Bible and he knows it thoroughly—from Genesis to Revelation. It saturates his sermons and he expounds it as did that other great expositor of a bygone generation,—Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

Campbell Morgan takes down the Bible from the shelf to which it had been relegated by schools of modern thought; dusts off the cobwebs of doubt, and lo! under his keen and subtle intellect its truths glow with a new fire! First and foremost, then, this notable pulpit figure is a preacher of the Bible, and he preaches it without quibbling as to the truth of its history, its miracles or its prophecies. He comes from God with a great message, and is resolved to make the people hear it. This message has in it all the ringing declaratives and challenging imperatives of the Christian faith. Dr. Morgan preaches a personal God, a living and a reigning Christ, a judgment to come. He believes these facts with his whole heart, and offers no way of escape for his hearers unless they believe. " Dogmatic? " he has declared, when charged with the " offence." " Of course I'm dogmatic and I make no apology therefor. It is my business to be dogmatic. I *know* whom I have believed and that the message given me of my Master, is wholly and blessedly true."

In a word, Dr. Morgan is a positive preacher, not dealing in negations, nor raising doubts in the minds of his hearers, but boldly proclaiming the truth as he sees it. While there may be those listening to him unable to agree with him on some points, all admire the boldness of his faith and the admitted power with which he sets it forth. There is a tonic in such preaching which puts life into a flabby moral nature and guides a wavering, uncertain mind in its search for truth.

And he is a preacher of righteousness. He strips sin of its veneer and holds it up as a monster to be shunned. The only bitterness ever shown in his sermons is against sin. He excoriates it with tremendous power, but gently and lovingly seeks to win the man who has sinned to a better life. His cry is the old cry of the Baptist: " Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." He does not argue as to the truth of his theme; *that* is obvious—so clear that every man ought to believe it. He takes it as a matter of course, and by it seeks to inspire men with a faith which will enable them to bear the burdens of life, and to obtain victory over self and sin and enter into newness of life in Christ Jesus.

But there is a great tenderness in it all, a depth of feeling which enables his appeals to move the heart and bring the tear. There is no attempt to produce this effect; it is the natural climactic result of the conclusion of an argument which seeks to win an affirmative response. He has this swiftly-shifting gift after the manner of Henry Ward Beecher, who could so quickly change from humour to pathos and *vice versa,* without marring the dignity of his theme.

This résumé of Dr. Morgan's preaching may suggest his being a pessimist, an apostle of melancholy. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He is an optimist through and through, and a gospel of hope is dominant in all his sermons. He believes in the possibilities of every man, no matter what his present moral standing; that out of degradation he may rise to heights of moral power and achieve a spiritual success of which he has never dreamed. He seeks to widen the horizon of a man's religious outlook and give him a bigger sky, purer air, a better spiritual prospect than he has ever known.

(Dr. Morgan has the gift of illustration to an exquisite degree; yet he uses it but rarely. Whenever he *does,* it is a thing of beauty he presents—perfect in its illustrative essentials and garbed as with the garments of praise. He is an artist whose tongue is his brush by which he adorns the mind of his listeners with images of rare beauty. He is a marvellous word painter, but his verbal pictures do not obtrude as focal points around which the central thought gathers; they come as the natural unfolding of the theme. Yet they are so vivid, so true to life, that they are never erased or forgotten.)

Moreover, Dr. Morgan is a teacher bringing out of this divine storehouse things new and old. His mind is keenly analytical, giving him a wonderful grasp of the Scriptures. Each word is made to stand out with a meaning heretofore hidden, but now made clear and decisive. This talent makes him a preacher's preacher, and, always, many of his brethren are to be found in his congregations. He suggests new ways of revealing old truths and quite frequently a sermon is to be found in one of his sentences.

To be sure, he is not a lecturer on political methods, or sociology, or finance, or science; he neither entertains nor instructs along these lines. He leaves subjects of this sort out of the pulpit and to the care of men who are experts in their respective spheres. His object is to transform the moral nature of man by reaching his heart; when this is done, the man becomes a new creature.

Given a lofty theme, impassioned faith, fervid delivery, notable histrionic and forensic gifts and a preacher becomes a tower of strength for seeking pilgrims; and surely the least gracious of us will be ready to admit that Campbell Morgan has them all. He comes into our modern life as Chrysostom to Constantinople with a style of preaching that has been denominated "old-fashioned." Old-fashioned? But is not this the very preaching for which people are hungering, and which they gladly welcome? One is forced to think so if he study the message and methods of Dr. Morgan. For has he not solved the problem of how to get a congregation at all times, and how to fill a church, even in midsummer?

But there is something more than a mere mind, fine though it may be, finding verbal expression in choice, finished diction, to which one gives ear when listening to Campbell Morgan. In him, there is a heart of devotion to an exalted Christ. Enshrined in every address there is a point at which he summonses his very highest powers of mind and soul to direct attention to the diadem on the brow of Jesus. He is a herald whose intellectual activity is initiated and energized by a whole-hearted allegiance to the Person of his Lord. Thus we have a great method, a great intellectual conception and a great spiritual conscience, behind all of which stands a man of brilliant mental capacity, an adherent of letters and literature, a poet as well as an orator, but above all, a preacher of the ageless Word of God.

VIII

THE WORK OF AN INTERPRETER

INSIGHT, imagination, large discernment, human sympathy and broad, charitable understanding, combine with certain natural gifts, clarity of expression, lucidity of definition and the like, to make of Dr. Morgan a Biblical expositor almost without a peer. In his hands, the Bible—its pages, precepts, characters—is made positively to live and to exude an enheartening, a vital force. Incidents, apparently insignificant, are shown to possess unsuspected values; chapters and books, to outward seeming entirely unconnected, are discovered to be in close relation, one to the other, and to the whole. This latter element, now so conspicuous in Dr. Morgan's work, was given a prominent place in his *modus operandi,* at the very beginning of his public work and ministry which prominence it has since been permitted to retain. Implying, as it does, the unbroken continuity and underlying unity of Holy Scripture, Dr. Morgan regards a successful and rightful teaching of the Bible, as being of first importance. He has spoken so repeatedly of its being "The Divine Library" and of the absolute imperativeness of so regarding it, that the phrase has come to be inseparably associated with his name. The term is not his, of course, but Sir Thomas Browne's, as all lovers of *Religio Medici* are well aware. Yet Dr. Morgan has given it a new emphasis and significance for the Bible students of this generation.

But the Bible is not only a Divine Library to Dr. Morgan; it is a veritable world of men and women in which he enters and loves to dwell. In that world he has encountered a remarkable group of personalities—a delectable company which he has come to know intimately, to understand, to love. We hear him speak of the men of the Bible; of Isaiah, of Hosea, of Amos; of John, of Peter, of Paul, and we feel that he is talking of intimate friends. He knows these men—their strength and weakness, their frailties and their loyalties. They are his companions with whom he has walked and held converse. In that world, too, he has seen the face of Jesus Christ; he has walked and talked with his Lord, and daily learned of Him that which he has imparted to a listening generation. In all probability—when all else has been said that *can* be concerning Dr. Morgan's gifts as an expositor—it is just here that we come upon the secret of his success. His Bible-talks are *heart*-talks—the Book lives in the heart of this man, and *he* lives in the heart of the Book.

> It is my business [Dr. Morgan has declared] to give myself to the work of expounding the teaching of the Bible concerning God and man in its entirety. But I believe that I am to preach only what is revealed therein. There are many secrets not revealed in the Bible; there are many problems not solved there. My conception of my work gives me no right to offer solutions of these problems which I have evolved from my own thinking, or speculations which I have made concerning these mysteries. As a matter of fact I have solutions of my own to many of these problems, but I never offer them to my congregations.
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> A man whose ministry is wholly Biblical, does not approach the chaos he finds around him with the intention of discovering how to deal with it. He goes to it with the authoritative word and instruction of God. To put it in another way, his business is that of interpreting, and applying to life the eternal principles revealed in the Bible, which being obeyed, all other things fall into their proper place and proportion.
>
> It is my business. . . .

And surely there can be none—none, that is, sufficiently familiar with Dr. Morgan's life and work to entitle them to pass judgment—who are prepared to assert or maintain that he has failed to live up to that declaration both in spirit and letter. "It is my business!" The expounding of God's holy Word has been and *is,* the paramount passion of his life.

Beyond the contention of all tenable controversy, the Bible is Dr. Morgan's main reliance. Not only does he open the treasure-house of Scripture to thousands and make the Bible a new book for them, but he imparts to great numbers the yearning to become Bible students—which yearning they crystallize into action. He shows men and women how to mine for hidden riches; how to study a given book, as a whole, and chapter by chapter; how to become keen, observant, thorough readers of familiar texts; how to make the Bible contributory, not only to a man's spiritual development, but to his work as a servant of Christ. He drives straight to the heart of the Scripture that is being considered, laying it bare, and riveting the attention of his hearers upon it, by the compelling character of his interpretations. He startles, challenges, exalts, and convinces those to whom his words are given, who find it next to impossible to escape the impression he intends them to convey. In the hands of Campbell Morgan the Bible becomes a new book, and belief in Jesus as Saviour and Lord an essential and a vital thing in the life of mankind.

In his chosen work of expounding the Scriptures Dr. Morgan (in the main) adheres to the old methods—first, the central idea, out of which grow the divisions, which he arranges with lucidity and graphically elaborates. His word-pictures of Old and New Testament incidents and scenes are marvellously vivid and striking, abounding in colour and vitality. And the spiritual message of it all goes straight to the heart, so that its influence is felt, and the fruit of it seen, after many intervening days.

> If I were asked to name the salient characteristics of Dr. Morgan's expositions of Holy Scripture [says Dr. Marvin Dean] they would be these: First, the experience of a great mind in action. To follow the processes of that mind as revealed in his expository work is fascinating to thoughtful people. Next, there is the fact of his having been a born teacher. He is a man who does not despise elemental, pedagogical work. His addresses average an hour and a quarter in length. He begins at a lower point than almost any other preacher I have ever heard, and rises to a higher point, and he carries substantially his every hearer all the way through.
>
> Then there is his inexorable habits as a student. What he gives out is the product of his own hard thinking and close application to the theme in hand. His marvellous messages on the historic Christ consist of a study of each one of the Four Gospels prefaced by a preliminary look at the entire four in one address. This does not sound original, but it should be supplemented by the statement that for hundreds of people these Gospels will be forever transformed. One secret of his ability to take a Gospel and give it out as though it were an utterly new production just issued from the press is found in the fact that Dr. Morgan begins his study of any book of the Bible by first reading it aloud fifty times. Following these fifty or more readings, he begins the microscopic study of the book, and then prepares his outline. After he has come through to his distilled essence of the book he turns to exegetical works, even to the expositions of other preachers. The vital thing is this: he pays the price of expository power by the hardest kind of general and special study of the theme to be considered.

Dr. Morgan finds—he will *always* find—in Holy Scripture the peculiar and authoritative disclosure of the mind and will of God, from which he educes that which is profitable for the building up of men in righteousness. He has an unequalled faculty for grasping the content and import of a single book; on the other hand, he communicates to his hearers an hitherto unrealized sense of the unity, the sweep, the high spiritual significance of the Old and New Testaments. In addition he is able to deal with "old" texts and familiar passages so that they shine in so revelatory a way as to make them instinct with new meaning, and to lead a listener to say to himself, " I never saw it after *that* fashion before," and to realize that, as the result of this illuminating moment, life, for him, is never quite so common again.

This latter trait is, in one man's judgment, the choicest of Dr. Morgan's manifold gifts. There are Christian men and women out of count, who are simply steeped in Biblical terminology. It is part and parcel of their common speech and pervades every avenue of their lives. During the hours of public worship it is the medium of corporate expression and mutual intercourse. So familiarized are they with it that the conventional, lifeless reading given it in their hearing by perfectly well-intentioned yet utterly static preachers, leaves them quite untouched by the wizardry of its message, and renders them almost oblivious of its voice, which reaches their inner consciousness much as the humming of a tune carried on in a distant room reaches the organ of their physical hearing. Apathy, born of continual but mechanical contact descends upon their souls; spiritual realities are obscured and rendered harder of access, while the familiar words of Holy Scripture appear to have become as an idle tale, to have yielded their every mite of counsel, their every grain of comfort, their final word of cheer.

Then Dr. Morgan swings into the ken of these sated folk lending freshness to the familiar, making the Bible breathe again, with a new and human interest. For how many thousands in this, and his native land, has he accomplished just this very thing! In his hands, the Bible becomes less a cabinet of precious coins of truth than a landscape with figures that are alive and in motion. The revealed Word, as he expounds it, drips with human kindness rather than bristles with august authority.

Polemics and exegesis are subordinated to a fine spirit of persuasiveness. Dr. Morgan is an advocate, more anxious to win assent than to silence contradiction. He is less a Bombastes Furioso running amok than a Fra Angelica reflecting in face and speech the beams of love and devotion. It is not invidious to say, moreover, even when all his work has a surprisingly and satisfying quality, that Dr. Morgan rises to his best in his treatment of the relation of reason and faith. Here there is a penetration of thought, a beauty and pungency of expression, a triumphant march of argumentation that compels a surrender of mind to the poignant appeal. In a word of his own, he enables his hearers to realize that "reason and faith are the warp and woof in the fabric of the life of the spirit," and that "the faith that does not come from reason is to be doubted, and the reason that does not lead up to faith to be feared."

One cannot listen to Dr. Morgan's expositions of Holy Scripture without feeling the futility of the activities of the human mind when attempting an elucidation of spiritual problems, outside the certainties and realities of revealed Truth,—of the folly of

"Dropping buckets into empty wells
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

But with this feeling, comes also the assurance that the Truth is safe, while Time endures.

"The waves of unbelief mount and recede,
And jar the century with strong unrest;
They carry back the sands of many a creed,
But only leave the Rock more manifest."

Dr. Morgan gives us all to see that the abiding wonder of the Holy Scriptures is their universality. They cover the length and breadth, the depth and height of human experience. There is no attribute of God; no phase of the myriad aspirations, sorrows, burdens, perplexities, doubts and duties of the human soul; no relationship of God and man or of man to man, that is not touched upon in the Book of books. There is even no social, civic, national or international problem that does not there find its answer. Fifty—sixty—years of preaching cannot exhaust the themes of the Bible. There is as much truth as humour in Ian Maclaren's old Scotch preacher in *Kate Carnegie,* who started to expound one of the Epistles but never got beyond the first chapter, so rich was its lode of truth.

Yet despite the inexhaustible character of the Bible as sermonic material, it is a notorious fact that many present-day preachers confess themselves as being sorely put to, to discover subjects on which to base discourses, which can be depended upon to attract the people to public worship, and to keep them coming to church with any reasonable degree of regularity.

It has been charged, too, that after the first two years or so, the average preacher constantly repeats himself. No matter what are the texts he chooses, he harks back to pretty much one set of ideas, before his sermon is concluded. In the course of a couple of years, any regular member of his congregation—one, that is, paying some little attention to the character of the preaching given it—knows, even before he goes to church, what he will be almost certain to hear—a particular preacher's gospel. Whole areas of life are left untouched, multitudes of problems left unsolved, while the preacher grows tiresome and the hearer thoroughly fatigued. What is the remedy for this state of affairs? It is no hypothetical malady that is here outlined; on the contrary, it is a very real, a very wide-spread ailment and something or other requires to be done about it, and that right early.

It is the profound conviction of the present writer that the remedy is not far to seek. It is to be found in a return to Biblical, to expository preaching, to preaching such as Campbell Morgan has given his congregations for more than a generation—such as he is still giving those who sit at his feet. It is inconceivable that there should be any such a thing as sameness or monotony in a man's preaching, if he address him to, and pilot his congregation through, the books of the Bible. Dr. Morgan is a case in point. Nobody, one supposes, doubts the fine quality of his mind, nor the unusually fine forensic and histrionic gifts that are his. Dr. Morgan has never suffered from any lack of appreciation nor has he known the soul-numbing experience of those compelled to eat the black, bitter bread of neglect. His worth is known and the honourable place he has so splendidly won for himself, is universally and ungrudgingly conceded him. But can any one imagine Dr. Morgan retaining unimpaired for close upon forty years the enviable qualities of versatility, suggestiveness, and whole-heartedness that, unquestionably, are his, had he become, and having become, elected to remain, a topical preacher? If there be such an one in the world, he is endowed with imaginative faculties far greater than those to which the present chronicler can pretend.

One cannot dissociate Dr. Morgan from the Scriptures, nor conceive of him in any other rôle, whether in the pulpit or on the rostrum, than that of a preacher, an expositor of the Bible. In the study of the Word he has found the mind of the Spirit, which discovery has enabled him to expound that Word more freshly and suggestively than any other man of his time.

Dr. Morgan is the brilliant leader of a race of preachers apparently fast dying out [says Frederick Atkins]. In a recent article, "*What Is the Matter With Preaching?*" a certain well-known modernist has rather ridiculed expository preaching. Am I far wrong in assuming that virtually all our greatest preachers —Joseph Parker, Charles Haddon Spurgeon and Alexander Maclaren, for example—were expository preachers? This writer declares that " the Bible is a searchlight not so much intended to be looked at, as to be thrown upon a shadowed spot." But I should say that the definite objective of all good expository preaching is not, as has been playfully suggested, " to find out what happened to the Jebusites," but to discover the meaning of God's message to mankind and apply it to contemporary human problems.

For some years, it was the privilege of the writer of these pages to hear Dr. Morgan deliver his expository sermons with fair regularity—sometimes, for weeks together. He has heard him, for example, take his people through a comprehensive study of the teachings of Jesus, bringing together (or seeming to) everything the Master had to say about God, man, and human relationships to both. Even the dullest member of his congregation must have been conscious in every service of being present on a great occasion—must have felt, too, that Dr. Morgan was dealing with the greatest truths ever uttered—the words of Jesus. There was an unmistakable *bigness* in the preaching, a kaleidoscopic variety in every sermon. Week by week Dr. Morgan spoke about what Jesus taught concerning His Father; with the question of who were one's neighbours; with the cure for sin; with the secret of a happy life. Expository preaching, all of it, yet of a character so choice and enheartening as to render the thought of exchanging it for any other known, or possible to the art of preaching the wide world over, an unthinkable eventuality.

Similarly, when Dr. Morgan piloted his congregation through the Parables of the New Testament. Here again, a conspicuous variety of truth would be unveiled. Not a phase of human experience appeared to be left undealt with, not a shadowed corner of life remaining unillumined;

not a human merit unrecognized or unadorned. Or it would be the Epistles. Here again, one saw how every deliverance differed, by a world's breadth, from the others, save in the one unifying particular which rendered them irrevocably akin.

Again, it could be the Old Testament—especially the books of the prophets and the Psalms. In Dr. Morgan's hands both the one and the other were given a Divine import, and a human appeal. The stories of the ancient seers, the cry of the Psalmist's heart, were made to breathe the assurance of the soul seeking God and finding Him; of a Divine redemption which reaching down to the most abysmal depth to which human nature can descend, lifts it to the very gates of heaven. No emotion felt by man in subsequent ages remains unvoiced in the Old Testament, and there Dr. Morgan lifted up, in order to demonstrate to those who listened to him that all emotion and suffering of humanity is shot through and through by the light of God.

And there were other courses, through which Dr. Morgan steered the people of his flock. Upon every theme they watched the play of a mind richly stored, yet literally saturated with the spirit of one Book. They were given the benefit, in the matters of spiritual guidance, of a vivid yet chaste imagination, a gift of crystal-clear expression, an assurance—a conviction—which doubt could not assail, a moral earnestness which swept down like a desert-storm, a piercing discernment of the follies of humanity, an even deeper penetration of the truth of God and an unfailing declaration of a burning message of hope and reconciliation for the erring soul and the doubting heart. All these rich and fruitful qualities Dr. Morgan brought to his great Biblical expositions during the period with which this part of our narrative has to do. But that is not all. It is precisely these choice and truly wonderful qualities that he still brings to bear upon his work of preaching the truths and teachings of the Holy Scriptures. Those who listen to him are always sure of wideness, scope, universality, comprehensiveness which makes understandable to gentle and simple alike, the truths of the one Book, which still remains the myriad-voiced revelation of God and man.

IX

THE INNER CIRCLE

AS he stands revealed by his public ministry, George Campbell Morgan is known throughout the English-speaking world. Through the written and the spoken word, countless numbers have met him and felt the force of his personality. Through these same channels, too, he himself, has found a way to the hearts of men and women in almost every clime.

Apart from this world of spiritual fellowships, however, Dr. Morgan's personal friendships have been comparatively few. The inner circle is not large, but those who stand within it, ***know,*** of a very truth, that (as was written in another and greater connection) "neither death nor life . . . nor things present nor things to come," is able to separate them from its benign and glowing influence. Said a London minister (quite unknown to Dr. Morgan) a short while ago:

> I have watched Morgan for many years, and have never known him to go back on a friend. Fortunate, indeed, are those who are his intimates. They will never be without a friend while Morgan lives. He will cling to the end. Like the British bulldog that he is, he will never loose his hold.

Of his lofty conception of the dual rôle of husband and father, this chronicler has not the slightest reason to treat. His devotion to every member of his family is an equally self-demonstrable fact. But it is something simply and plainly due to a great Christian to say, that his career is a living witness to all those ideals of unfailing integrity, good faith and wise generosity, which are particularly dear to English men and women, and to those of their blood and kin the wide world over. He is absolutely free from any self-righteous or self-seeking impulse. His charity makes every allowance for those who fall below his own standards of living; but he spares no denunciation of any sordid and deliberate fraud, or studied meanness, or entrenched hypocrisy. And it is scarcely possible for any one to have a more understanding or considerate friend than he who finds one in Campbell Morgan.

It is close on to sixty years since Campbell Morgan established his first friendship. This was at a time when the lad's heart was riven with sorrow, when he was lamenting piteously for the sister he had loved and lost. Into this hour of his young soul's darkness, came the boy, Frank Fifoot, and with him, as through a rift in a dark cloud, sunshine into the heart.

The boys received each other and were of each other received. Gradually the heart of young George warmed towards Frank, and the two became close companions. That is fifty-eight years ago, but the passing of time has served only to cement the friendship into a firmer, more unshakable fabric. Right through the years, Campbell Morgan has never ceased to thank God for Frank Fifoot, who came into his young life when all around seemed dark, and who has remained in it, " stedfast, unmovable, always abounding " in strong, loving fellowship. Whenever Dr. Morgan visits Cardiff, his companion, always, during his stay is Frank Fifoot. Friendship born in sorrow is friendship that abides.

Another friend through the passing of many years is Mr. E. Lawrence Levy, the man who was Principal of the Jewish Collegiate School at Birmingham, in the days when Dr. Morgan was a master in that institution. Mr. Levy, who, at one time, was the amateur weight-lifting champion of Britain, refers to Dr. Morgan in his book, *The Autobiography of an Athlete,* in the following terms:

> How did I come to draw Campbell Morgan, the great luminary of Nonconformity, into the pale of my acquaintanceship *via* the athletic life? Very simply. He was my assistant master for three years (1883–1886) at Denbigh Lodge Collegiate School, Birmingham. In that capacity, he not only gave the usual instruction, but superintended the boys' cricket, and took part in their football besides. He excelled in the former. He was a good bowler, and used to captain the boys in all their matches. In football he good-naturedly endured the vigorous charges I was then able to make. I captained my team, and he his. He left me to study for the ministry and ultimately occupied a prominent position among Nonconformists of Birmingham. The rest is history. But whenever he has been interviewed, he has never failed to refer to the years he spent so pleasantly at Denbigh Lodge, nor omitted to mention the benefit he derived from a participation in the physical exercises he saw and practised there.

This appreciation is supplemented by a word from Mr. Levy, written about a year ago, in which he declares that among the many " sweet-smelling savours arising from the altar of reminiscence one of the sweetest is the identity of Dr. George Campbell Morgan with the Birmingham Jewish Collegiate School, 75, Wheeley's Road, Edgbaston, where I still live," says Mr. Levy, " after fifty-five years."

> Let me " recall the days of old " [Mr. Levy goes on]. In 1883 I needed an assistant master and chanced to mention the fact to a friend, Mr. Leworthy of Emmanuel Schools, who said that a young teacher, just about to leave him, would suit me. On Mr. Leworthy's introduction, George Campbell Morgan " came, saw, and conquered." He was precisely what I wanted —young, of presentable appearance, educated to the standard of my School, the very man. I engaged him, and for some two and a half years I had the pleasure of " entertaining an angel unawares." With the boys he was ideal. He joined in their sports,

captained them at cricket when, under his direction, they played representative teams of the private schools of the city and its environs. He was the soul of patience with the boys and I doubt if he ever lost his temper, even in a mild degree. If he showed irritation at all, it was with my tactics at football, which candour compels me to admit was deserved. He won the esteem of my daughters, who were educated, mentally and physically, with the boys, and captured the regard of my dear wife, now gone from me. He was as welcome in our parlour as he was in the schoolroom. He enjoyed the most affectionate regard of the boys, who most mysteriously detected in him—boys have that power—characteristics which endear a master to his pupils, and *vice versa.* His old boys have retained their love for him, and, in later life, have revelled in the fact that they met Campbell Morgan as they lovingly, but never familiarly, called him.

For some considerable time following his leaving me, I lost sight of him. When next I heard of him he had attained a most distinguished position in English Nonconformity. He called on me at Denbigh Lodge, after the School was " no more, and its place knew it no longer."

I am only too proud to recognize in Dr. George Campbell Morgan the one time Assistant Master at my Jewish Collegiate School. I have listened to him over the radio and, for the time being, at any rate, he had no more ardent admirer, no more appreciative listener, than the one he so good-naturedly recalls as his " Old Chief."

Another dear and valued friend of Dr. Morgan's was Rev. Samuel Nutton of Tunstall, in North Staffordshire. The two men were as brothers, and as often as it were at all possible, Mr. Nutton would secure the services of Dr. Morgan for his church in the Potteries.

Although it was a quite familiar sight to see the two men together, yet those who witnessed it never became quite accustomed to it or able to regard it without amusement. Samuel Nutton was under five feet in height, and in the company of his tall friend appeared to be even shorter than he really was. In order to engage in anything like an intelligible conversation when walking abroad, it was necessary for Campbell Morgan to bend and Samuel Nutton to crane his neck. But the men were perfectly at ease in each other's company, and despite the apparent physical inconvenience attending the process, engaged continuously in happy converse. Samuel Nutton was as bright and as joyous as he was short. Dr. Morgan used to declare it to be impossible for any one to be bored if he lived near to, and enjoyed the privilege of personally knowing Samuel Nutton. " For," said he, " the man is the very essence of good-will and the soul of good humour."

Some of the most intimate and enduring of Dr. Morgan's friendships have been, and still are, among members of the Wesleyan Methodist denomination—the Church in which much of his early preaching was done. There was, for example, the strong attachment which sprang up between Campbell Morgan and John Gregory Mantle—" the man with the pencil "—whose adverse judgment in the matter of the former's candidature for the Wesleyan ministry, lost the Methodist Church one destined to become a world-famous preacher. Gregory Mantle came to entertain a very strong affection for Campbell Morgan, and the feeling was reciprocated in ample measure. As stated in an earlier part of this narrative, clouds gathered about Mantle in the evening of his days, and there came a time when he sorely needed friends. In that dark hour, chief among those whose loyalty remained unshaken, was Campbell Morgan. So far as Gregory Mantle's " flunking " of Dr. Morgan goes, it may be said that altogether too much importance has been attached to the " blunder," and too much stress laid on the potentialities of the alleged error. It can be pretty confidently assumed that even if Campbell Morgan *had* entered the Wesleyan Methodist ministry, he would not have remained in it for very long. The Methodist Forward Movement of later years, which in all probability would have brought Campbell Morgan to a great preaching centre, had not been born in 1888, and the duties of a Wesleyan itinerant—usually with four or five minor places to oversee, in addition to the chief chapel of his circuit—would not have permitted the continual and sometimes lengthened absences which the work Campbell Morgan has done in the world, demanded. It is idle to imagine Dr. Morgan being anything other than he is, or of his following any course other than he has. He would have been just Campbell Morgan in any communion under the sun. Possibly Mantle did him a good turn; certainly he did him no harm; in all probability, too, the Wesleyan Church benefited by the process; it is very certain the peoples of two continents did—to a point beyond the province of easy or ordinary computation.

Another exceptionally happy friendship which Dr. Morgan continues to enjoy among the Wesleyans is that which exists between himself and Dr. T. Ferrier Hulme, of Bristol, who has spent fifty-five years in the active ministry, and is still a welcome and forceful visitor to conventions and district gatherings.

> I seem to have touched Dr. Morgan at several stages of his remarkable career [said Dr. Hulme recently]. My ministerial duties often take me to Tetbury where he was born. The people there talk of his last visit, a year or two back, during which he called on an aged and blind mother in Israel, who had been an intimate friend of his own mother in her early days. " I prayed for you *before* you were born," said the dear old saint, " and I have prayed for you every day since." There was unfeigned tenderness in the kiss that Dr. Morgan imprinted on her kindly old face before he left her. *She had prayed for him before he was born!*
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> Then, in my very early ministry in Hull, over forty years ago, I heard much of the gifted young evangelist who could always reckon on a crowd; of the expert young fisherman who rarely drew in the Gospel net without " a good catch." A few years later, in my charge at Holly Park in North London, I had near

me three famous churches and three famous preachers. Not the least popular was the youngest of the trio, who crowded New Court Church with a congregation drawn thither by his electric personality and searchful expositions of Holy Scripture.

I first came to know him intimately, however, about thirty years ago. He came to conduct a Mission in my church at Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, but illness compelled him to relinquish the work after the fourth day. But the recollection of the blessing that attended even so short a season is still memorable with me.

Several years later, I took a liberty with him that I trust he has by this time fully forgiven. I was lecturing one night in Cardiff on some such subject as " The Christian Church and the Present Day Outlook," when all of a sudden Dr. Morgan walked in with his friend, Frank Fifoot. I recovered my composure and then made an announcement. " I will deliver the first part of this lecture," I said, " and then call on Dr. Campbell Morgan to deal with the second." Dr. Morgan not only redeemed the evening from mediocrity, but lifted us, in masterly fashion, to that region where mere mortals may sit with Christ Jesus in heavenly places.

I refrain from many personal reminiscences of his public ministry, to refer with feelings of gratitude to the visit I paid, along with my wife, to his Californian home at Glendale. Now I know why he calls his house " Ataraxia." There were many evidences about it of what Charles Wesley calls " careful Martha's hands and loving Mary's heart." I do not propose to lift the veil of privacy, to which every home is entitled, but I dare, without betrayal of confidence, say as much as this: Those few lovely days of pure delight proved to be the finest illustration I have yet met, of some lines of Charles Wesley's in one of his well-known hymns:

" Careful without a care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
But kept in peace by Jesu's name,
Supported by His smile."

There you have a pretty accurate description of " Ataraxia " as we found it, away in the golden West.

It was during this visit I persuaded Dr. Morgan to get his first glimpse of a Wesleyan Conference. It was to meet in Liverpool that July, and it so happened that he was in Manchester that very week, so Herbert Cooper brought him over, and he sat by me during a revealing discussion on our theological colleges. Every man on the platform came along to grip his hand with affection, and when the time came for his introduction to the President, and through him to the Conference, every face and heart were aglow. It was as if with one voice the assembly said: " We are all your debtors." Dr. Morgan did not offer to speak but the Conference insisted, so with a few gracious words he delighted us all. We Methodists have always felt him to be one of us, and we were all deeply thankful for this actual touch of kinship—the one touch of a lifetime.

Then there was the saintly (now sainted) F. B. Meyer. Dr. Meyer's love for Campbell Morgan was a beautiful thing to behold. Here were two men, outwardly widely apart and differing, yet inwardly, and in the things of the spirit, the same. One in their love for the Gospel, one in their passion to extend its sway, the two men itinerated together, preached and lodged together, ministering to the same people, loving the same things. Shortly before his death, nearly two years ago, Dr. Meyer wrote a brief word concerning his brother in the Lord:

> My acquaintance with my dear friend Campbell Morgan dates back to the eighties of the last century [he says], when he was living in Birmingham and I in Leicester. He was then young and at the beginning of the ministry which has made him one of the greatest apostles of revival, consecration, and Bible study in this generation. Since then, though separated by distance which allowed for only intermitted fellowship, our love and faith have never altered.

The friendship of Dr. Morgan and Dr. John Murdoch MacInnis covers a long stretch of years. It has weathered some stormy days and stood the strain of critical hours. To-day, that friendship remains unimpaired, and Dr. MacInnis does not hesitate to testify with frank admiration concerning his friend.

Dr. Morgan was discovered to this country by that peerless student of men—D. L. Moody [says Dr. MacInnis]. We immediately recognized him as one of the arresting, challenging personalities of our generation. . . . No one could engage him in conversation for an hour without realizing that poetry, rhythm, and beauty were wrought into the physical fibre of the man and permeated his entire physical being.

Personally, I never saw him make an awkward move or gesture. When God made him He gave him the fashion of a thinker and prophet. Even his unusual and arresting appearance is, in a sense, an expression of his remarkable mental and spiritual life.

We recognized, at once, that he was highly trained and disciplined for the work of teaching to which he had definitely dedicated his life, and soon came to know that, in the sphere of Bible interpretation and exposition, he was one of the masters of our day. We came to discover, too, that he is widely oriented along other lines, but being a man of exquisite taste, he never paraded his learning in public address. This was not readily understandable here, and certain standardized men found it difficult to classify him. To-day he is generally recognized as a great, cultured thinker—the outstanding Bible teacher of our generation. As such he has had a very wide and wholesome influence upon the preaching and church life of America. . . .

From the beginning he refused to be identified with any extreme group, but insisted on standing on the common ground of evangelical truth, as held by the true heart of the Church throughout the centuries. This has not meant compromise or silence so far as the great fundamentals of the faith are concerned. No fair-minded man could ever accuse Dr. Morgan of hesitancy in the proclamation of the great truths of Scripture. He *stands* on them and allows the Word of God to shine in its own revealing light. He is not a defender of the Word—it needs no defence—but its expositor and witness. With the compelling challenge of this great work upon him, he has steadfastly refused to give himself to the propagation of pet theories. In his constructive ministry Dr. Morgan has supplied the very things which Moody missed in the Bible work with which he was familiar in his later years. " Instead of fighting error by the emphasis of truth," said the great evangelist, " there has been too much splitting of hairs, too often an exhibition of an unchristian spirit of bitterness." Dr. Morgan has fought error by his emphasis of the truth.

Dr. Morgan is a preacher and teacher with a decidedly philosophical mind. He knows that in Scripture he is dealing with an orderly world, and he is always seeking to understand truth in more comprehensive and far-flung relations. He has a remarkable way of bringing the vision and sweep of universal truth to every text and passage interpreted and proclaimed. He understands the Bible as a revelation from the living God, and his messages bring to his hearers the consciousness of God's sovereign rule challenging them to submission and service. . . . We can safely say that no man in our generation has had so vital an influence in leading the ministers of this country to a true Bible ministry. At the same time his wide itinerant ministry has created in large sections of the Church a hunger for genuine Bible preaching. There can be no doubt but that one of the outstanding needs of our day is for teachers who can intelligently interpret the Bible as a compelling message of righteousness; living voices who shall give utterance to a living word that challenges men to accept the way of life and service of a living God. Whether stationary or itinerating such a voice is Dr. Morgan in this land, and he has won for himself a wide and most sympathetic hearing.

The man with the mechanical instinct and bent of mind can never understand the prophetic soul who dares to be himself, and to accept his message from the Spirit of the living God, rather than through the peddlers of standardized expression, who are constantly looking for any departure from cut and dried creedal shibboleths. Therefore, Dr. Morgan has sometimes been misunderstood and seriously misrepresented by men who seem to have a peculiar taste for a certain sound of words and phrases, but have no vision of life and Christian ethics. . . .

His attitude of fine Christian charity in these circumstances has not only had a wholesome effect upon the Church, but has brought added regard to his own name and fame.

Dr. Morgan never apologizes for being an Englishman, nor tries to hide the fact of his passionate, unalloyed love for his own country. For this we love and admire him the more. At the same time he cannot hide his genuine love for America, nor his unstinted appreciation of all the fine things in our life and ideals. It is the old case of Greece and Rome all over again. Dr. Morgan captured the American heart, but his victory re-

> sulted in America getting into his life and thinking. He is truly English, but he is also one of us.
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> Of all the fine preachers Great Britain has sent over none has been more helpful to American church life; none has a larger place in our esteem and affections. We admire his remarkable gifts as a teacher and preacher. But more than that: he has won the love of our hearts because he is a prince among men—human, sympathetic and true.

Such are the testimonies of a few of the men and women who have been privileged to enjoy the friendship of Dr. Morgan. These people speak " that they do know and testify that they have seen." There are others, but this must suffice. In the rôle of friend Dr. Morgan has not failed to sustain the part in a manner commensurate with the best traditions of the character. Yet that is not to be wondered at, when we have a man conceiving of it in the spirit of the following splendid fashion:

> Sympathy is the power that, projecting life outside the circle of personality, shares the life of another, feeling the thrill of his joy and the pain of his woe [says Dr. Morgan]. That can only be realized when the friendship is in Jesus. There it can be, and is. Is my friend in trouble, difficulty, or temptation? I am his companion still—and his sorrow, perplexity, and anguish are mine also. Leave him now that he has fallen? Impossible. When he fell, I fell, and shall not feel erect again until he has made even his fall a stepping-stone to higher things.
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> Is my friend in joy, prosperity, or victory? I am yet with him, and the rapture, the success, the triumph are mine because they are his. Be jealous of his promotion? Again impossible. If he rise so do I, and his advancement is my progress, for we are one. . . .
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> Such friendships cannot be separated. Oceans and continents may divide, but mutual love laughs at them, and in daily service, prayer, and meditation, each is still with the other, thinking and planning and under the old influence to the mutual and abiding joy.

Winona Lake, Indiana, is one of the acknowledged beauty spots of North America. Here, on a summer's evening, water and sky become as one, reflecting the glory of departing day, and shedding their borrowed radiance upon the undulating landscape, the park, the flowers, and the trees. Here the Morgan home was, at one time, located for more than two years. Here, too, is the spacious Tabernacle where thousands attend the Bible Conferences each year. Here, also, is the Camp for Bethany Girls and these girls love and honour the name of Campbell Morgan, known to them as " The General."

Mrs. Besserer, Superintendent of the Bethany Girls at Winona, has known Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Morgan for many years. In a recent letter, she refers to the influence wielded by Dr. Morgan among the girls committed to her care.

> Like rays of warming sunlight, the influence of Dr. Morgan has been diffused over the lives of hundreds of Bethany Girls scattered throughout the world [says Mrs. Besserer].
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> To some he has been the leader, who patiently and prayerfully brought them step by step to the place of decision where they found their Lord and Saviour for the first time.
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> To others he has been the teacher, who opened up the Book of books, and clothed its pages with living light until it became the guiding influence of their lives, awakening them from the lethargy of nominal living into active, virile Christians.
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> To still others he has been the teacher of teachers, holding out the key that unlocked the hidden treasures of the Bible; turning the searchlight upon the pure white life of the Christ until He became a living, breathing Person; making the entire Book live anew, until these teachers have arisen from the plains of the mediocre to the heights of power, while those who sit at their feet wonder at their understanding of the Scriptures.
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> To all, Dr. Morgan held out a challenge. That challenge was to make the Bible the central, the focal point of their Christian activities. He has taught Bethany Girls to walk with their Lord day by day, to see with His eyes, until they too have looked with understanding and an open mind. With hearts that

responded to the guidance of the Holy Spirit's teaching they have gone out to become pioneers for God, blazing the trail for Bible teaching throughout the world.

But it is as a friend that one most lovingly regards the " General " (as we love to call him). He is at his best when sharing another's burdens, or happily entering into the success of a friend. When one is discouraged and ready to quit his words of encouragement bring cheer and comfort. In the hour of sorrow, he enters into its depths with sympathetic understanding. He is never to be found flinching when criticism or blame is a friend's portion, but ready to stand " alongside " in his hour of trial. Never is his ear closed, his heart empty or his sense of loyalty impaired. No man living has interpreted the word friendship in a richer, fuller fashion than Dr. Campbell Morgan.

All too often, the word " home " has meant for Dr. Morgan a pleasant house set in attractive surroundings which sheltered those near and dear to him, but from which he himself was separated by many a long, weary mile. Spending days, sometimes weeks and months, in hotel rooms, he receives and reads his letters from " th' hame folk," ere he addresses himself to the day's work. But on rare occasions, he would find himself able to get home with a margin to the good of a few days or a week, in which he would be privileged to join with his loved ones in the felicity of reunion. For a number of years past, Dr. Morgan's home has been called Ataraxia—meaning " restfulness of spirit," which indeed it is, not only for the Morgan family but for all to whom falls the good fortune of being invited to spend a day or two under its hospitable and altogether tranquillizing roof.

These periodical home-comings of the head of the household were always great events in the lives of the Morgan family. When the children—now grown to be men and women—were boys and girls, " Dad's " visits, all too infrequent, were hailed with unbounded delight. The four boys—Percival Campbell, Kingsley John, Frank Crossley and Howard Moody—are now ministers of the Gospel. All four recall the father's welcome appearances at home after prolonged absences quite vividly, and speak of them as being " halcyon days."

> Sometimes, Dad came home on a week-day, tired out with travelling and preaching [says one of them]. To our childish minds, the blame lay with the people—we imagined them as having worked him too hard. It may have been that we were right. After he had enjoyed a brief rest, we would approach him and whisper in his ear. " Come and have a game with us, Dad," we would ask.
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> " All right," he would answer, as the worried, tired expression vanished from his face. " Come along, lads." By the time that game was finished we had forgotten all about the folk who had made Dad tired, and the zest with which he entered into our play, betokened that he had forgotten them, too.
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> He could not play marbles well, and you may rest assured that we knew it. But he could play tennis and he could throw a ball with deadly accuracy; so far as cricket went, well, there was no possibility of any of us staying long at the wicket when Dad was on the job. Within a space of two or three minutes or so, one's bails would be off and his middle stump uprooted. Then, of course, we would go out to field and straightway get back at Dad—for he couldn't bat! Even when the feat of missing the ball appeared to be a physical impossibility, Dad would manage to accomplish it somehow! Down would go his wicket, and he would be out there bowling again. None of us had the slightest chance to " get set " or to play ourselves " in," as it is termed, with Dad bowling. You see, our cricket was a game of quick changes, of speedy transitions. We could never understand Surrey and other county elevens requiring three days in which to complete a game at the Oval. Why the players should have required such an unearthly time to get through a match was simply absurd. They should (we thought) have asked Dad to bowl!

Being English boys, cricket was to be expected. But these precious playing hours were not devoted exclusively to the national pastime, for all that. There was tennis, and other trials of strength and skill into which the father and his boys entered with zest, and from which they derived great delight.

> There were our weight-lifting competitions, for example [the son goes on]. Those who thought of Dad (he being gaunt and lean) as being frail, as possessing little physical strength, knew nothing of these competitions. We *did*, and thought him a very giant. He could lift a fifty-six-pound weight with ease, and swing it around his head. Then he would have *us* try, and laugh heartily when we failed to move the thing at all!
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> Yes, such days as these were bright and marked with cheer. But just the same we had our studying to do, and Dad to see that we did it. You may rest perfectly assured that having a one-time schoolmaster for a father was not all honey! He knew far more about school-work than (in our judgment) any father had a right to know. There were times at which we heartily wished he had never seen or heard tell of that Jewish school in Birmingham! We had to toe the line with our lessons, no slipshod work being tolerated, or any excuses for bad work regarded. Dad was our guide—reliable, efficient, knowing the way—but we had to follow the path he indicated without question or deviation; that is all there was to it. To-day, all four of us are mighty glad that Dad drilled us as he did, and he still remains what he was in those far-off days—his sons' ideal.

As stated in an earlier paragraph, Dr. Morgan's four sons are ministers of the Gospel. " P. C.'s " present sphere of service is Winnipeg, Manitoba, Kingsley John's in Monticello, Georgia, Frank Crossley's in Augusta, Georgia, and Howard Moody's in Lexington, Kentucky. Concerning their unanimity in becoming preachers, one of the four writes as follows:

> Our choosing the ministry as a vocation was a matter which lay directly and absolutely within the province of our own private judgment and faculty of selection. Dad never sought to influence us in any way. It was natural that we should want to preach, I suppose—the thing was in our blood. But the deciding factor was neither aptitude nor tendency, but example.

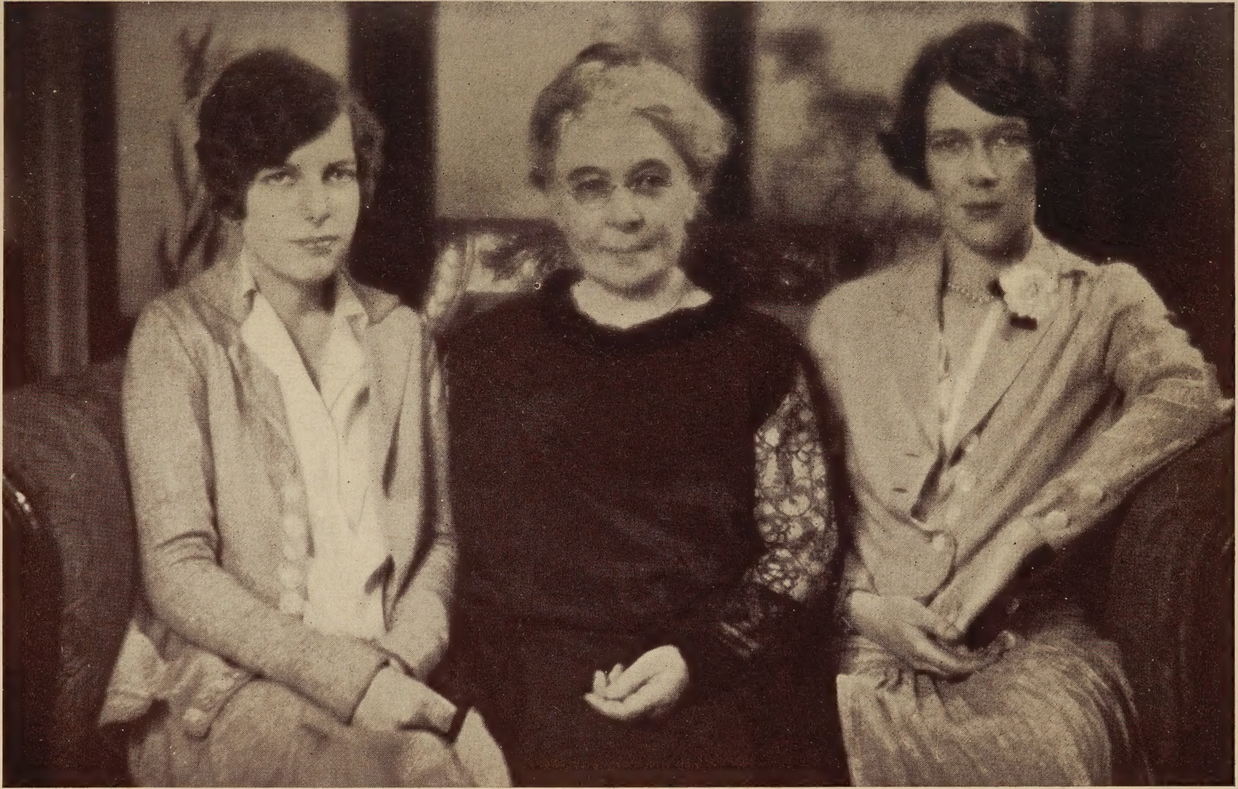
By their love and joy in each other's company; their lofty ideals; their tender, watchful care over the children God had given them; their loyalty to Jesus Christ and devotion to the Holy Word, our parents created an atmosphere in our home such as made our choice of the Christian ministry one of the most natural sequences imaginable. We all wanted to be ministers—to be like Dad! And none of us is ever likely to forget the gratitude and satisfaction which glowed in his face when, one after another, we announced our intention and made known our desire to follow in his footsteps—to become ministers of the Lord Jesus and of His Gospel.

This record, fragmentary as it is, would be rendered much more so, were it not to contain some word of testimony from Dr. Morgan's daughters, Kathleen and Ruth. They have known him as his sons have never known him, and the paragraphs immediately following are written by the elder of the two girls:

As children, I think we stood rather in awe of Dad [she says]. He was a sort of godlike being, high above us, living in a world we could not comprehend. We were all just a little afraid of him, because, somehow, to us, he appeared to be something more than a mere man. His word was law—always; not because we understood his reasons, but simply because we heard his word. He was a tremendously busy man, and we never became intimate with him. Only on very rare occasions would he be at home to join in our games. But what splendid times—what red-letter days these always were!

The years passed, and the time came for Ruth and me to go away to school. The boys were already away. Then we became even more of strangers to one another. We girls were at the self-conscious stage, shy of our own voices, and scarcely old enough to have any opinions of our own. When we were at home for the holidays, there was still the old awe with regard to Dad. He was still far too wonderful, altogether too big, to be talked to, as an ordinary person.

Other years passed—black, terrible war-years, which, although we were but young when we lived through them, we shall never be able to forget. We came to America to live. The boys married, and left home. Only Ruth and I were left. Then came



MRS. CAMPBELL MORGAN AND HER DAUGHTERS
Left to Right: Ruth, Mrs. Morgan, Kathleen Annie

a year that gave me my chance. I was to travel with Dad, doing his correspondence for him, during one whole summer vacation. I well remember how proud and frightened I was at the idea—how fearful lest I should fail in doing the work satisfactorily. I'll never forget my first week away from home, and the very first letter I " took " from Dad. It was quite the biggest ordeal of my life!

Since that time, now nearly seven years ago, I have been with him almost constantly. Either Ruth or I have been with him all the time. Until the day I die, I shall be thankful for those years during which my Dad became my chum—my pal—the very best friend I have ever had. I learned to know him—not only as the preacher *in* the pulpit, but as the man out of it. He is the biggest human being I have ever known. His kindness and sympathy have never failed me, and there have been times when I needed both pretty badly. We have travelled many a long mile together—across Canada, through the States—and, always, he has been the perfect companion. His ability to understand one is wonderful; and when—as was, of course, sometimes the case—he didn't quite agree with something I was doing, I knew he was standing by, ready to help after I had discovered myself to be wrong, and him to be right. Above all, his never-ceasing belief in one, made it impossible to go very far out of the way.

Quite often people have enquired as to whether I didn't get lonely on these tours, for friends of my own age? Those who asked little know my Dad! He is as young in heart as I am, and has *never* forgotten that he was once as young in years. Others have asked: " Don't you get tired, sometimes, of going to meetings? " My answer is: " Never—not when Dad is the preacher! " Some of his sermons I know almost word for word, and yet they never grow stale, are never the same. Always he makes them fresh and new, and every time he preaches them, I see some new light thrown upon their theme. He has made the Bible a living book to me. Fortified by his teaching, I went through school where questions arose, some of them seemingly unanswerable, unscathed, and with a faith that never faltered.

I have witnessed young people out of number go away from Dad and his teaching with a new light shining in their eyes. They had a glimpse, for the first time, maybe, of something of the glory of being a follower of Jesus Christ. I have heard old people come to speak to him, with blessings on their lips. They had heard, again, the message of their childhood. Men in the strength of manhood, and women in full womanhood, have come to him with words of thankfulness for a faith reaffirmed after years of doubt. He paints the Bible in picture-words, so that one has to see, whether he wants to, or not. The people of the Gospel stories live again as he talks. Everything is made so plain that you wonder why you have never seen it all for yourself long before.

But, behind this power, lie years and years of strenuous toil. Hours, days, weeks, locked away in his study, searching, studying, listening, poring over the Word—while outside that study door his children were growing up to whom he was almost a stranger! Yet not one of us, however, would undo those yesterdays. There was always Mother as the link between us. She was the guardian of that locked door, but was always on hand to hear our tales of woe. As I am writing these lines on the forty-first anniversary of the day on which Dad first saw Mother it seems most fitting that I pay my tribute to her, too. If Dad has been our ideal, Mother has been the hub of our universe. She has given her time and strength untiringly, to her husband and her children; and, now, to her children's children! She never grows tired in the service of her loved ones, and yet has time left over to remember a host of friends, scattered all over the world. She never forgets a kindness, and any one who is kind to her husband or to one of her children, is counted among *her* friends, for all time. In a word, she is—Mother.

And so these two, dearest to their children, have upheld, through all the passing years the true meaning of marriage. They have so *lived* their Christianity during every day of their lives, that it has been a thing impossible for their children not to believe what *they* believe. To have disbelieved it, would have been to act as one might who denied the fact of the sun or the sea!

There is so much that I have not said; and I wonder if there be any value in the little that I have? Perhaps I have said enough, however, to show that the theme is too vast, too complex, too near my heart, to even begin to do it justice. But if this word of mine fills a tiny corner somewhere in the record, I shall be glad and proud.

There is no fussiness at "Ataraxia," only an exquisite exercise of the faculty of making one feel completely at home without appearing to do so. It is a house that is a home, in which love, and confidence, and happiness and merry laughter find ample and permanent lodgment. It is a house of work, of course; it is also a house of play—genuine, joyous, spirited play. It is " Ataraxia."

It is a place where the day begins in sunny fellowship—at the breakfast table—where peace reigns the whole day through. It is a home where the day commences with prayer and praise. Thick carpets enable one to move about noiselessly, and when breakfast and prayers are over, a silence falls upon the place broken only by an occasional sound from the kitchen, the tapping of a typewriter in the secretary's room, or an occasional bark from Skeezix or Balder playing on the lawn. Dr. Morgan has gone into his study and the door is shut!

The guardian of the door is Mrs. Morgan just as she has been guardian of her home, her husband and her children ever since the day two and forty years ago, when at Market Drayton, in " old, feudal Salop," she became the wife of George Campbell Morgan. This gracious lady is guardian of her loved ones and of their friends. Bearing them up always in her prayers, she has the unqualified love of them all; her letters, treasured by friends all over the world, bespeak in every line their authorship and place of origin—they are messages from " Ataraxia." At the time of his ordination, Howard, the youngest of her minister-sons, was asked this question: " Whom do you consider the best preacher of the family? "

It is more than probable that the question was intended to give the young minister an opportunity to name his father. Howard looked hard in the direction of Dr. Morgan who was standing near him. Then, he very deliberately answered: " Mother! "

Behind the study door, of which, as just recorded, Mrs.

Morgan is the faithful guardian, her husband is busy at his daily task. It is a long room in which he sits, with every available inch of space occupied. The walls are as thickly studded with pictures as a portrait gallery, for the owner of the study loves to have about him the pictures of his friends. D. L. Moody occupies a prominent place, as does Joseph Parker. Here are Bramwell Booth and F. B. Meyer; here, too, are Dale, and Jowett, and Silvester Horne; Albert Swift, Samuel Nutton, George Macgregor, T. Charles Williams, Frederick A. Atkins—dear friends all, with whom Campbell Morgan travelled part of the road, but who, for the most part, have gone up the shining way ahead of him into that sphere of fuller service, wherein faithful servants are given larger tasks and enter into the joy of their Lord. There are other pictures, too, of men still at work for their Master in many countries, who by their devotion to the task they have undertaken, are helping to usher in the fuller day of the Saviour's Kingdom.

Below the pictures and along the four walls of the room, range row upon row of crowded bookcases; on the centre table a receptacle for lexicons and various translations of the Scriptures; close at hand is an open Bible, bearing obvious signs of incessant use and constant wear. Over the doorway hangs a framed motto—" One with God is a majority "—which has occupied this position in Dr. Morgan's study, no matter where located, ever since the days of his earliest ministerial charge at Stone.

System—method—everywhere. Not a pencil out of place, not a pen anywhere, except in a container. Everything is in order and in its place. Dr. Morgan's love of system characterizes all his work, even his desultory reading. All his books are marked inside the cover with the date of reading, and of every volume he reads, he afterwards makes notes in books specially made for the purpose.

All letters are dictated, and every letter receives an answer, if possible, immediately. This is a law, as rigid as that of the Medes and Persians, in Dr. Morgan's study. A copy of every letter written is kept on file for seven years, and a record of the number of letters written is also kept.

Even when travelling, the same leather bag is used for the same books and sermons, and the same place in the bag is always taken up by the same Bible. In his hotel room, wherever he is, the second drawer always contains Dr. Morgan's sermons and lectures, which are all numbered consecutively.

Everything in the study is card-indexed, tabulated, catalogued. Dr. Morgan is never at a loss where to find a reference or verify a quotation. There is less time spent in hunting up data in this study than possibly any other place on the planet, where original and constructive mental labour is undertaken.

Complete records are kept and from them we learn, that up to the end of July, 1929—taking no account of the current year—Dr. Morgan in the course of his work had travelled seven hundred and fourteen thousand and forty-two miles; crossed the Atlantic forty-nine times, and since he entered upon his work as a minister of the Gospel had preached twenty thousand and eighty-three sermons, in addition to his work as lecturer.)

One in whom Dr. Morgan has found an invaluable helper for more than thirty years, is his private secretary, Miss Winifred M. Howell. Her term of association with Dr. Morgan dates back to 1897 and to Tollington Park days. During the intervening years she has proved herself to be eminently fitted for the duties she then entered upon, and which to be able to continue to discharge, she regards as being a very high privilege.

"The work of Miss Howell is a labour of love, wherein nothing, however tedious, is a burden," is Dr. Morgan's tribute. "In full sympathy with my methods, and loving the work that I do, she has entered into the spirit of it, and is a most valued friend and fellow-labourer."

Miss Howell has witnessed, at close quarters, the activities of a great and a notable ministry. She has watched the sowing, she has seen something of the harvest. She has been near at hand when a devoted servant of God has gone forth to his toil in the morning, she has witnessed his return, faint yet pursuing when day was done.

Stories of Dr. Morgan? I think I could relate them for hours —for days—and still there would be more to tell [Miss Howell declares]. I could recall, for example, those happy days when we were all together at Westminster—of the wonderful experiences gained in the work—of Dr. Morgan's joy when these experiences were told him—of his encouraging words to each of us, when a little perplexed or disheartened. We were one big family of workers, and he, as father, helping and guiding us in our various tasks. A goodly part of our strength and joy in service was due to those inspiring Staff-gatherings on Friday evenings.*

I often think of those days. I shall *always* think of them, I believe, until the day when we shall all meet again above. Then, perhaps we shall go over again those incidents that made us so glad; and the words, "Do you remember?" will be often spoken by us.

I could speak, too, of many unusual incidents which marked the years when I was privileged to travel with Dr. Morgan, and of the campaigns in two countries, conducted by him. I witnessed some truly wonderful manifestations of Divine grace—times when it seemed to me as though the windows of heaven were opened, and we gazed upon the splendour of the visions. Never shall I be able to forget those great meetings in Washington, D. C., during which Dr. Morgan and William Jennings Bryan were on the same platform—one a peerless orator, the other a great preacher of the Word—and the sight of thousands of people being thrilled by the eloquence of the two. And I recall another occasion, also in Washington, when Dr. Morgan led the lower House of Congress in prayer. That day, the Spirit of the Highest brooded over the Capitol.

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* See also page 104.

There are many sacred memories treasured in my heart about which I cannot speak. It was my duty to receive those who came to see Dr. Morgan in his vestry, and, often, while waiting for an audience these troubled folk would relate their stories, some of them full of tragedy. Life, at best, is an arduous journey; at times, many stumble, or fall, or lose their way. Then it becomes an almost trackless waste with none to hear the cry of despair, none to pity, none to help. Many such wanderers, beaten and broken, turned in at the doors of Westminster Chapel. As I led them, one after the other, into Dr. Morgan's room, a prayer went from my heart that God might direct His servant to the word that would heal the wounded in spirit and bind up the broken-hearted. After a time they would come out again, and I knew by their faces, and the light in their eyes, that my prayer had been answered. What Dr. Morgan said I do not know. What he did, I do not know. I only know that men and women came forth from his presence with hearts strengthened and faith renewed.

I cannot help but regard myself as being privileged above many, in that I have found my work as Dr. Morgan's secretary and that in my work, I have found my greatest joy. Every day's work has been precious, and I am grateful for having been called to coöperate, however humbly, in the great work that God has done, and is still doing, through Dr. Campbell Morgan.

Very little has been said in these pages concerning money matters, simply because there was but little to say. Dr. Morgan has never coveted worldly riches. He has never drawn princely salaries, and has never sought them. It stands to common sense, of course, that his services cannot be had for a mere song. But down in the heart of him he cares nothing about fees, if only you will let him preach.

I heard him preach one night to 2,500 people in a great Wesleyan Hall in the north of England [says Fred Atkins]. There was a large and generous collection. Dr. Morgan received £4 4s ($21.00). I know, because I cashed the cheque for him. A sour critic who once saw him in a motor-car said he was ex-

> travagant. So he is—with a gorgeous, exhilarating extravagance. He would empty his pockets and drain his banking-account to help a friend. One day he received a draft from an American publisher on account of one of his books. He turned it over to a colleague, and told him to take his wife away for a holiday!

On one occasion a friend of Dr. Morgan's having learned that he had declined an invitation from Major Pond, to lecture six evenings a week, at the paid rate of two hundred and fifty dollars for each lecture, for a period of six months, asked him why he had not accepted?

" My answer to that," replied Dr. Morgan, " will be to ask you to listen to something once told me by George Stewart, the Southern evangelist. Did you know Stewart—Stewart of Birmingham, Alabama? Well, we were great friends, Stewart and I, and loved one another with a deep affection. One day, *apropos* of nothing in particular, he turned suddenly in my direction.

" ' Morgan,' he asked, ' do you know why I have settled down here, in Alabama? '

" ' Of course I don't,' I replied, ' unless it be that you prefer it to some other spheres of service you have known.'

" ' Well, not exactly,' he returned. ' At any rate, there is a little more to it than that. You know, I suppose, that at one time I used to lecture on the Chautauqua platform. It was a busy, hustling time and I was right in the sweep of it; lecturing here, there and everywhere; hurrying from place to place, as fast as trains could carry me; never a day without its work, never an hour without its enjoyment—such was my life.

" ' One day my itinerary brought me within a few miles of my mother's home, so I stopped over to have a few hours with her.

" ' Dear old soul! She was mighty glad to see me, and we talked much of other days. Very soon, however, it became quite evident to me that she had something on her mind—something that was troubling her and that was giving her secret anxiety. I asked her to confide in me as she used to do, in the days when we were at home together. After considerable hesitation she did so, and her words burned into my soul.

" ' " George, my boy," she said, " it's *you* that I'm a little anxious about."

" ' " Why Mother," I replied. " I'm all right. I'm in no trouble of any sort, and perfectly happy in my work."

" ' " Yes, I know," she returned, " that's the trouble. You are *too* happy in it. If you were a little unhappy about it, I should be a little happier. I know you are very popular, just now, and making lots of money. But George, my boy, you've lost something—something that money cannot buy."

" ' " What are you getting at, Mother? " I asked. " So far as I know, I've lost nothing."

" ' " But you have, George," she replied, " and I do wish you'd feel a sense of loss, and a need of what is gone from you. I know of the thousands that listen to your lectures, day after day, and for that I am grateful. But, George, with all your success, you haven't the power you once had. I don't hear of many souls being saved through your work. It looks as though you've lost *something,* doesn't it, my boy? "

" ' Well, Morgan, I pondered over my mother's words, and they caused me many a sleepless night. She was right, of course. I *had* lost something, and that something it was up to me to find again, somehow, somewhere. I turned to God with the hope of being restored to the joy of salvation. I could no longer enjoy the Chautauqua platform. A church where a man could preach the Gospel, and minister to the people,—that was the only place for me. I went to my Bishop, and asked him to send me out to preach, and here I am at Birmingham, happier than ever before.'

" So when you ask me why I am not on the Chautauqua circuit or on any other lecturing platform, I can but think of my friend, George Stewart," Dr. Morgan concluded. " His experience might so easily have been mine. But, as a matter of fact, it was in order to devote my whole time to Bible-teaching and preaching that I gave up the ' popular ' lecture, years ago. As in Stewart's instance, the place for me is where I can preach the Gospel, and break to men the Bread of Life."

During the days of their declining years, Dr. Morgan's father and mother made their home with their son at Upper Norwood, and the death of the first named, December 27, 1907, was a bereavement Dr. Morgan felt keenly. His attachment to his father glowed with a warmth greater, possibly, than that engendered in the ordinary run of mankind. In his turn, the elder man was immensely proud of his gifted son.

George Morgan lived a strenuous, ever-active life. A man possessed of great physical endurance and, seldom tired, he was, during his entire lifetime, what, in a phrase, might be described as " ever on the move." Previous to his coming to live with his son in London, he resided at Palmer's Flat, near Coleford, in the county of Gloucester, where he had many friends. He was beloved and highly regarded for his sincerity, his forceful character, his devotion to revealed truth as it was given him to apprehend it, and for his unswerving faith in his Saviour and Lord.

On one occasion, when crossing the Atlantic in the company of his son, he amazed his fellow-passengers by his unaffected enjoyment of exceedingly rough and stormy weather. The great liner rolled like a cork, first on the crest of a mountainous billow, then in the trough of an angry sea. The gale raged for hours on end, what time the passengers, with almost unbroken unanimity, kept their staterooms. Dr. Morgan, who had made the Atlantic crossing a number of times, was confined to his cabin for the greater part of the voyage. But his father paced the deck. One evening, the son, looking almost as miserable as he felt, ventured up on deck, where he found his father standing full front and square-shouldered to a terrific gale!

" Well, George," he cried, " aren't you enjoying this? It's simply glorious, my boy."

" George " growled something in a disgusted undertone, and straightway hurried back to the shelter and sanctuary of his stateroom.

During that eventful crossing, very little food was consumed by the passengers. But the elder Morgan appeared at table with unfailing regularity, and ate heartily of the food laid before him. For one meal, the dinner gong brought but two passengers to the dining room—Revs. George Morgan and J. Morgan Gibbon, two stalwarts who refused to permit the raging Atlantic to invade or impair their gastric immunity. These two preachers—Celts both, and hardy withal—were the heroes of the crossing.

George Morgan was laid to rest in the little village of Staunton, the place of his birth and the early home of Mrs. Campbell Morgan. At the funeral service Rev. George Jarvis bore testimony to the character and authentic work of the man whose mortal remains were that day laid to rest.

> When the years of a man run beyond the allotted span [said Mr. Jarvis], death—always inevitable—lies within the province of reasonable expectancy, and so our beloved friend came naturally to his end. In the mercy and graciousness of Divine providence it was ordained that he spend his last days in the home of his son, surrounded by relatives and friends. That mercy was further evidenced in that the summons to departure came before the arrival of deep, dark, winter days with their

long-drawn out shadows of depression and extreme corporeal decay. To be taken out of physical weakness, and out of the reach of wintry weather into the sunny land where there is no more pain, and where the Lamb is the Light and the Song, is one of God's great mercies, vouchsafed to those who are named by His Name.

None could know our departed brother without being persuaded of the great kindliness of his nature, and the love he bore the Gospel of his Lord. He greatly enjoyed the services of the sanctuary and the preaching of the Cross. He will be missed from his place of accustomed resort, and his seat will be empty. But we rejoice that he has entered into the presence and joy of his Lord, to go no more out.

The card prepared by Dr. Morgan in memory of his father bore this inscription:

In tender and reverent memory of George Morgan. Born at Staunton, February 2, 1828. Fell on sleep at Upper Norwood, December 27th, 1907. My Father and my first Bible-Teacher.

The letter accompanying the card bore the following beautifully phrased tribute from a son who deeply loved his father.

A life of many storms, but also with many stretches of calm and beauty. A man of almost awful strength, and tender to a fault withal. We thank God upon every remembrance of him.

For a little more than three years after the death of her husband, Mrs. Morgan continued to live in the house of her son at Upper Norwood, surrounded by loved ones, by whom she was greatly cherished. She often accompanied her son to public worship and great gratitude filled her heart for the son God had given her, who, in her hearing, was proclaiming the Gospel of the grace of God. For more than two years, He who doeth all things well gently prepared her for departure. Then came a definite illness, and with it the premonition of its being the last she would be asked to endure. This foreshadowing proved to be justified and, in April, 1911, she passed peacefully into that holy and everlasting quietude, " which neither life nor death destroys."

The enquiry which, ever and anon is made regarding Dr. Morgan's stand on this or the other point of Christian doctrine, always appears to the present annalist to be in the nature of a superfluous, an almost stupid questioning. Dr. Morgan's confession of faith is fully available for all the world to read. The books which bear his name, be it remembered, are made up of material which, originally, was proclaimed from the pulpits of two continents, during the passing of more than forty years. No preacher in Christendom is more definitely on record than Dr. Morgan. His deliverances have gone forth to the far corners of the earth.

Belonging to no stated school of theology, he does not allow himself to be labelled, holding to the opinion, that no theological party within the Church has a monopoly of God. Taking part in no theological controversy, yet positively affirming his own beliefs, he goes right along attending to his constructive work for God and His Kingdom.

> Many, many times have I been asked this question: " What is Dr. Morgan—a fundamentalist or a modernist? " [says Arthur Marsh]. My answer is: " So far as classification goes, he is neither." A man who submits to the guidance of the Divine Word operating in the inner sanctuary of the life to the extent that Dr. Morgan does, cannot be confined to the findings of any particular school. One who relies on the Source of all truth for his interpretation of Holy Scripture, as he does, is rendered independent of conformity to stated or static creeds. As I view the matter, it is his supreme desire to get at an answer for Pilate's question—" What is truth? "—to answer it, moreover, in its manifold relation to God, to man, to the whole creation round; to unveil—as it is given him to proclaim it—the

Divine purpose in redemption whereby this world may be reclaimed from its chaotic wandering and reclaimed to the way of peace.

In a sermon preached at Stony Brook (N. Y.) Assembly, in 1929, Dr. Morgan made it clear that the system of belief adopted by the governors of Stony Brook School had his unqualified assent. This Assembly, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, has a Platform of Principles committing it to a definitely doctrinal evangelical position written into its charter by the New York State Legislature. This Platform of Principles, to which Dr. Morgan gave his unqualified assent, runs as follows:

I. The Divine inspiration, integrity and authority of the Holy Scriptures.

II. The Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ.

III. The redeeming efficacy of the Sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ for the redemption of the world.

IV. The Presence and Power of the Holy Spirit in the work of Redemption.

V. The Divine institution and mission of the Church.

VI. The broad and binding obligation resting upon the Church for the evangelization of the world.

VII. The consummation of the Kingdom in the appearing of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

To this Platform of Principles Dr. Morgan finds himself able to subscribe not because it represents the embodiment of any particular sect or school, but because it expresses beliefs which have grown up within him, as the result of unrelaxing communion with God and the study of His holy Word and to which he, himself, has given utterance, for more than a generation. But, in common with all other verbal statements, this declaration of beliefs fails to cover the entire area of a soul's experience which is urged on flights to the uplands where he is liable to hear words "which it is not lawful for man to utter." Such a soul knows more of God than it can tell. But for all men who love and serve God, who look for His appearing, there must be not only a presentation of belief to which he can give intellectual assent, but an emotional expression of loyalty and love, to which must be added a statement of the effect of such an allegiance upon the individual life and conduct. Such an expression and such a statement is furnished in a sermon of Dr. Morgan's based on the words, "Who is this Son of man?"

> I am not going to attempt a theological aswer [Dr. Morgan says], but I am quietly answering the question in my own way. I have kept company with Jesus for forty-six years. For forty-six years He has companied with me. Together we have been on the lanes of Galilee, on the high road of Samaria, through Judæa, together on the streets of Jerusalem.
>
> I have talked with Him; He has talked with me. Companions, close and intimate we have been. He has walked with me through the valley, and with Him I have been on the mountain-top. Together we have sojourned in pleasant country places, and in the world's crowded cities; He has been with me in my joy, He has been with me in my sorrow, in my strength, in my weakness, and *never,* has He been far from me.
>
> During six-and-forty years, I have been impressed by His nearness; by His being close to me; by His being of my very nature.
>
> We are alike in that He was a Man of toil, for I, also, am a man of toil. He had to labour for His living; so have I. There is here a likeness and a difference. His work is perfect, mine, imperfect. His work is a finished work; complete. Mine is unfinished; incomplete.
>
> Again, we are alike in that He was a Man of trust. So, also, am I a man of trust. Jesus trusted men in His work. He had to, so that His work could be done. On that carpenter's bench at Nazareth, lay things that He did not make. They were His tools. Other men made them. He trusted men with whom He did business. He trusted the men that brought Him the timber in which He wrought.

In this I am one with Jesus. I, too, have to trust men with whom I labour, and those with whom I do business. All of us have to place trust in others in order to live. The dairyman delivers our morning milk. We do not examine it, we trust the man or the concern he represents. When travelling we exercise trust as the train dashes from city to city, and along uninhabited stretches of land. When night comes, we lay ourselves down to sleep in our Pullman berth, because we have trust in the man on the engine, the accuracy of the system, the stability of the road.

Jesus trusted God. So, also, do I trust God. Had I not done so I should have been a suicide long ago. But Jesus trusted God through the death agony of the Cross. His trust was complete, absolute, final. As yet, my trust is incomplete, but I am learning from Him.

Again, we are alike in that He was a Man of temptation. We are unlike in that He was without sin. Because of His perfection in all things, and although He is near to me, yet He is far above me. He is God—my God—the One I trust, the One I worship, the One I obey.

That is Campbell Morgan at the feet of his Master.

Arising from his knees as wonder fills his soul, the preacher anxiously hastens to the place where the people of God await his message.

It is the God-given hour wherein a man must declare his soul, and all that the Spirit has revealed to him. He must not fail, for it is for God he stands. In complete abandonment of soul, the preacher goes forth to his people. The Spirit of God goes with him.

Then, though all forms of verbal expression fall short of the glory of full portrayal, the people feel its power, and see the Vision Beautiful; for the Spirit of God Whose work this is, reveals to them the things of God. The preacher has been faithful to his mission and the people "take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus."

This Vision Beautiful, seen by the people through the soul of the preacher, inspired Winifred M. Howell to the writing of the following lines, which were sent to Dr. Morgan at the close of one of his services:

THE GREATER GIFT

"You said, O friend
And teacher, mine,
That yours was not the gift
Of artistry, with pigments fine,
To throw upon
A canvas, made
By human hands and power,
The things of beauty stored
Within your own mentality.

Did you forget
That power Divine
Had giv'n you greater gift:
To place upon man's inner shrine
Such visions, which
Your spirit sees?
When human canvases are gone,
Deathless they shall abide
Enriching us eternally!

So covet not
The lesser gift.
But glory in your greater power,
So to make vivid our dear Faith,
And be content.
Your time is spent
In colour, detail, workmanship
On mortal minds and hearts,
Creating lasting imag'ry."

EPILOGUE

FIFTY YEARS' PREACHING

From an Address delivered by Dr. G. Campbell Morgan to the Students at the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, February 3, 1930.

THROUGH all the years I have worked under certain convictions about preaching. The first is that the preacher is a messenger. The preacher in his preaching is not a seeker after truth. I am not a seeker after truth. I am a disciple to the truth, but for me the truth is final in Christ; and I think that conviction is the true secret of Christian preaching. Of course I am a seeker after truth in a way. There are things within the sum totality of truth as that was presented in Christ, and is all contained in Him, in whom it was the good pleasure of the Father that the pleroma should dwell, which I do not yet know. There are heights that we have never reached. There are vastnesses we have never embraced. Of course I am a seeker in that sense; but I am a seeker in the sense of being a disciple to truth. I have felt all the way through that the work of the preacher is that of delivering a message. It is a very interesting thing to take the New Testament, your Greek New Testament, and watch the different words that are used to express the witness and the testimony of the early disciples and leaders, as they apply to the work of preaching. There are eight or ten of them, but there are two that are supreme, that run all through. The one is the verb kerusso, and the other is the verb euaggelizo; and the two words, as I believe, reveal the whole genius of preaching. Kerusso always means to proclaim as a herald. That is to say, behind the herald is the authorizing King. Before the herald those to whom the King is sending His message. That is preaching. The preacher is a herald with a message from a King. It is good news. He proclaims it with authority. The preacher does not go to speculate, and if he speculates before he goes, he had better not take the result of his speculation, or he may have no living, vital message. I would remind you in this connection of something Goethe said of preaching, "If you have any certainties, give them to us. We have doubts enough of our own." I think the world is saying that to us to-day. I sometimes wonder if some preaching has not lost the note of authority. I am not pleading for the dogmatism of ignorance. That is a very different thing. But I never face a congregation, but that I feel my only right to be there, is that I might preface the thing I am saying, as the old prophets prefaced their messages, with "Thus saith the Lord." That is the difference between the debater and the prophet.

Again, I have never sought my messages by listening to the voices of the age. Through the years, and increasingly as the years went by, and one passed from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, and on to the maturer years; I have always listened to the voices of the age, but I have not listened to them to get my message. Mark well the distinction! I have attempted to keep up with the things that were being said, the real things that were being said by thoughtful men, inside the Church or outside the Church, by men looking at life, and attempting to look at it as a whole. I have wanted to know what was being said and written, and I have attempted to keep myself en rapport through the years with such things. I have listened to the voices of the age, but I have not sought my messages from them. On the contrary, I have sought to find the bearing on these voices, of the Word of God; and constantly rather than catching the spirit of the age, I have found it necessary, so much as in me lay, to correct the spirit of the age. I am told sometimes to-day, that if a man is to be successful in preaching, he must catch the spirit of the age. Never! Our business is not to catch it. Our business is to know it, and correct it. In the majority of cases it needs correcting, rather than catching. John Wesley said, " I read my newspaper to see how God is governing the world." Somebody may be inclined to say the newspapers must have been very different then than to-day! My reply is they are much better now than they were then! The man, the preacher who reads his paper in that way, never begins his day with his newspaper, but his Bible. John Wesley was familiar with the Revelation and with his God; and consequently he picked up the newspaper, and for his eyes the light of the Revelation of Truth was upon the page. If we read our newspaper that way, we can always see how God is governing the world; listening to the voices of the ages, but always with the Voice of all ages correcting or directing, and enabling us to deliver the correct message. That is what I mean when I say I have never sought my messages by listening to the voices of the age. I have ever listened to the voices of the age to know the needs of the age.

I have never found an hour—I am now thinking of things in life generally, quite apart from the individual—I have never found an hour in my ministry in which the Bible has had no message. It never was my habit in pastorates, and never will be wherever my life may be cast, to preach on current events. But there have been hours when it was necessary that from the pulpit there should sound the prophetic voice to some national or international situation. I never found an hour when I had to go anywhere except to my Bible to find the message for such an hour. The Bible is the most living literature, absolutely up-to-date—I apologize to it—ahead of any date man has ever reached, waiting for us, guarding and keeping us in the true perspective, if we are familiar with it. But if a local situation occurs, and a man thinks he ought to preach on it, and desire to preach on a text from the Bible, God help him if he goes to the concordance to find out what to say! There must be familiarity. We must live in the literature all the time, if we are to be ready when the special occasion arises.

Still further, I have tried to remember that a phase of truth is not the whole of Truth. I do think that is important. I need not stay to stress it, but so many men I have known have squinted at one thing, and seen nothing else! There are some men who think that if you do not say something about the premillennial Coming every time you preach, you are unsound! I think I will take my courage in both hands, and tell you a story. A good brother, a Baptist, gave out his text one morning—" Adam, where art thou? " and then said, " There are three lines we shall follow. First, where Adam was; secondly, how he was to be got from where he was; thirdly and lastly, a few words about baptism " ! Some of the worst heresies in the history of the Christian Church have been truth, distorted out of proper proportion and balance and relationship. I have striven therefore, to remember that a phase of truth is not the whole of truth.

Finally, I have sought,—often failing I know,—but I have sought, to live by the thing I have preached; and I know that the measure of failure or of weakness at any point has largely been the measure of failure to correspond in life to the thing preached. That is one striking evidence to me of the spiritual authority of the Bible, that I have never been able to trifle with it morally. I cannot study it without feeling its moral appeal, its ethical demand;

and I have never been able to disobey that, without finding an arrest in my ability to go on studying the Bible. I do not feel that about Shakespeare. I think I could lecture on the moral drift of *Macbeth,* without losing my power to study Shakespeare, if I failed to observe the implications of that drift; but I have never been able to do that with my Bible. As surely as something in the study of the Bible leaps out, and talks to me, calling me to fuller loyalty in life; if I disobey, my eyes are sealed; I cannot go on. I have felt, all the way through, the relation between the Literature and life. Unless my interpretation, by lip was reinforced by an interpretation in life, my preaching was very little use.

The question is sometimes asked, How do you make your sermons? Do you ever find a man who can tell you? It is a difficult question. I can only give some very general statements as to my methods. Two things are vital; first personal first-hand work on the text; and then, all scholarly aids obtainable. I never take down a commentary until I have done personal, first-hand work, and have made my outline. Sometimes after consulting scholarly aids I have to alter the outline; but at any rate I have had the benefit of first-hand work. We make a mistake when we have a text that has gripped us, or better, that has found us; and turn to commentaries first. To do that is to create a second-hand mentality. The first thing is to work on the text itself.

Then sometimes I am asked about methods of delivery. Well, all I can say is, as a rule, I have a brief. I never prepare sentences. I do not know when I rise to preach, what my first sentence will be as to form. I know what the thing I want to say is. I speak from a brief most carefully prepared, and give myself freedom of utterance.

The last thing I want to say is this. There is a sense in which preaching is a conflict, a conflict with your hearers.

I do not like the word conflict, but I do not know a better. The preacher is not merely asking a congregation to discuss a situation, and consider a proposition, or give attention to a theory. We are out to storm the citadel of the will, and capture it for Jesus Christ.) Whether evangelizing or teaching does not matter. The appeal is the final thing. The sermon powerful in its matter and delivery up to a certain point demands application. (So many preachers fail in that they say to their congregations, " But beloved, I am persuaded better things of you." Then the people go home comfortable in their self-satisfaction, when they ought to be grovelling in the dust, as they have been brought back to the point, " Thou art the man." " Thus saith the Lord.")

(Thus I have tried to talk out of my experience through the years. I have always felt, and never more so than to-day that the work of preaching is not that of debating difficulties, or speculating, or considering philosophies, but that of proclaiming the Word of God.)

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